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The Guide Post

With their third number in the new format, the editors of The Living Age have reached a point where it is possible to pause for a moment and take stock of what they have accomplished. It is gratifying to find the new Living Age hailed with favorable comment by subscribers, the press, and the magazine's oldest friends.

'It looks both diverting and illuminating,' writes Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and former President of The Living Age Company. 'A hasty glance at the new Living Age fills me with admiration for its contents and particularly for the way it is gotten out,' writes Mr. Robert Littell, contributing editor of the *New Republic*, dramatic critic of the *New York Evening Post*, and a great-grandson of E. Littell, who founded the magazine in 1844. 'I think you are getting out an extremely interesting and well put together magazine,' says Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of the *Nation*. 'A brilliant piece of work,' says Bruce Bliven, managing editor of the *New Republic*. 'The old magazine was always a pleasure to have,' writes a subscriber of long standing, 'but this new one simply could not be on the table and stay unopened.' 'The larger size, the distinct print, is a comfort to a subscriber of many years,' writes a reader in Winnipeg. 'Not least is the inclusion of articles by American writers, as well as the illustrations.'

Not all of our subscribers, it is true, have been equally pleased with the change. One indignant reader, explaining that his family have subscribed since 1844, asked why he had not been consulted before any alteration was made. Another described the new magazine as 'this flapping monster.' One elderly reader felt that in its new form The Living Age was too large to read in bed, and another subscriber complained that it could no longer be conveniently balanced upon the faucets of the bathtub, to be read in that position by the bather.

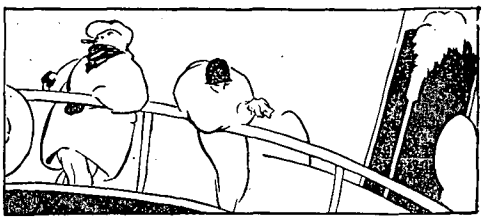
Editorial opinion has been uniformly favorable. One of the most encouraging aspects of our contemporaries' comments is the readiness with which they recognize the fact that the changes we have made represent no lowering of The Living Age's somewhat exalted eighty-four-year-old standards.

'Good luck to the rejuvenated octogenarian!' exclaims the *New York Times*, in an editorial headed 'A Boston Institution Moves.' Boston newspapers are gracious enough to lament the removal of the editorial offices to New York. 'We regret the removal to New York,' says the *Boston Herald*, 'while we look forward to an intimate acquaintance with a periodical which we trust has as many years of useful service ahead as it has enjoyed in the past.' 'As a symposium of foreign thought and opinion,' says the *Christian Science Monitor*, 'The Living Age has for many years past been preeminent. While its new form and style are distinctly more popular, they will best contribute to its betterment if the old substance be steadily maintained.' Similar comments come to us from every part of the country.

Practically all the changes in editorial content had been made before the format of the magazine changed. The Living Age adheres now, as before, to its policy of giving its readers, month by month, a survey of world opinion as expressed in the press of the entire globe. It does this in a unique manner, attempted by no other periodical — reproduction and translation of *complete* articles, not mere excerpts, from every magazine and newspaper of importance in every foreign country.

Only one entirely new department was introduced in the September number, the series of excerpts from the world's press known as 'World Records.' With this issue we introduce to our readers one more new department in our 'Paragraphic World Tour,' which is designed to give the busy reader a swift view of some of the important and diverting things that escape the average newspaper or magazine.

The Living Age is also instituting for all its readers an information and advisory service of unique usefulness. Answers to inquiries concerning current foreign developments, political, economic, or social, which do not involve prolonged research, will be cheerfully given. Travel data will be furnished for short trips or longer tours. Information concerning books will be promptly supplied. Readers of The Living Age who arrive in New York City by steamship, railway carriage, automobile, or æroplane may communicate with the Service Department of The Living Age, 280 Broadway, New York City (Worth 4967), for information concerning New York hotels, shops, banks, doctors, lawyers, clubs, amusements, public officials, — even matters of custom and usage. Whatever affects the enlightenment, peace of mind, or pocketbooks of its readers is of concern to The Living Age.



World Travel Calendar

A Ninety-Day Forecast of Picturesque and Distinctive Events Abroad

AUSTRIA

VIENNA. *November* 17th through 20th, Schubert Centenary Memorial Services (Official), masses, concerts, addresses.

BELGIUM

BRUSSELS. *December* 8th through 19th, International Automobile and Motorcycle Exhibition.

LIÈGE. *November* 3rd, St. Hubert's Day.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *October* 28th, Independence Day Celebration.

PRAGUE. *November*, entire month, Exhibition of 'Manes,' the Society of Czechoslovak Painters and Sculptors; entire month, Exhibition of the 'Kyasoumna Jednota,' the Society of Arts.

DENMARK

COPENHAGEN. *November* 26th, Inter-Scandinavian Tennis Tournament.

EGYPT

CAIRO. *December* 15th through 22nd (probably), International Medical Congress.

FRANCE

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *November* 1st, All Saints' Day; 2nd, All Souls' Day; 3rd, opening of the hunting season, blessing of the dogs; 24th, St. Catherine's Eve (celebrated by unmarried girls); 25th, St. Catherine's Day (celebrated by unmarried girls). *December* 5th, St. Nicholas' Eve; 26th, Straw Day.

AVIGNON. *November* 30th, Fête of the Separation of the Waters.

NORMANDY. *December* 1st, St. Eloy's Day (observed in Boulogne, St. Valéry, and other seacoast towns).

PARIS. *November*, entire month, International Nautical Show; 3rd through 6th, Pan-European Congress; 25th, St. Catherine's Day (procession of unmarried girls).

GERMANY

BERLIN. *November* 8th through 18th, International Automobile and Motorcycle Exhibition; 22nd through 24th, Congress of the Technical Society for Shipbuilding. *December* 4th (probably), German Machine Engineers' Society.

BREMEN. *November* 6th, Great Festival and Holiday.

DÜSSELDORF. *December* 1st through 2nd, Association of German Iron Foundry Engineers.

GREAT BRITAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *November* 5th, Guy Fawkes Day (parades and bonfires); 11th, Armistice Day.

(*Continued on page 239*)

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THE LIVING AGE

WORLD NEWS · WORLD INTERPRETATIONS · WORLD TRAVEL

VOLUME 335 NOVEMBER · 1928 NUMBER 4335

The World Over

THE LEAGUE LOOKS THE WORLD OVER

RUSHING from their hand-shaking in Paris over the Kellogg Treaty to the more mundane affairs of everyday diplomacy at Geneva, European statesmen have seemed to find the Council and Assembly tasks strangely difficult this fall. True, the 'old crowd' has not been there in full force. Chamberlain and Stresemann are still recuperating from illnesses more real than the conventional indispositions of most officials facing unpleasant tasks. But the general political situation itself has been far from favorable to League action. Europe's masters of political legerdemain have had to face some unusually disconcerting divergences between theory and practice. Item: given France and Germany, each with an electorate that has not forgotten the late great unpleasantness; reconcile the spirit of Locarno with the facts of the Rhineland occupation. Item: given Russia and the United States engaged in watchful waiting; make the Anglo-French naval 'accord' conform with plans for disarmament. Item: given the United States supreme in the New World; reply to Costa Rica's query on the status of the Monroe Doctrine under the Covenant in a way acceptable to Latin America and inoffensive to Washington.

The League makes it possible for the statesmen of most of the world to deal personally with problems of diplomacy that were handled before the War in the frigidly impersonal atmosphere of foreign offices and in written communications. The Ninth Assembly enabled five premiers and twenty foreign ministers to get together easily without arousing the people back home; this would have been impossible if formally arranged conferences had taken place. Discussions were begun on two Council problems — the Allied evacuation of the Rhineland, coupled with reparations; and the larger aspects of disarmament. Both gave opportunities for the launching of *ballons d'essai* with which to test the reaction of the United States to these world moves.

From Simplicissimus, Munich

'THE KISS OF PEACE'

TH. TH. HEINE, dean of German caricaturists, makes clear the conviction that there cannot be peace without disarmament.

Admittedly hampered by the diplomatic encumbrances heaped by the Powers upon the disarmament problem, the Ninth Assembly dealt with less spectacular matters in a satisfactory way. The election of an American jurist to the vacant judgeship on the Permanent Court of International Justice was a foregone conclusion; Charles Evans Hughes was named. The League budget, administrative questions, and reports from the many League bodies likewise were routine items on the agenda. There was a surprise, however, in the outcome of the contest for the three Council seats. Spain's return to League activity implied the granting of a seat, and she received one; but the defeat of China for reëlection to the Council was unexpected, and the Chinese Nationalists were disappointed when Persia was given China's place.

The deadlocking during the past year of efforts to reach agreement on a world conference made the arms question dominate the Assembly session. This furnished the background for the Rhineland issue. The Allied occupation of Europe's battleground of the centuries, in turn, opened up the discussion of reparations, which centred about the Dawes Plan and Germany's total payments. The Allied debts to the United States cast a grim shadow over the whole scene. This disconcerted the European statesmen in their efforts to strike a bargain for the peace of the Old World, just as the sphinx-like attitude of Washington toward the Anglo-French naval manœuvring baffled them in disarmament plans.

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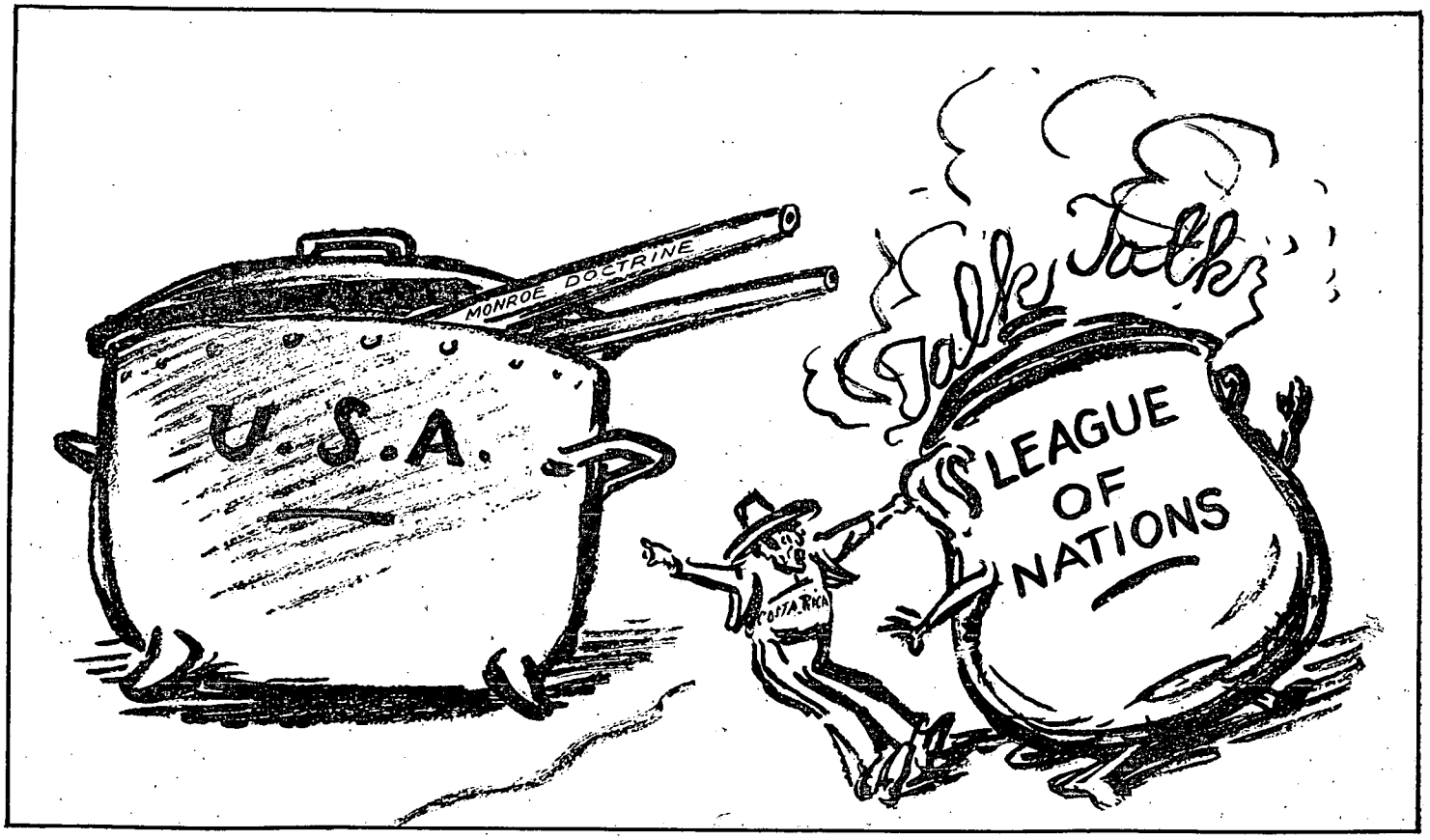

From Le Rire, Paris

THE EARTHEN AND THE IRON POTS

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: 'No, thank you! I know when to keep my hands off!'

Panegyrics in the Assembly, lauding the moral effect of the renunciation of aggressive war achieved in the Kellogg Pact, let loose big guns. The Socialist Premier of Germany, Hermann Müller, delivered his semi-ultimatum on disarmament delays; France's Foreign Minister laid down a counter-barrage. If the German spokesman jolted the Assembly with his warning against governments attempting to follow two roads at once under the impression they could both lead to disarmament, the French reply given by the heretofore peace-pursuing Briand startled all with its direct denial of Germany's military impotence and its scathing denunciation of Russia's military power. This brought into the open the Anglo-French naval agreement, which the British have been bending every effort to explain as a general step taken solely to facilitate the much-desired progress of League disarmament plans. From this, it was but a step to the tense sessions of the Assembly Commission on Disarmament, where the Germans and the British collided head-on over the next meeting of the League's Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference. Von Bernstorff strove for a meeting before the year's end; Cushendun struggled for a postponement until the crucial differences between the European Naval Powers and the United States were reconciled.

For practical reasons, Geneva's final efforts to advance disarmament hinged upon Washington's action. Neither Britain nor France wanted to move until the United States made clear its position on the naval proposition the two Old World nations have laid before the Coolidge Administration. Europe apparently has not forgotten the disastrous results of the failure to reconcile the conflicting naval interests of the United States and Europe in 1927. These conflicting interests stand in the path of all disarmament progress, and consequently in the path of European stabilization. Considered in its broader aspect, the Ninth Assembly really marks the turning of the Old World toward the United States for aid in the solution of momentous difficulties. These begin with the triangle of sea-power, lead into the general limitation of armaments, and end in a labyrinth composed of the problems of security, reparations, and war debts.

AFGHANISTAN REPORTS PROGRESS

FROM its Central Asian fastness, Afghanistan reports progress — if that be measured in terms of trousers on, beards off, new flag in, old coat-of-arms out, and other royally inspired transformations in the daily lives of this mountain folk who lie athwart the road to India from the north.

Just returned to Kabul from his regal adventure among European capitals, King Amanullah has made his kingdom gasp. Headmen attending the triennial parliament found frock coats and felt hats, fashioned in the Kabul Bazaar out of native goods, but from European models, replacing tribal robes and the Koran-ordained turban. The Ameer, not quite prepared to go the lengths of Peter the Great in his campaign for more éclat in St. Petersburg two hundred years ago, nevertheless urged upon these elders recourse to the royal barbers who were instructed to shave off beards wherever possible. Guests at the royal garden party did not squat, as heretofore, on the grassy terrace. Instead, the fierce men of the Himalayan hills sat decorously on benches and became one with all the masculine world. The conventional masculine travail with teacups, saucers, and spoons completed their subjection to the ways of the West. Amanullah added to tribal discomfiture when he appeared in morning coat and top hat to greet them with a hand-shake carefully learned in Europe, instead of permission to kiss the royal hand.

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Beneath the *opéra bouffe*, however, the Ameer has effected fundamental changes. The *Dzhirga*, or Convention of the People, has approved manhood suffrage and the creation of an elective legislative assembly. The law of succession provides for inheritance of the throne by the eldest son of Amanullah and his thoroughly progressive Queen, Suraya. Titles go by the board, as do decorations, domestic and foreign, except medals bestowed in recognition of military service. Afghanistan will henceforth enforce the rule that those entering government employ must have their property listed and keep accounts which cover income and expenditure, not forgetting the limitation placed upon the number of wives and domestics of such officials. Monogamy becomes the rule in matrimony; moderate entourages, the test of households. But Afghan patience has its limits, and the All-Afghan National Convention balked at raising the marriageable age for girls to eighteen and that for boys to twenty.

One result of the grand European tour of the King and Queen provides a somewhat cynical, though silent, Afghan comment on the realities of 'civilized' international relations. One of the first things to which His Afghan Majesty turned his attention on his return to Kabul was the modernization of an army which was already far from weak and the fighting qualities of which have never been doubted. The seven hundred delegates to the Conference levied an assessment of a month's salary upon every government employee and asked contributions from every citizen. The funds thus raised will be used to pay for the 103,000 rifles and 50,000,000 cartridges recently ordered from French munition-makers. The orders suggest that, although Afghanistan has been invited to sign the Kellogg Treaty, its ruler has no very lively faith in the results of that much discussed document. Berlin business men, ruefully regarding the orders for French munitions, comfort themselves with the announcement that Germany has an option on future Afghan orders for railway materials, which will help complete the Westernization of the country.

Chinese Nationalists Now Supreme

CHINA is a land of contradictions. Representing at least a third of Asia, the world's largest continent, and certainly a fifth of all humanity, she should command the respect of nations; yet her best friends can no longer justify her holding a seat on the Council of the League of Nations. There are more men under arms of one kind or another in China's twenty-one provinces than anywhere else on the globe; but Nanking, in spite of the State Department's favor, cannot exert the international influence of a Balkan country. Under the Manchus, she seemed the most magnificent of autocratic empires, while Peking's mandate in reality rested upon the acquiescence of ten times ten thousand little village communities whose ken did not extend thirty *li* beyond their own rice fields. Under republicanism, China's insignificant 'popular' government has been an empty shell of state, while real power has rested with the military dictatorships and the embattled politicians. China is too big for one man to control — even beyond the cunning of a Yuan Shih-k'ai in his bid for the Dragon Throne — too big also for any group of leaders that has yet appeared.

Now, for the first time in a decade, China's internecine warfare has halted. Is the country like a run-down clock, and are the Nationalists at Nanking seizing the crucial moment to establish a new unity in a war-weary country? Or in the silence are vainglorious schemers winding once again the tired springs in preparation for a new clash of ambitions? For the moment, the game is the Nationalists against the field.

The Nationalists are the lineal descendants of the Southern liberals, who broke with the Northern militarists in 1917 and were driven from Peking to Canton. They represent both Sun Yat-sen's liberalism and Bolshevist radicalism, tempered with moderate orthodox republicanism. The field they are playing against includes every general whose militaristic rule is jeopardized, every disgruntled politician important enough to rate as a chip in the poker game whose stake is China's future. General Wu Pei-fu, once backed by Americans as the savior of China, is said to be rising phoenix-like in the far-western province of Szechuan to bid once again for the glory that was Peking's. His Northern support comes, we are told, from those who were his bitterest opponents in Manchuria. The main backers of his conspiracy are the leaders of the Chihli-Shantung clique, — together with the notorious Anfu Club of war days, — who tricked Wu at the height of his success. His other supporters are Southerners, alienated from Nanking by every sort of circumstance, who are working with dangerous effectiveness from within the Nationalist lines.

The forces arrayed against the Nationalists are discordant, and hold together only because they hate Nanking more than they hate each other. Thus the 'outs' make common cause. Their activities began with the premature outbreak of a Manchurian conspiracy and the uprising of Chinese Mohammedans in the rear of Feng Yu-hsiang, whose support is vital to the Nationalists.

The Nationalists, in the face of these dangers, have succeeded in destroying the last armed resistance to their sway in North China. In the political reorganization that they have just effected, they have profited by experience. They intend that China shall be governed by the Kuomintang until they have educated the people for democracy. They will govern through the five-board system, which is a step away from the Soviet-inspired committees hitherto constituting the Nanking Government, which existed to keep the administration in the hands of a central council.

There remains the saving possibility of pressure from China's neighbors. Soviet Russia is boring persistently into Mongolia; Japan continues her duel with Nanking over treaty revision, and openly states her determination to dominate the Manchurian situation in order to enforce peace in this granary of the East. There are rumors of an understanding by which the Soviets and Japan will concede each other freedom of action in their respective spheres; but the Nationalists still have a trump card. There is just a possibility that there are enough leaders and factions in China who still hate foreigners more than they love their own rice bowls to maintain the Nationalist supremacy.

Tragic though China's lot has been, her four hundred millions have an uncanny way of clinging to the essentials of existence under empire, republic, or modern feudalism based on warring leaders. Perhaps the Nationalist reconstitution of China is a flash in the pan; but China, revolution's hardy perennial, promises to muddle through to-morrow as yesterday, despite the fact that famine is stalking in the north and adding its ravages to those of civil war.

Making Mexico Safe for Democracy

AFTER several months of indecision, Mexico has embarked resolutely upon a solution of the problems created by the assassination of President-elect Alvaro Obregón on the seventeenth of last July. President Calles will retire when his term ends on November 30th, and has announced unequivocally that he will never again occupy the presidential chair in Chapultepec Palace.

Emilio Portes Gil, the thirty-seven-year-old lawyer and civil servant, elected Provisional President by the Mexican

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Congress, possesses a picturesque and colorful personality. As Governor of Tamaulipas, and more recently as Minister of the Interior (Gobernación) in Calles's cabinet, he has demonstrated executive skill. He will be inducted into office December 1. A presidential election will be held the second Sunday of November, 1929, to elect a new president, who will take office in February, 1930.

The election of Gil does not mean, of course, that Calles is no longer a political power in Mexico. On the contrary, now that Obregón is dead and the Labor leader, Morones, out of popular favor, Calles overshadows every other leader in the land. His career and character are sketched elsewhere in this number.

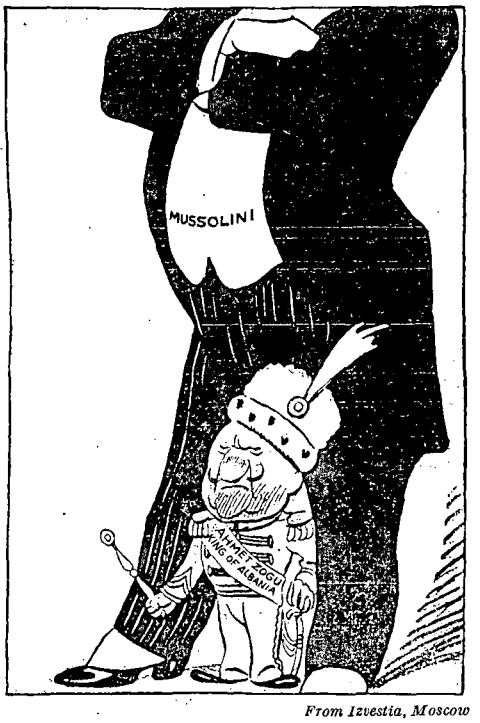
Gil served under Calles when the retiring President was Governor of Sonora. He helped to launch Calles as a candidate for the presidency in 1924. He says to-day, 'My task will be to continue the policies developed by President Calles in all branches of public administration.' Like Calles, he means to carry on the republic's struggle to apply the provision of the Mexican Constitution affecting the status of the Catholic Church. Like Calles, he favors the coming of foreign capital only when this does not involve the exploitation of Mexican resources and Mexican labor. Like Calles again, his sympathies are with the industrial worker and the farmer. The press has been pointing out that Gil differs from Calles in that the retiring President is a military leader supported by the army, while Gil has never seen active service. But it should be noted that Gil was consulting lawyer to the War Department under Obregón in 1916, and that before his election as Provisional President was allowed to take place, Calles was careful to assure him the support of the military leaders assembled in conference in Mexico City.

If Calles' policies are thus to be carried out by a Calles man, it may be argued that the Mexican situation is not much changed. But it should be noted that for the first time Mexico's generals, Mexico's politicians, and Mexico's President are united in a new experiment—that of placing at the head of the Mexican government a man who has been less in the public eye than several of the other aspirants for the office, in an effort to prove to Mexicans and to the outside world that the country is governed not by a man, but by its laws and constitution.

It need not be supposed, however, that a weak man, or one content to serve only under the mandate of Calles, will measure fully up to the responsibilities to which Gil must succeed in December. That he will face his problems resolutely and assume personal responsibility for his decisions is not doubted by those who know him personally or who have attentively marked his career. In 1919 Gil was an active worker for the candidacy of General Obregón, and served a two-months' prison sentence for his revolutionary activities. As Governor of Tamaulipas he made war upon gambling and suppressed many saloons in the rural districts, where public sentiment favored such a course. Incidentally, he is said to be a baseball 'fan,' having learned the game on the Texas border. As an ardent devotee of outdoor sports, with a desire to encourage public interest in such diversions, some of his admirers liken him to the late Theodore Roosevelt, of the United States. As a Prohibitionist of somewhat puritanical tastes and personal habits, and a Cabinet member seeking higher office, others find a parallel between Gil's career and that of the more famous American, Herbert Hoover. While Emilio Portes Gil was not a '*caudillo*' (an outstanding personage) at the time of his selection to be Provisional President, he enters upon the duties of this office as the unanimous choice of the Congress, a protégé of Calles, and with the avowed support of the most influential military leaders of the Republic.

Stress and Strain in the Balkans

WITHOUT producing any very violent disturbances, the Balkans have fully succeeded in the last few weeks in living up to their uncomfortable reputation as trouble makers. Bulgaria and Yugoslavia have been in the throes of parliamentary crises. The coronation of Ahmet Zogu as King of the Albanians added to the dissatisfaction of the Yugoslavs and was greeted even in Albania with rather forced enthusiasm. Hungary's perpetual dispute with Roumania drags on its course, leaving bitterness behind it. Greece alone, under the steadying hand of Eleutherios Venizelos, has since the recent election improved relations with her neighbors and given signs of at least temporary quiescence.



From Izvestia, Moscow

AHMET ZOGU, BY THE GRACE OF GOD, KING OF THE ALBANIANS

Bulgaria's trouble arises primarily out of the vexed question of Macedonia, where the population is partly Greek, partly Bulgarian, partly Yugoslav — and therefore, according to the best Balkan tradition, is claimed by all three. There has been endless drawing and redrawing of international boundaries in this troubled region during the last fifteen years, each new settlement proving unsatisfactory to one country or another. The present friction is due to the perennial activity on the frontier of *comitadjis* — patriotic outlaws intent on mending matters by a little judicious assassination. Some of these Balkan Robin Hoods favor one country, some another; but the most important group is struggling for the establishment of an additional state in the Balkan Peninsula, which already has too many for its own good.

This is the so-called 'Imro,' or 'Interior Macedonian Revolutionary Organization.' It demands the establishment of an autonomous Macedonia. The Yugoslavs, annoyed by the constant disorder, some time ago demanded that the Bulgarians suppress all *comitadji* activity on the Bulgarian side of the frontier. To this Bulgaria replied that the *comitadjis* never stayed on either side of the frontier long enough to be caught, but were constantly on the move through wild mountain country where popular sympathy and the character of the terrain made them practically secure. When, however, the governments of France and Great Britain joined in demanding the suppression of the 'Imro,' as the only means of improving the relations of Bulgaria, Greece, and Yugoslavia, they precipitated a crisis in the Bulgarian Cabinet.

Bulgaria has been trying to float an international loan of a hundred million dollars. The Foreign Minister, anxious for the success of the loan, favored granting the Franco-British demands. The War Minister objected, and between the two, the Cabinet fell. Premier Liaptchev has after several attempts succeeded in reconstituting his ministry

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and arrangements for the loan are proceeding under League auspices. The whole incident is of international importance chiefly as a reminder that Balkan questions are still as troublesome as ever and likely at some future time to become the international menaces that they were from 1908 to 1914.

Yugoslav difficulties are both foreign and domestic. The official title of the country is 'Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes,' but the two latter groups — the Croats especially — have exhibited separatist tendencies, which came to a head last summer after the Croatian leader, Stephen Raditch, was shot in the national parliament, or Skuptshina. He later died of his wounds. The Croatian deputies withdrew entirely, and in their absence the Skuptshina ratified the Nettuno treaty, which provides for friendship and commerce with Italy. The ratification of this apparently innocuous agreement further infuriated the Croatians, who resent Italian control of lands at the head of the Adriatic Sea which have a large Croatian population. The resentment has apparently strengthened the Croats' determination to withdraw entirely from the triune kingdom. So far they have taken no overt steps, but the question is certain to come up again and again during the next few years.

Meantime, all Yugoslavia is incensed at the coronation of Ahmet Zogu as 'King of the Albanians.' It was bad enough to have the Italians win Ahmet's support, for he had once favored Yugoslavia; but this happened several years ago and Yugoslavia has become somewhat reconciled to it. If Ahmet had chosen to call himself 'King of Albania,' the Yugoslavs would probably have had no objections. But the title 'King of the Albanians' suggested that he might some day claim the allegiance of the numerous Yugoslav citizens who have Albanian blood. The already discordant relations of the Yugoslavs and their Albanian neighbors have therefore been embittered. To make matters worse, the new system of roads being built through Albania under Italian auspices leads directly to the Yugoslav frontier, and would make it very easy for an Italian army to cross the narrow Adriatic, land in Albania, and march quickly and easily into Yugoslavia. Regarding the new Albanian King as entirely under Italian control, the Yugoslavs are naturally uneasy.

On the other side of the quarrelsome peninsula, the Rumanians and Hungarians are still unable to agree as to the compensation for the Hungarian 'optants' in Rumania. These are the people of Hungarian blood who owned property in the Hungarian lands ceded to Rumania after the War. Many of them owned large estates, which have since been confiscated and divided among Rumanian peasants, under the general policy of land-division which has been pursued by most of the governments of eastern and central Europe. Every one seems to admit that the original owners must be compensated; but beyond that the two governments, even with the assistance of the League of Nations, have been unable to agree.

Photo Henri Manuel, Paris

GENERAL PENET

IN COMMAND of the recent French manœuvres in the Rhineland, in which British cavalry participated.

Amid all this discord it is pleasant to find Premier Venizelos, of Greece, using his new-found power to improve relations with his neighbors. He has already negotiated a treaty of friendship with Italy and treaties with other states adjoining Greece are said to be in prospect.

DISARMAMENT — THE NEXT GREAT PROBLEM

THE progress of disarmament does not seem to have been very favorably affected by the Kellogg Treaty. It is clear to everyone that a peace treaty is meaningless in a world that is armed to the teeth. European and American publicists agree in pointing out that if anything beyond pious platitide is to result from the Kellogg Treaty, the nations must now make good their pacific utterances and reduce their armaments. Yet the assembled diplomats, who rushed from Paris to Geneva, have accomplished singularly little in this respect. After several years of labor, the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament — which has been charged by the League of Nations with the duty of preparing a programme for the Disarmament Conference which the League hopes to convoke, some day — still seems far from agreement. In Geneva they were not even able to agree on the resolution which they were to present to the Assembly, or on the date for their next meeting.

At one time it was suggested that the next meeting should be held in November, but this was ruled out, partly under British influence, because general agreement on even a tentative programme of world disarmament seems to be dependent on the success of France, Great Britain, and America in coming to an understanding on the precise quantities and sizes of the submarines and cruisers that they are willing to allow each other to build. The clumsiness of the French and British foreign offices in allowing their naval agreement to be represented as something dark, mysterious, and threatening, seriously hampered this necessary preliminary step. No such agreement can now be reached until it is known what general policy will be favored by the American President, who will assume office next March. Dr. J. J. Louden, of Holland, Chief of the Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference, has been empowered to reassemble the Commission at his own discretion; but it is safe to assume that he will not do so until late March or early April of next year. That means that unless the Preparatory Commission works with more speed than it has ever displayed, the real Disarmament Conference cannot conceivably assemble until some time in 1930. Until a definite agreement for a considerable reduction of armaments is reached, the world will remain in quite as much danger of another war as it would have been if the as yet unratified Kellogg Treaty had never been signed.

The Anglo-French naval accord and the dispute over the evacuation of the Rhineland have added to the international distrust which constitutes the real problem. The evacuation of the Rhineland is of no great importance in itself. Allied troops entered the territory immediately after the armistice. Under

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the Treaty of Versailles, which followed, they were to remain for fifteen years to guarantee French security and the execution of the treaty; but they were to be completely withdrawn after fifteen years, evacuating the first, second, and third zones respectively at the end of five year periods. The second period will expire in 1930 and the troops will then have to withdraw from the second zone. Hence Germany's present unwillingness to pay any very high diplomatic price for their withdrawal.

Their presence is a perpetual annoyance to the native population — as any military occupation must inevitably be, no matter how tactfully conducted; and Germany is pretty certain to agitate steadily for the early evacuation of the third zone also. Here is a certain cause of future friction, even if the proposed civilian commission is appointed to adjust matters.

The annoyance of the Germans has been increased by the tactlessness of the British and French commanders, who agreed to carry out their fall manœuvres jointly. Manœuvres are a matter of routine in most armies. At the close of a summer's training period it is, from the strictly military point of view, natural to let troops show what they can do in working out a problem. New York City, for example, was 'defended' this year and will be 'defended' again next year. But the Germans, already sensitive because of the continued occupation of their territory, were much disturbed to find British cavalry coöperating with the French in their mimic warfare. The mysterious Anglo-French naval pact added to their suspicions and led them to fear that a mere matter of military routine had diplomatic significance.

The whole incident is one more illustration of the perpetual friction certain to result from any military occupation of foreign soil. 'You can,' says a picturesque diplomatic proverb, 'do anything with bayonets — except sit on them.' In other words, troops can conquer foreign territory, but they can not keep its inhabitants contented.

One gets an idea how the Germans feel about it all from a bitter editorial in the *Berliner Tageblatt:* 'The manœuvres are on a scale such as we have never before known during the entire course of the occupation. All the country from Trier to the Eifel Mountains is a single great armed camp. In some places, ordinary traffic is completely crippled. In other places, school buildings have had to be emptied because troops were quartered in them, and patients at various cures have had to leave their hotels to make room. The manœuvres are based on the idea of a Franco-German conflict and the problem they are working out is — an advance into German territory!'

The general attitude of suspicion due to the Rhineland situation will certainly not help forward the cause of disarmament. As the *Tageblatt* observes, it makes too evident 'the contradiction between practice and the principles enunciated at Locarno and Geneva.'

It is that glaring contradiction which the Disarmament Conference will have to eliminate.

What Next in Nicaragua?

ON NOVEMBER 4 — two days before the American people cast their ballots for President of the United States — a hundred thousand Nicaraguan voters will also go to the polls, in a presidential election probably more significant than any of its size ever before held. Plans for choosing a new Nicaraguan president date from Colonel Stimson's peace mission to Nicaragua, as President Coolidge's special representative, in the Spring of 1927. At that time the Nicaraguan party leaders — always excepting the impenitent Liberal, Sandino — agreed that the disputing Liberal and Conservative forces lay down their arms, and that this year's elections should be held under American supervision.

Supervision began early this summer, and for the last two months it has been the most important factor in the life of the people of Nicaragua. Six hundred Americans constitute the supervising forces. The President of the Nicaraguan National Board of Elections is an American, General Frank R. McCoy, formerly assistant and advisor to General Leonard Wood while the latter was Governor-General of the Philippines and of Cuba. Two Nicaraguan members sit with him, but the Board may act without their presence. Thirteen officers of the United States Army serve as chairmen of the election boards of the thirteen Nicaraguan provinces. Three hundred and fifty-one United States Marines, who have been studying Spanish with greater zeal than they ever showed in school, act as chairmen of the local election boards, one for every polling booth.

As registration has proceeded, precautions have been lavish. The situation may best be summed up by saying that American forces, charged with keeping order, report that order is being kept. The warehouses of the government brandy monopoly have been padlocked since September 1. No liquor of any sort is being sold on registration days. Marines have been assiduously training one another in election procedure, after the manner of college football squads before the big game of the season. One 'team' takes the part of election officials; an opposing 'team' plays at fraudulent voting. On registration days airplanes have been sweeping the country, observers in their cockpits watching for signals from election officials below, announcing possible disorder. It is planned that, when the election actually takes place, each voter as he steps to the ballot box will have his fingers stained with a harmless chemical whose effect lasts for about forty-eight hours, in order that he may be detected if he tries to 'repeat.' This procedure, it will be remembered, was proposed for the recent Greek elections which returned Venizelos to power, but was abandoned because no one could find a harmless chemical that clever Greeks could not wash off before it was too late to vote again. Perhaps the Nicaraguans will prove less chemically-minded. The particular stain to be used has not yet been announced, for fear that politicians may mark the fingers of their opponents in advance and thus prevent them from voting at all.

Whether victory in the election will come to the Conservative, Dr. Benard, or to the Liberal, General Moncada, cannot be predicted at this writing. One thing, however, is certain. Once the elections are peaceably concluded — and, since there are approximately five thousand American marines on the ground, there is no reason to believe that they will not be — a single cry, already beginning to swell, will be heard from all Latin America. 'The Yankees have been telling us that they were staying in Nicaragua in order to supervise the elections. Now, will they get out?'

Shorter Notes and Comments

Recovering from the Hurricane

AFTER the general disaster that swept across Porto Rico, other islands in the Gulf of Mexico, and Florida, it is possible to find one ground for comfort. The economic loss has undoubtedly been extensive, but it is not quite so serious as it may seem to those who have spent their lives in more temperate climates. In the tropics, nature may occasionally do terrible damage; but she makes partial atonement for the loss she causes by the speed with which she repairs her own destruction. Tropical plant life grows with a speed unknown in colder climates; and, as a large part of the damage done by the Porto Rican hurricane is agricultural, the results are not likely to be lasting.

The inhabitants of most tropical and subtropical lands have frequently suf-

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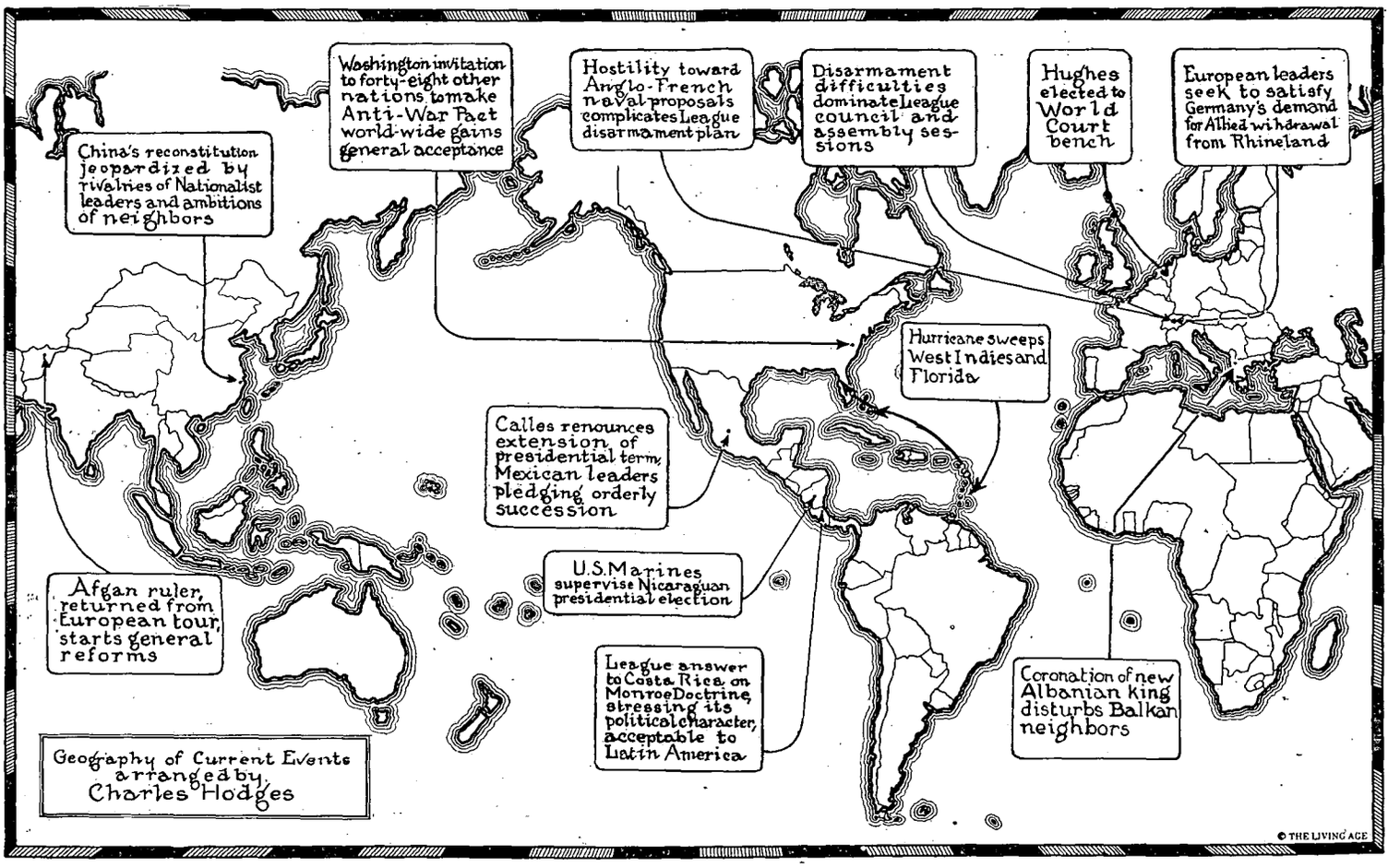
China's reconstitution jeopardized by rivalries of Nationalist leaders and ambitions of neighbors
Washington invitation to forty-eight other nations to make Anti-War Pact world-wide gains general acceptance
Hostility toward Anglo-French naval proposals complicates League disarmament plan
Disarmament difficulties dominate League council and assembly sessions
Hughes elected to World Court bench
European leaders seek to satisfy Germany's demand for Allied withdrawal from Rhineland
Hurricane sweeps West Indies and Florida
Calles renounces extension of presidential term, Mexican leaders pledging orderly succession
U.S. Marines supervise Nicaraguan presidential election
Afgan ruler, returned from European tour, starts general reforms
League answer to Costa Rica on Monroe Doctrine, stressing its political character, acceptable to Latin America
Coronation of new Albanian king disturbs Balkan neighbors
Geography of Current Events arranged by Charles Hodges
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fered similarly in the past, and there is unfortunately no reason to think that they will not suffer similarly in the future. Judging the future by the past, Porto Rico may expect, roughly, an average of three or four such storms in a century; but she has learned by experience that her economic and agricultural resources are sufficient to enable her to recover after each disaster. Human suffering, which is much the same in every climate, was alleviated so far as that is possible by the relief which reached the area affected with all possible speed.

The United States Government is shortly to undertake an economic survey of the islands, which will be under the direction of Dr. Victor S. Clark, former editor of THE LIVING AGE.

NEW ZEALAND ABANDONS DAYLIGHT TIME

There will be no 'daylight-saving time' in New Zealand next year as a result of protests that have all but swamped the Dominion Parliament after the first trial of the system last summer. As in the United States, the farmers have been among the most vigorous opponents of 'summer time,' and since they constitute the majority of New Zealand's voters, they have had no difficulty in enforcing their desires. The law which provided for a trial of daylight-saving time during the summer months of 1928 made no provision for a repetition of the experiment; and proposals to renew the bill have met with an overwhelming defeat. Almost the only group advocating renewal was a group of distinguished physicians who insisted that daylight-saving was good for the public health.

In spite of public objections to the plan of advancing the clock one hour during the summer months, New Zealand's legislators are seriously considering a proposal to advance the clock permanently one half-hour. This is not due to a desire to 'save daylight,' but is intended to make it easier to correlate New Zealand's clocks with London's. At present the difference in time between New Zealand and Greenwich is eleven and one-half hours. The additional half hour would place New Zealand exactly twelve hours ahead of Greenwich.

TOKIO'S MAYOR INVESTIGATES CORRUPTION

While charges of graft and protected vice are agitating various American cities, Viscount Simpei Goto, mayor of Tokio, is calmly conducting a dispassionate investigation into the best methods of meeting similar charges against the municipal government of Japan's capital. Viscount Goto has placed himself at the head of a group of prominent citizens forming the Tokio Municipal Research Council, which is circulating a questionnaire to leading residents of the city, including representatives of all professions. The questionnaire asks for suggestions as to the best methods by which Tokio's municipal government can clean house.

Several suggestions have already been made. The most important is the proposal that the number of members in the municipal assembly shall be reduced. There are at present eighty-eight members, twenty-three more than in New York's corresponding body and sixty-eight more than in Philadelphia's. It is also suggested that bicameral government for the city would improve matters, presumably because it would enable the two houses to check each other. Another proposed means of reform is to make the office of mayor elective. At present he is appointed by the Minister of Home Affairs, who chooses from among three candidates selected by the aldermen. Other proposals include reducing the mayor's four-year term and passing a law providing for woman suffrage in municipal elections. This last is strongly reminiscent of a recent suggestion by Alderman Ruth Pratt, of New York, that the American woman voter will perform her greatest public service in municipal affairs.

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A Paragraphic World Tour

Around the World in Thirty Days

Photo Wide World

AFGHANISTAN'S RULERS

WHO PLAN to Westernize their country. In spite of this they both look stiff and uncomfortable in Occidental costume.

AFGHANISTAN

WHAT to do with ex-wives is a problem vexing Afghanistan, due to the abolition of polygamy by King Amanullah. Men having more than one wife are now limited to a single spouse and must renounce the rest. King Amanullah himself fares no better or worse in this respect than his male subjects. It is not always easy for the husband to decide, as between several wives, who shall go and who remain. The edict is harsh indeed in its operation upon dismissed wives, since alimony for the numerous divorcees is not provided by the Royal Treasury.

ALBANIA

IMMEDIATE recognition of King Ahmet Zogu by Italy surprised no one, because Italian influence helped him to the throne; but an almost equally prompt recognition by Greece was unexpected by the Balkan Governments. Reason? It is hinted that Albania paid a considerable price for the Greek attitude by agreeing to drop claims for compensation for Albanian property, estimated at about $600,000, seized by the Greeks when Greece was awarded additional territory after the World War. Italy having furnished Ahmet with a crown would now supply him also with a queen. But the betrothal of Princess Giovanna, daughter of King Victor Emmanuel, might be dangerous for Ahmet. This, because of an absentee ceremony taking place several years ago, by which, though they have never yet met, Ahmet is already married to the beautiful daughter of Shefket Verlaci, Bey of Elbassan, one of the most powerful nobles in Arabia. Tourists who are movie scenario writers please take notice.

AUSTRIA

THAT the horrors of war may be visualized not only by the present but by coming generations as mute arguments for peace, a society has been founded in Vienna to establish and maintain a Pacifist Museum. Relics of the War will be shown, which may serve as a warning against its cruelty and barbarism. The society invites all persons to send such relics, which may consist of every manner of death-dealing instrument or article, or even prints or pictures. Photographs of trenches, hospitals, barracks, concentration camps, and similar subjects are specially desirable. Visitors are welcomed at the offices of the society at Teinfaltstrasse 11.

CHINA

TRAVELERS should plan for a brief stay only in Peking this winter, because conditions there, as the result of the recent war and the transfer of the capital to Nanking, have become gloomy and depressing. Thousands of shops have had to close, educational establishments have no money to continue their work, and prisoners in the jails are starving, as there are no funds to buy food.

The electric light and waterworks companies contemplate closing because they cannot afford coal at the present high prices. Many forms of industry have practically ceased. There is no joy in Peking just now.

CUBA

HAVANA is now the scene of sleuthing for three men wanted by the Mexican Government in connection with the assassination of President-elect Alvaro Obregón. The search is in charge of Colonel Alfonso Fors, Chief of the Cuban Secret Service. Let any sojourner whose attention is attracted by a person or persons thought to resemble a presidential assassin make prompt report of the same to Colonel Fors. It will be gratefully received.

ENGLAND

VISITORS to London's Kensington Gardens, approaching the spot where the statue of Peter Pan has stood for the past fifteen years, were surprised at a barrier of canvas screens which rendered the statue invisible. During the night the statue had been tarred and feathered by vandals or grim practical jokers. This act of vandalism recalled another about two years ago. Epstein's figure of Rima, which forms part of the memorial to W. H. Hudson in Hyde Park, was painted a deep green, and, though the paint was soon removed, the sculpture is said to have been injured. The green paint applied to Rima was probably a protest against the statue, then the subject of controversy, but the motive of the outrage upon Peter Pan is a mystery which even Scotland Yard has not been able to solve.

FRANCE

ONE of the many planes which daily take off from Le Bourget for London recently carried Frieda Hempel, the opera soprano, formerly one of the five Imperial German court singers. Accompanying Miss Hempel was a Pomeranian dog, Toto, for whose benefit the flight was made. But it was not that this sort of an airing was desired for the canine, or that it was thought that the flight sensations might benefit his health. Only that Miss Hempel wanted to reach quickly a famous London veterinarian who had on previous occasions ministered to Toto in distress and by whom, it was hoped, Toto's malady might be better understood. That Miss Hempel was willing to risk Toto on this air journey is additional testimony to the comfort and safety of the air service between Paris and London.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

TRAVELERS who have admired the flowering vegetation of Hawaii do not all know that but few of the most brilliant specimens are native, many of the most conspicuous ones being plant immigrants which have been brought from the four corners of the globe. Madagascar, Southern Europe, Africa, India, South and Central America, Australia, China, and the South Sea Islands have all contributed to a plant population more cosmopolitan than the human inhabitants of the islands.

HUNGARY

FROM Budapest comes word that a young man, whose sincerity cannot be questioned, is about to arrange with the *Budapesti Hirlap*, a

Photo Pacific and Atlantic

PRINCESS GIOVANNA OF ITALY

WHOSE betrothal to Ahmet Bey Zogu, Italian-supported King of Albania, clashing with his previous matrimonial commitment, is rumored.

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daily newspaper, to conduct for him a lottery drawing, with unique features. The proposal is that the *Budapesti Hirlap* shall issue ten thousand lottery tickets at two pengo each, to be bought by women in want of a husband. The writer offers the newspaper five hundred pengo for the expenses, and an additional honorarium of five hundred pengo.

The newspaper points out that the idea is a practical one, as, in addition to a wife, the writer would win twenty thousand pengo. It is not stated that the tickets are limited to Hungarian ladies, or that tourists may not participate in the drawing; but before purchasing the pasteboards, it would be safer to ascertain the detailed conditions of the scheme.

Italy

When an attempt is made upon the life of Premier Mussolini, a special judicial tribunal is usually constituted to try the would-be assassin — that is, if he survives summary action at the hands of the populace. Privileged visitors are said to have been present at some of these trials, and a recent proceeding was more than usually interesting. Anteo Zamboni, in Bologna, fired a shot at Il Duce about two years ago. Mussolini was not wounded, though Anteo's bullet grazed a decoration on the Premier's breast. Anteo was enthusiastically lynched by a mob, the surviving members of his family being tried by the special tribunal for complicity in the crime. A brother, Ludovico, was acquitted for lack of evidence, but the father, Mammolo, and the mother, Virginia, were convicted and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment.

Mexico

Because United States Ambassador Morrow recently took a trip with Governor Perez Trevino of Coahuila, it was claimed that United States influence was back of the ambitions of Governor Trevino to be Provisional President to succeed General Obregón, President-elect, assassinated. The fact that Mr. Morrow was only fulfilling an engagement made prior to General Obregón's death was not heeded by the political wiseacres below the Rio Grande, and the subsequent election to be Provisional President of the youthful Emilio Portes Gil, square-jawed sportsman and lawyer, was complete refutation of the assertions of meddlesomeness by the United States.

Photo Wide World

THE PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT OF MEXICO

EMILIO PORTES GIL, squared-jawed sportsman and lawyer, who succeeds President Calles on December first.

Spain

A report from Amendralejo, in which full credence is not placed, but which comes from a source usually dependable, declares that a tax has been imposed upon every woman whose skirt 'reaches less than a certain minimum length.' There is a graduated schedule, the higher the skirt, the larger the tax. One feature of this measure is that the payment of a certain amount entitles the payer to a sort of 'license of abbreviation,' as it is called by the *Observer* (London), for a month or other fixed period of time. Perhaps this provision is especially designed for tourists or other transients. The correspondent of the newspaper referred to deprecates the principle that skirts may be curtailed according to the wealth of the wearer, noting, however, that the Spanish are a law-abiding and not a very rich people. Many will agree that wealth should not regulate the length of skirts. Other considerations are of far greater importance. We are not advised as to the number of inches which will enable female visitors to avoid this irritating tax, or the information would be given here. Tourists with Amendralejo upon their itineraries should inquire immediately upon arrival at their hotels and thus avoid needless expense and embarrassment.

Photo Wide World

A FAMILIAR FIGURE

THE DECORATIONS on the breast of Italy's Dictator have deflected more than one bullet intended for his heart.

Photo Wide World

THE COLLECTOR OF THE PORT

PHILIP ELTING, who directs New York customs officials. His face is seldom seen by returning travelers, but the weight of his hand is often felt.

Switzerland

Geneva recently entertained delegates to the 1928 Congress of the *Internationale Démocratique pour la Paix*. Visitors attended many of the sessions. The *Internationale* is seeking to coördinate the work of various agencies all over the world in the field of post-War reconciliation. Annual congresses have been held for eight years. There was an American delegation at the Congress. Optimism, bordering upon enthusiasm, pervaded the sessions, due in part to the fact that many of the delegates were young men and women students.

United States

Customs difficulties in the Port of New York have more than ever plagued returning travelers during the present autumn season. Women have had more trouble with the customs collectors than men. A well known American short story writer and author of several best sellers declared her switch from Hoover to Smith due to resentment at the action of the customs examiners. Mme. Ganna Walska's trunks, said to contain jewels valued at $2,500,000, were impounded upon her debarkation from the French liner *Paris*. But men experience difficulties, too. The Reverend John G. Rongetti, of Saint Anthony's Parish, Newark, N. J., a solidly built, middle-aged priest of dignified bearing and genial countenance, paid $539.58 at the New York Customs House as duty and penalties on undeclared goods. In addition to oil paintings, trinkets intended as souvenirs, and ten pounds of canned ham, the priest's luggage contained saints' relics plus twenty-two bottles of Cognac and seven quarts of Benedictine. Father Rongetti paid the duty ungrudgingly, but indignantly protested a lecture upon morality and the iniquity of evil example received from the Customs authorities. Upon questions of morality, 'I am your teacher,' said the padre to the Collector.

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Artificial Gasoline

A French Journalist Reveals the Secret Manufacture of a New Synthetic Motor Fuel

By Henry de Korab

Translated from *Le Matin*, Paris Conservative Daily

EVERYTHING around the new Merseburg factory of the I. G. — the great aniline dye company whose full name is '*Interessen Gemeinschaft Farbenindustrie*' — is dazzlingly new. One has the impression of arriving on the scene of a presidential inauguration ceremony before even the newly elected President himself has seen it. The scores, nay, hundreds, of brick smokestacks are still freshly pink; they look as if they had been built during the preceding night, as do also the huge zeppelin-like structures built of some white metal, stuck into the earth and connected one with another by pipes so large that an omnibus could easily pass through them.

All this goes by the name of the *Leuna Werke*, the chemical factories of Leuna, which have caused a full-grown city to spring up in less than ten years; a city with avenues of houses, built of poured concrete, whose façades are as polished and shiny as a newborn hotel's; a city with large department stores whose show windows are decorated with gilded mannequins in the best 'modern' style; a city fully equipped with schools, tramway lines, restaurants (in which full orchestras perform at mealtimes), with moving picture theatres, municipal sprinkling wagons, a sanatorium, and uniformed milkmen!

I drove around a private traffic circle which forms the centre of the *Leuna Werke's* network of interfactory and office roadways, and came to a stop in front of a heavy chain suspended between two brick columns and bearing the placard: 'No Admission.' I was in front of the general offices, which form the geographical centre of the works. Two redoubtable guards, in gray long-tailed coats and flat officers' caps, were silently inspecting visitors' credentials. After reading, they either loosed the chain in a dignified manner, or turned their backs, indifferent, impenetrable, without a word of explanation. What secrets were hidden here which required such careful watching?

With a friendly smile, I began to make my little speech: 'I am a French journalist; here are my credentials and letters of introduction. I should like to converse with some of the gentlemen mentioned therein. I should like to visit . . .'

Disconcerted, I stopped half-way, for the man was not even listening to me. Yet he must have made some sort of gesture which would be understood by his confrères, or else he must have pressed some invisible push-button, for the force of guards was suddenly doubled — four sinister figures where there had been two. The chain was drawn slowly to one side, and I was conducted by two of the guards for a distance of perhaps thirty yards, the two men pressing me so closely that I wondered why they did not go the whole way and put me in handcuffs.

The chief guard, dressed exactly like his underlings, and seated in a large armchair in front of two telephones, nodded at me curtly and pointed to a registry form equipped with plenty of carbon paper. 'Name, nationality, address, passport number, visa number, references.' I filled in the blank spaces. The chief lifted the receiver of one of his telephones, but apparently all the questions were coming from the other end, for he kept repeating nothing but '*Ja . . . nein*,' *yes*, *no*, over and over. At last he hung up the receiver and turned to me.

'In three weeks we shall let you know,' he said.

'What! But I made this trip on purpose; I simply cannot wait! Please try to get an immediate decision.'

'*Rauchen verboten* — no smoking!' he grunted, in lieu of answer, as I mechanically drew my cigarette case from my pocket.

'I am not a commercial spy. I have not the technical knowledge to be one. Telephone Berlin. The *Wilhelmstrasse* will know who I am.'

'The *Wilhelmstrasse*?' He shrugged his shoulders. Apparently he considered himself the servant of a power far stronger than any mere minister of state. Nevertheless he deigned to take up his telephone again.

'Permit me again,' he said, mysteriously — nothing more, and hung up.

'The *Herr Direktor* will see you,' he announced frigidly after a moment's silence, and handed me a copy of the form I had just filled out.

In the huge central offices my bodyguards turned me over to a doorman, who conducted me to an elevator.

A young man of scarcely thirty, his

A FOREST of giant brick chimneys, spaced along the railroad for more than a mile, midway between the towns of Halle and Jena, has been a sight to puzzle the traveler in Central Germany for more than ten years. Inquirers have usually been put off with the information that this is the *Leuna-Werke*, the world's greatest plant for the manufacture of nitrogenous compounds, valuable in time of peace for fertilizers and for explosives in time of war. It has remained for a pertinacious French journalist to discover that another process, equally practical but far more revolutionary, is being carried on beneath these same belching chimneys — the manufacture of 'artificial' gasoline.

Dr. Friedrich Bergius, the chemist who developed the synthesis used at the *Leuna Werke*, will discuss in next month's LIVING AGE the effect upon international relations of such developments in industrial chemistry. At present it is sufficient to point out that in view of the limited quantities of gasoline available from natural sources, the development of a synthetic product is of vast significance not only to every person who drives an automobile, but also to the general economic life of mankind.

That 'artificial' gasoline could be produced in the laboratory has been known for some time. That the Japanese are hoping shortly to begin manufacturing it from fish oil has just been announced. This article, however, reveals for the first time that German chemists have already perfected a process which is enabling them to manufacture synthetic gasoline on a commercial basis at surprisingly low cost.

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face covered with deep scars, received me in a bare room which contained only a little wooden table. From the windows one could see the smokestacks, belching flames.

'The Leuna Works,' said the young Director, 'employ six hundred and eleven engineers, one thousand three hundred and twenty-nine salaried employes, two thousand one hundred and twenty-six skilled workers, thirty-one thousand six hundred and twenty-four laborers. Is that what you wished to know? If you desire further statistical information, I shall be glad to let you have a brochure on the subject. You will find everything there which you might wish to know.'

'Everything? Is it possible? The figures which you have just given me are very significant.'

'They have been published before, I believe.'

'Of course. I know that. But no one has explained them. What is this new industry which has built up such a formidable organization in so short a time?'

The young engineer feigned great surprise. 'A new industry? Everybody knows that we make ammonia and fertilizers.'

'Yes, but it is also known that you manufacture synthetic gasoline.'

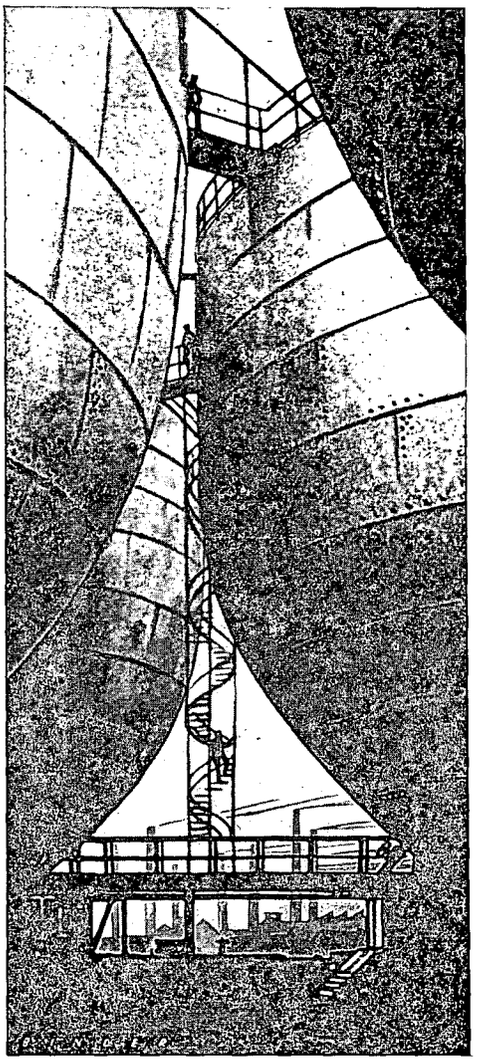
'You seem to have unofficial information.'

'It is generally known. Is it not the astonishing discovery of a method of synthesizing gasoline which has made possible the huge development of the *Leuna Werke?* Is it not artificial gasoline which has created this new city where even in 1920 there was only open countryside?'

The Director nervously fingered the brochure which he had destined for my information. 'Have you any introduction from our Director-General, Dr. Bosch, who lives in Heidelberg?'

'No; I was not aware that it was necessary.'

'That's too bad. You see, the manufacture of gasoline is not yet *official;* I have no right to discuss it with you, although I am convinced that you are not a "dangerous" person.'



From Gebrauchsgraphik, Berlin

AMMONIA LIQUOR TANKS, LEUNA

A GERMAN ARTIST makes vivid the impressively large scale on which the *I. G. Farbenindustrie* plant at Leuna, Merseburg, Saxony, has been built. At this plant it is planned to make one hundred thousand tons of synthetic gasoline next year, following the success of this year's efforts.

'But why? Herr Doktor Friedrich Bergius's invention is well known. Haven't you sold his patent rights in France and the United States? Well?'

The engineer smiled with pride. 'No one would get very far with Bergius's methods,' he said, not realizing that this was leading to exactly the information I wanted.

'You have discovered some other technique?'

'No, but we have improved his method. The original method has undergone over a hundred modifications, of which the world at large has remained in complete ignorance. You can easily understand our care and my discretion in discussing the matter.'

'Yes, and the vigilance of your watchmen. You implied that these modifications made the manufacture of artificial gasoline more practical. Do you mean that you can make gasoline commercially here at Merseburg and Leuna?'

'Not *officially*. Actually, we are placing on sale each month some ten thousand barrels of gasoline. The consumer does not know that it is not natural gasoline; you yourself may have been using Leuna gasoline without knowing it. For the time being ours is sold at exactly the same price as the natural product.'

'How much does it cost you?'

The young engineer hesitated a moment, torn by the conflicting desires of overwhelming me and keeping the great secret. Then he exclaimed in triumph, 'Sixteen *pfennigs* a litre!'

I was so amazed that for a moment I could only think, 'Leuna gasoline, sixteen *pfennigs;* Pennsylvania, Mosul, Caucasian, or any other kind of natural gasoline, thirty-five *pfennigs!*'

What a future there is for this industry, an industry which is no longer a dream, which lies out there beneath the windows of the bare little room, completely realized, which has already, like the oil wells and the gold mines of yore, made a whole city spring up over night.

Is this new industry a danger for France and the peace of the world? I believe not. I believe, on the contrary, that the new Germany finds in the amazing progress of its industry a new outlet for the old desire for conquest. There is triumph in the achievement of Leuna, accomplished as it has been with feverish mystery; a triumph which must warm the hearts of young Germans, who can now see that their country is able to astonish the world by other means than the destruction of human life.

Next Month: 'The International Implications of Artificial Gasoline,' by Dr. Friedrich Bergius, Inventor of the New Process

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Modern Crusoes on Robinson Crusoe's Isle

Three Clever Frenchmen Develop a Chilean Island, Discovered by a Spaniard and Made Famous by Daniel Defoe

By G. de Raulin

Translated from *L'Illustration*, Paris Illustrated Weekly

WHERE was the island on which Robinson Crusoe had his dramatic adventures?

In the accounts one usually reads, it is described as 'the island of Juan Fernandez.' But Juan Fernandez is not an island at all. It is an archipelago composed of three islands, lying off the coast of South America, far out in the Pacific, which were discovered in 1572 by the famous Spanish explorer whose name they now bear.

In those days, when sailors wished to go from Callao to Valparaiso, they kept close to the coast, in spite of the fact that the wind was often dead against them. Juan Fernandez, impressed by the consistency of the off-shore wind, decided to strike a more daring course toward the open ocean, in the belief that if he went far enough out, he would find a shore breeze in the opposite direction that would take him back toward the coast. Sailing from Callao to Valparaiso, he reached a point three hundred and sixty-two miles off the latter city, and there discovered an island which he called Mas-a-Tierra. It was on this part of the archipelago that Robinson Crusoe later found refuge.

As he had expected, Juan Fernandez found that from Mas-a-Tierra a favorable wind took him back toward the Chilean coast. In four weeks he had made the voyage from Callao to Valparaiso which until that time had taken five or six months. When he departed from Mas-a-Tierra, he left behind him a good many goats whose progeny were later to prove highly valuable to wandering buccaneers.

Separated from this island by about a mile of water is another, Santa Clara, sometimes called Goat Island, whose queerly marked cliffs give it a strange aspect. It has no great interest, being only five miles in circumference, with its highest point about a thousand feet above the level of the sea. Eighty miles farther westward, however, is the larger island of Mas-a-Fuera, thirty-two square miles in area. It is wooded and well watered and its most remarkable feature is the Mountain of the Innocents, nearly six thousand feet high. On the island is a hamlet containing about fifteen inhabitants.

Mas-a-Tierra, the first island discovered, though it is the most important one in the archipelago, is itself not very large. It is about seventeen miles long and six miles wide. The mountain of Yunque, some twenty-eight hundred feet high and well wooded, looks from a distance like an anvil. On its flanks are a number of fertile valleys with brooklets running through them. There are three harbors, all on the north coast, and named according to the nationality of the navigators who frequented them: the French Port, the English Port, and the Spanish Port. There is a depth of ninety feet in each of these three harbors.

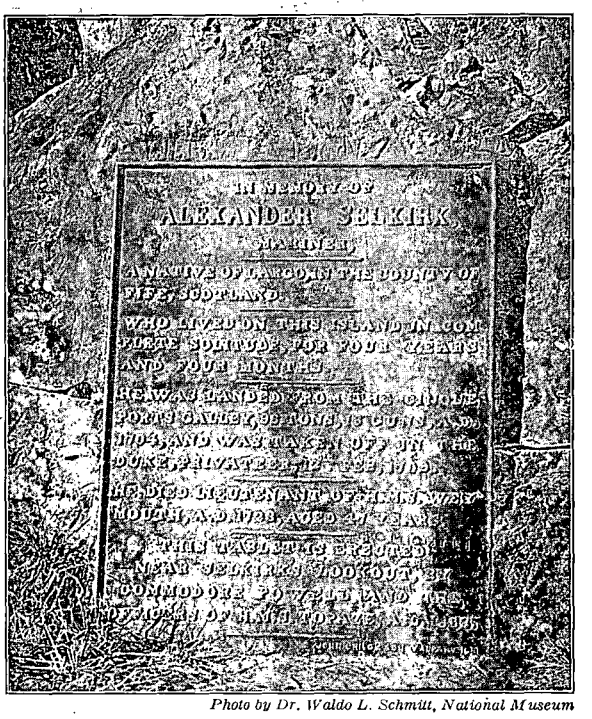

Photo by Dr. Waldo L. Schmitt, National Museum

ERECTED IN MEMORY OF THE ORIGINAL ROBINSON CRUSOE

THE BRONZE TABLET on the Island of Mas-a-Tierra which honors Alexander Selkirk, whose adventures provided the plot for Daniel Defoe's famous novel.

Though it is mountainous and wooded at its northern end, Mas-a-Tierra seems flat and dry as one works toward the south. Steep cliffs, deep red in color, cut by green ravines, stretch between the three ports mentioned above, and encircle the magnificent Cumberland Bay. The climate is healthy, though rainy; there is an unpleasant season stretching from April to October, and there are violent rain storms at night. Cattle, goats, pigs, and game birds abound on the island. Peach trees and fig trees grow wild, as well as many varieties of vegetables. The island's single village, Juan Bautista, is located at the Spanish Port; it has two hundred and sixty inhabitants, all fishermen.

I SHALL not attempt to retell the story of how Alexander Selkirk was abandoned on this desert isle in February, 1704, by Captain Straddling of the *Cinque Ports*, nor of how he was discovered on February 2, 1709, by Captain Wood Rogers of the *Duke*, who took him back to England. It is a curious fact, however, that the adventure which in the eighteenth century provided Daniel Defoe with material for *Robinson Crusoe* has had its parallel in more recent days.

After Selkirk left, Mas-a-Tierra was for a long time forgotten, perhaps on account of the fact that Defoe, fearful of being accused of plagiarism, adopted the expedient of setting the adventures of his hero on an imaginary island which he placed off the mouth of the Orinoco.

In 1891, however, the French sailing ship *Télégraphe* approached the archipelago. She was commanded by Captain Morthiers, and was going from Talcahuano to Iquique, with a single passenger whose name was Charpentier. A sailor discovered that the door of the storeroom had been left open by an oversight; he entered and drank bottle after bottle of liquor. When he had grown tipsily generous, he secretly called his comrades that they might benefit by his discovery. In no time at all the whole crew was decidedly drunk. Only the passenger, Charpentier, refused to yield to temptation.

The drunken sailors could think of only one way to escape punishment: mutiny against the Captain. Luckily he was armed, and the mutineers were not. When he saw that prayers and threats had no effect on such madmen, who wanted to kill him, he shot two of the wildest. This calmed the others and

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brought them to their senses; but no sooner had calm been established among the crew than a terrible storm broke upon the ship. The sailors, still under the influence of liquor, were unable to combat it successfully. The *Télégraphe*, fleeing before the tempest and attempting to take refuge in Cumberland Bay, was shipwrecked. Only Charpentier was saved; he made his way safe and sound to the village of Juan Bautista.

Some time later he was joined by Count Alfred de Rodt, a Swiss who passed for a Frenchman. This gentleman had led a checkered life, whose dominant note was his stubborn dislike of the Prussians. He fought them once as an Austrian soldier at Sadowa. In 1870, he enlisted in the French Foreign Legion in order to fight them again. No one knows after what strange adventures he finally landed on this lost island in the Pacific Ocean.

Charpentier had no difficulty in persuading de Rodt that at their very feet lay an inexhaustible source of riches: catching and selling *langoustes*, a species of deep-sea crayfish, roughly equivalent to a lobster. The methods which they had at their disposal, however, were primitive, as were their shipping facilities; and they had no money to find better. It was then that Providence placed in their path another Frenchman, Louis P. Recart.

Photo by Dr. Waldo L. Schmitt, National Museum

GIANT CRAYFISH FROM CRUSOE'S ISLAND

HERE SHOWN just before they are to be sent to the mainland, they often weigh as much as thirteen pounds, and are shipped alive across South America to Buenos Aires.

CAPTAIN WOOD ROGERS, in the log in which he told Selkirk's story, spoke often of the extraordinary abundance of big crayfish. These sea crayfish are really giant *langoustes*, called scientifically *Palinurus Frontalis*. Some of them are more than two and a half feet long and weigh thirteen pounds. They are marvelous eating. M. Recart, realizing the future possibilities of such a business, began by improving Charpentier's methods. He went back to Valparaiso, and persuaded the Chilean Government to give him a fishing monopoly covering the whole archipelago of Juan Fernandez. Then he set out for France to look for a better type of well-boat, designed for the rapid shipping of live *langoustes* from Mas-a-Tierra to Valparaiso. His search took him to Boulogne, where he made the acquaintance of the naval architect, S. Soë. Following Recart's instructions, Soë drew the plans for a sixty-ton motor schooner, capable of carrying fifteen hundred live *langoustes*. As a sailing ship, she could do twelve knots; and she was provided with a twenty-five horse power auxiliary motor which could drive her at five and a half knots in a perfect calm. With these plans in hand, M. Recart returned to Chile. To get the boat built, he turned to still another Frenchman, M. Achille Court. The schooner's keel was finally laid at Constitucion, not far from Valparaiso at the mouth of the river Maule; but the difficulties were tremendous.

All the accessories, large or small, had to be sent from France. One day, for instance, the lamp which heated the cylinder of the motor failed. It was impossible to replace it. Sending to France for a new one would mean a delay of four months. What was to be done? They were forced to turn to a local jeweler, who performed the necessary soldering by the methods which he used on watches, that is to say, by using silver solder!

IN DECEMBER, 1910, however, the schooner was launched and was christened *Gaviota* (the Sea Mew). She replaced an old tub of much smaller tonnage, and made it possible to ship *langoustes* from Mas-a-Tierra to Valparaiso in four days. Her water well, in which the lobsters were to be kept, did not communicate directly with the sea, but was filled and emptied by two pumps. To prevent the *langoustes* from piling up in the bottom of the hold, and to make certain that they would arrive alive, perches were placed so that the big crayfish could, as their instinct directs, grip them like the wires of a cage.

IN FEBRUARY, 1922, the French Consul at Valparaiso made a pilgrimage to Robinson's island. One may imagine his stupefaction when he found himself welcomed by the *Marseillaise* sung in French, and greeted in his native tongue by many of the inhabitants. The explanation was that Charpentier and de Rodt had both married. The first had five children and the second six; and these in turn had had children of their own, so that to-day the descendants of the two form the bulk of the population of the village of Juan Bautista. The descendants of the Swiss, de Rodt, understand French but do not speak it; those of Charpentier speak French fluently.

Only a little later, the tiny cemetery where the anti-Prussian de Rodt lies came very near being filled with a considerable number of those whom he greatly detested. The raider *Dresden*, after having escaped from the battle of the Falkland Islands (October 18, 1914), wandered about the Pacific, and early in 1915 took refuge in Cumberland Bay, where she was attacked by the three British cruisers *Glasgow*, *Kent*, and *Orama*—which were bigger, better armed, and faster than she. Faced by such an unequal struggle, her commander hastened to plead the privilege of neutrality offered by the Chilean territorial waters in which he had just dropped anchor; but the British commander had not forgotten that in the preceding November the Germans had sunk, in these same waters, the French sailing ship *Valentine*, and he resolved to let the law of retaliation take its course.

Thus the inhabitants of Juan Bautista, at no risk at all, had front-row seats for a naval battle. The *Dresden* answered the Britishers' first burst of fire; five minutes later, she pulled down the Imperial ensign and raised the white flag of surrender. The converging fire of the three British cruisers had done its work. A fire started on the *Dresden;* she was badly damaged and fifteen of her crew were seriously wounded. The watchers on the shore were astonished to see the rapidity and the orderliness with which the ship was abandoned. The reason was that a bomb with a time fuse had been placed in the forward hold. The small boats had scarcely drawn away from the ship when the explosion came; the fore part of the *Dresden* slipped beneath the waves and the rest of the cruiser followed. Th

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whole crew, however, was picked up by the British squadron, which thereupon moved off under full steam.

TO GET back to the *langouste* industry, let it be said that it has prospered surprisingly. Taking another Frenchman into business with him, Louis Recart has founded the house of *Recart et Doniez*. The *Gaviota* now has a sister ship, the *Piquera*, and twice the amount of business can be carried. A natural development has been the installation of a factory for canning *langoustes* on the island.

Some idea of the importance of this French enterprise can be gained from the following. Thirty whale-boats, twenty-seven feet long and provided with outboard motors which give them a speed of eight knots, are used in the *langouste* fisheries. Each of these handles fifteen traps. These traps are usually anchored at night at a depth of from seven to seventy fathoms; for bait, almost any fish is used, provided that it is slightly spoiled. Thanks to these intensive methods, six thousand *langoustes* are shipped each month from Mas-a-Tierra to the South American continent. When they arrive at Valparaiso, they are kept alive in big floating cages until orders come in to be filled. Only twenty-five years ago, *langoustes* were unknown as a table delicacy in Buenos Aires. To-day, thanks to a special method of packing, they are sent by the trans-Andean railroad and arrive alive in the Argentine capital, where they bring a price close to $1.50 a pound.

THESE present-day Robinsons obviously have more resources and more comforts at their command than their British predecessor. Had they been born one or two centuries earlier, and had they found an equally talented biographer, their fame, like Robinson's, might have been handed down to posterity.

De Rodt is dead, but Charpentier is still alive. The Chilean Government is represented at Juan Bautista by a single officer, who combines the functions of governor and of registrar of births, deaths, and marriages. He answers to the French name of Durand, for he is only a naturalized Chilean, and was born on the verdant plains of Normandy.

Is the savage beauty of Mas-a-Tierra to be ruined? A twin-screw English liner already takes tourists there, and now British newspapers are announcing that a casino is soon to be built. However this may be, this lost island of the Pacific, discovered by a Spaniard, made famous by an Englishman, and to-day the property of Chile, owes its development to a Frenchman whose initiative alone built up a prosperous industry. And still they say that we French are not a race of colonizers!

Maquillage

By James Laver

From the *Spectator*, London

LET prigs and primitives delight
(Though no one still supposes
That prigs and primitives are right)
In shiny cheeks and noses,
For all the moralists have said,
(And he who runs may read it)
I rather like a touch of red
On lips that do not need it!

For who is he who would not choose
(Albeit clown or glutton)
His sage and onion with the goose,
His jelly with the mutton?
The Parmesan is in the soup
To make our palate moister;
There's ginger on the canteloupe
There's cayenne on the oyster.

Leave Nature's crudity to those
Who'll take it, willy-nilly.
I study to perfume the rose
I *like* to gild the lily!
And you, my love, as I have said,
(And I've no cause to doubt it)
Can safely add a touch of red,
Who are so sweet without it.

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Photo Ewing Galloway

A Moroccan Gateway

'We halted, staring in wonder at the unimaginably beautiful carved wooden gateway and façade of an ancient *fondouk*, weathered to a rich golden brown. Beyond that, against a hand's breadth of sky, a square minaret set with green and blue mosaic.'

Couscous and Sole Marguery

The Winter Tourist's Paradise: Sunny, Mediaeval Morocco

By Webb Waldron

Written especially for The Living Age

There at tea on the hotel terrace lolled a cosmopolitan crowd, Belgian *banquiers*, English sirs and ladies, French princes, Swedish barons, perhaps two or three Americans — the kind of crowd you find at the de luxe hotel anywhere around the Mediterranean. We strolled across the terrace, went down some steps, crossed a Moorish garden, and stepped through a doorway straight into the Arabian Nights.

A shadowy passageway . . . a flitting veiled figure . . . a quick intense glance of two black eyes. The woman turned a corner sharply. We followed.

A narrow high-walled way, teeming with life and color, dipping steeply into the heart of the city. Tall, dignified, white-robed Moors marching gravely two and two. Porters toiling up hill with heads bent under great baskets piled high with vivid green mint. Ebony-faced Senegalese in khaki and fez. Brown-legged water vendors with their glistening dripping pig-skins, jingling their bright brass bells. Half-naked children whining: '*Barak alla hou fik! Barak alla hou fik!* Blessing upon you!' Trains of donkeys laden with bales of sheepskins. Little boys with flat boards balanced on their heads, trotting to the bread-ovens with the singsong cry: '*A lajine! A lajine!*' Wild mountain people with flying black hair, women unveiled, gazing eagerly at a hawker's sugary pastry. Then a warning shout. A handsome *caïd*, all in white, on a magnificent brown mare, scatters the crowd. We flatten ourselves against the wall. He clatters past, proud and austere, his servant trotting behind him afoot.

A fine steed is the limousine of Fez, the mark of affluence in this city which no wheeled vehicle can ever enter, so narrow and tortuous are its ways.

Through the lattice which roofs the street, sunlight flickered on a merchant seated like a Buddha at the top of his mound of melons; upon silver Berber bracelets; shaggy Berber rugs of vivid green, yellow, orange, blue; piles of great flat red and white baskets; upon spices, silks, daggers and muskets inlaid with silver; and rows and rows and shelves and shelves of *babouches*, yellow, green, red.

A shrill jangle of voices drew us to crane over a barrier and we saw in a room almost dark a score of children seated on the floor rocking back and forth in unison to the monotonous rhythm of a phrase chanted by someone unseen. Could that be a school?

A sudden twist of the way revealed an

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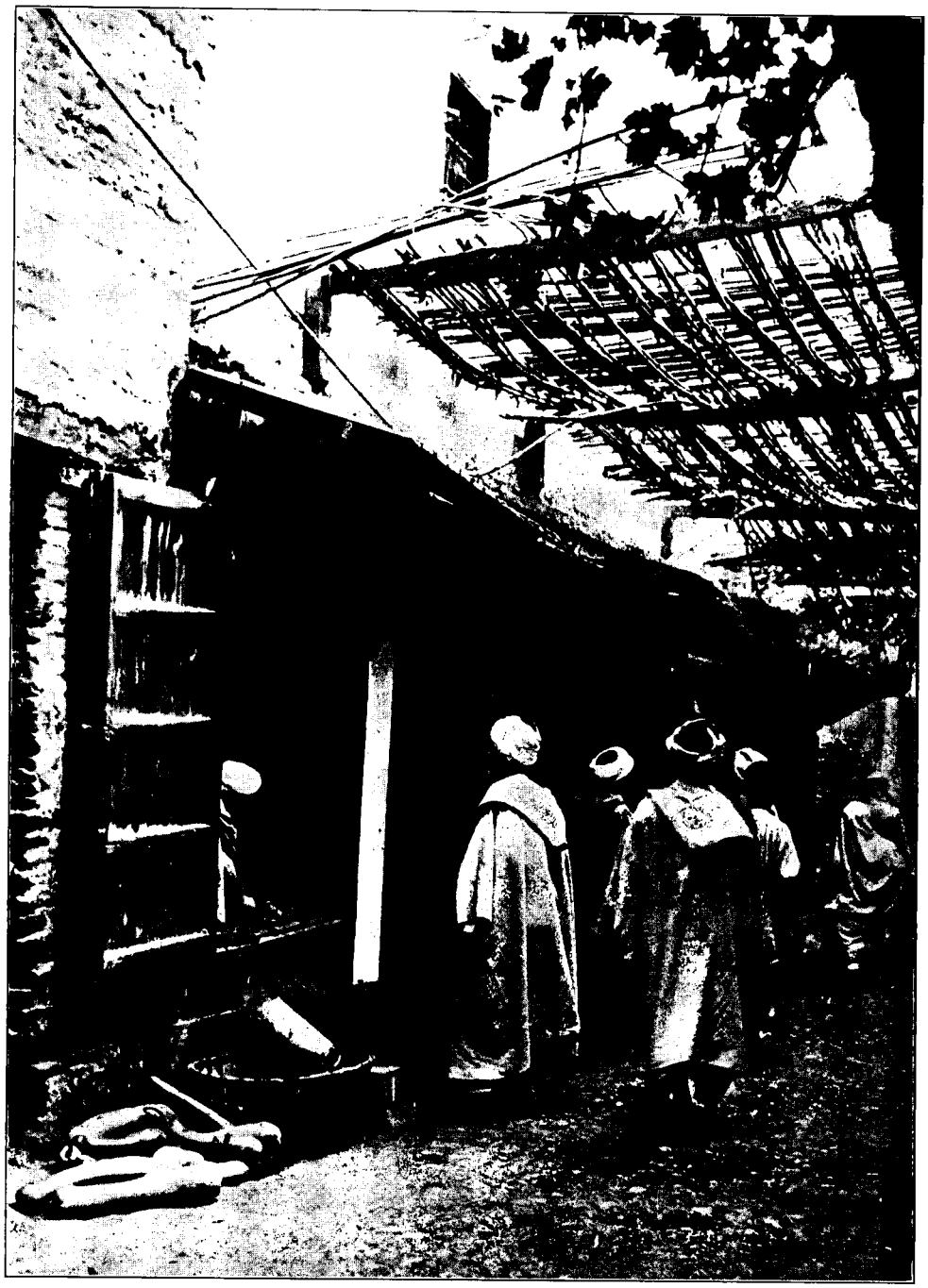

Photo Ewing Galloway

A STREET OF BAZAARS IN FEZ

'THROUGH THE LATTICE which roofs the street, sunlight flickered on a merchant seated like a Buddha.'

open space and we halted, staring in wonder at the unimaginably beautiful carved wooden gateway and façade of an ancient *fondouk*, weathered to a rich golden brown. Beyond that, against a hand's breadth of sky, a square minaret set with green and blue mosaic.

Another twist plunged us into a veritable labyrinth. An intense warren of secret, intricate alleys so narrow that a man with a basket on his head made us take refuge in a shallow doorway. A sudden glimpse through a narrow gateway revealed a courtyard walled by yellow pottery, aglow in the sun. Then gloom again, roofed by a vast, twisted vine whose trunk, as thick as a tree, came up at a shop-corner and which spread completely across the way, thrusting its fingers into the mouldering wall on either hand.

We hurried on, pulled around each corner by the certainty of something more mysterious beyond. Dusk had come. Here and there a shop-keeper had lit a candle or two above his wares, but we suddenly realized that most of the merchants had closed their shop-fronts and vanished. The hurrying crowd had thinned.

Where were we? A sharp turn led us directly toward a thing astonishing and beautiful — the great, glowing gateway of a mosque. Certainly this was wrong. We must turn back. Mosques were forbidden ground. But just as the street seemed about to thrust us into the sacred porch, it swerved sharply, giving us just a tantalizing glimpse of a vast interior forested with blue pillars among which scores of men knelt in prayer, then carried us on.

Where were we? It was like a vast cave of innumerable intricate passages. Where were we? Which was north, south, east, west? At a shop we paused, bargained by sign-talk for two candles, lit them, and stole forward by their flickering light under black arches, while beneath our feet at every turn was the invisible rushing of water.

Where were we?

Our hotel terrace, the rattle of tea cups and the clink of glasses, the idle, secure chatter, all that seemed a thousand miles away, a thousand years away. And it was.

Where were we?

'I know how to tell direction!' Patty exclaimed suddenly. 'Don't Moslems always face east when they pray?'

So, at the next mosque door, we peered in and oriented ourselves by the compass of the turbaned heads. Ah, then that was east. We studied our map by the flickering candle-flame, and set off. When again in the labyrinth we became doubtful of direction, we sought for another mosque and took our bearings once more by the bowed heads, and so at last climbed up a steep staircase of narrow ways out of that ancient Arabian Night into the present hour of electric light, telephone, wine glass, and dinner coat.

And that is Fez!

Fez actually exists, though it is incredible.

And that is not all. That is, in truth, but a faint suggestion of the fascination of Fez. You can walk out of that same hotel into other things equally of the Arabian Nights.

A turn of a street, and you are through a gate of the city on a road which leads eastward through the mountains toward Taza and Algiers. Here, on the left-hand side of the gate, just outside the city walls, is a natural theatre of rock. And here every afternoon you will find the rough seats of this amphitheatre crowded with men in turbans and *djellebas*, sitting listening gravely and intently to a white-bearded story teller droning monotonously one of the ancient tales of the East, just where a story-teller sat with his intent audience five hundred years ago and perhaps a thousand years ago.

Then, if you climb up through the cemetery of Sidi Mzali, which crowds the rocky hillside, you reach the Merinide tombs and there, turning round, you look down at one of the stunning panora-

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mas of the world — Fez, that hive of mediæval life, cupped in its valley in the mountains, bound round by its tight girdle of walls, beyond it the vivid green valley of the Oued Zitoun, and beyond that the hills climbing up, up to the peaks of the Middle Atlas!

That is Fez!

As you wander through its tortuous ways, you are tantalized by the mystery behind its closed doors. It is difficult to pass those doors.

By luck, we did.

Cherif Abd Errahman El Amrani, a notable merchant of Fez, invited us to dine at his home. He sent a servant to fetch us from our hotel to his place of business. There he met us; we set out afoot for his house through an intricacy of crowded alleyways that brought us finally to a massive, nail-studded door at the end of a narrow, muddy, dim cul-de-sac. A knock. The door sprang open. A slave bowed low. We were ushered through a dark passageway into a glorious courtyard, flooded with sunlight, brilliant with blue, green, and red mosaic.

In one of the rooms opening wide on the courtyard, we sat on low divans. A slave brought a silver salver. We washed our hands. Another slave staggered in with a great bowl, whisked off its conical wicker cover to reveal a dozen tiny chickens, roasted, garnished with nuts and ripe olives. We ate without knives or forks. Then a bowl of couscous, which we rolled into balls in our palms and popped into our mouths. Then delicious sweets. Then mint tea.

While we ate, the fountain in the courtyard tinkled, barefoot slaves stole across the bars of sunlight, soft laughter came from hidden rooms, and we were conscious of curious women's eyes peering down through the gratings of the balcony above at these intruders from the outer world. We questioned El Amrani about himself, his life, his philosophy, his family; he answered freely. When the meal was over, Pat was invited upstairs to view the women's quarters, where, she says, she was introduced to a dozen women of all ages, fat and not so fat, young and old, pretty and otherwise, who giggled, gazed, and giggled again.

Yet, in spite of all this enlightenment, when we came away from El Amrani's house we felt that the mystery behind those walls, the mystery of the life of Fez, was as great as ever.

A FEW hours west by motor over savagely picturesque hills, then down through a cork-oak forest to the sea, and we found against the blue Atlantic the white city of Rabat.

Imagine a castle crowning a height above the sea, a castle within whose walls a distinguished French savant, M. Prosper Ricard, has created an Andalusian garden of incredible beauty and a museum of native arts that reproduces marvelously the interior of a Moorish palace. To stroll across this garden, when the late afternoon sun is reddening its walls to positive ochre, and the storks are sailing to and from their sprawling nests on the battlements, and to wander on through a gateway in the walls to the quaint Café Maure and there to sit sipping Arab tea and nibbling gazelles' ears and gazing out across the harbor to the pirate city of Sale, dazzling white in the setting sun — to do that is one of the joys of earth whose equal you may find somewhere else, though I doubt it. I have not.

Rabat is another town where the mediæval touches utter modernity. A few steps across an open square from all this beauty you find a hotel, not indeed a hotel that is a Moorish palace as is the Dar Jamai in Fez, yet a hotel that needs no apology.

Setting off in the opposite direction from that hotel down the Rue des Consuls past the gates of *fondouks* displaying rugs, pottery, and jewelry in the arcades of their ancient courtyards, you plunge back five hundred years in the Marché aux Charbons and the street of the dyers with its glimpses of sombre interiors rich with dark color. Beyond that, you traverse the medina of the native town and emerge through the city walls to confront the façade of the handsome new French town. And beyond that, out on the plain to the southward, is the Palace of the Sultan.

There, on any Friday morning, you may see the handsome, youthful, rather scared-looking Sultan come forth under his purple parasol, compassed round by his Gardes Noires in their gorgeous crimson balloon-pants, ride to his private mosque for prayer, and half an hour later return to his harem and his fool.

But that is not all. Still beyond, in a deep green valley, is Chella. The Phoenicians, it is said, built a city here.

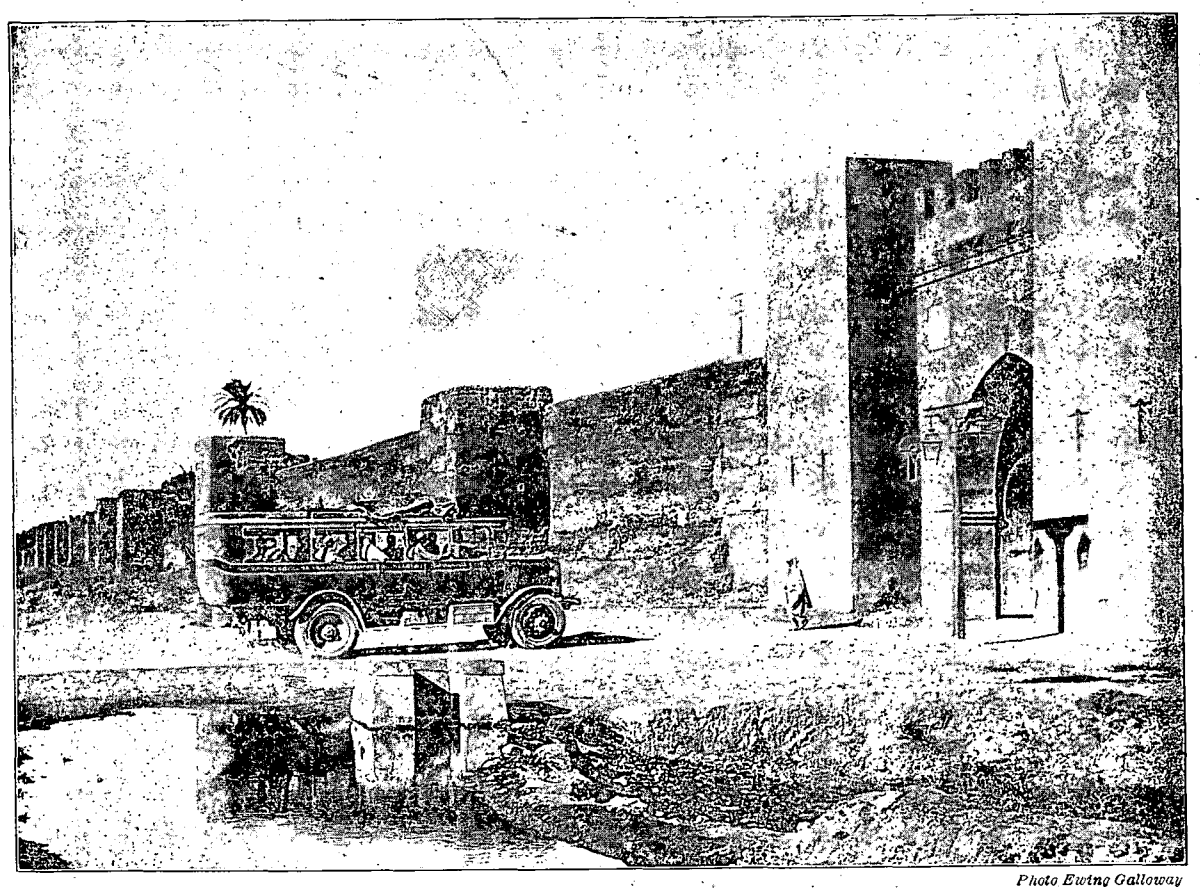

Photo Ewing Galloway

A MODERN MOTOR-BUS ENTERING ANCIENT MARRAKESH

THE LINES operated by the *Compagnie Générale de Transport et de Tourisme* are the regular means of communication between Marrakesh and the coast.

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The Romans, certainly. Those cities have vanished. What remains are the old-gold walls raised at the height of the Moslem power. You pass through the gate of Chella and down a steep slope to the saint's shrine by the spring where the farmers of the bled come to water their donkeys. Then knock on a door in a mouldering wall. Comes the care-taker in his gray burnous and ushers you into the enclosure where the Black Sultan sleeps under giant trees laden with stork's nests, in a place of such utter charm and peace that instantly we thought of the sacred village at the head of the Golden Horn — Eyoub.

And that is Rabat.

Fez alone, or Rabat alone, would justify an excursion to Morocco even were the journey long, arduous and dangerous, as it was just a few years ago, but is no longer.

And this is not all of Morocco. Nor is it even, to my mind, the most magnificent part of it.

SOUTH of Rabat two hours by motor along the sea lies Casa Blanca, Morocco's modern port, where a commonplace native quarter rubs elbows uneasily witha new French town as crude and lusty as an Oklahoma oil town.

On out through the ugly edges of Casa Blanca our motor-coach rushed southward, southward down a smooth straight road that bisected a vast plain, rolling like the waves of a great sea, rippling from horizon to horizon with vivid green young wheat. It was like Nebraska or Montana. But soon something sharply broke that illusion.

'Look!' Pat cried. 'Rugs!'

Neither Nebraska nor Montana ever beheld colors like those of the wild-flowers by the roadside — yellow, orange, blue — nor yet in such patterns. The weavers of the nomad rugs we saw in Rabat must have lifted their colors and their patterns right out of this roadside.

Then another thing erased the illusion — a peasant in a blue turban guiding across his field a wooden plow hauled by a strange team — a camel and a donkey hitched side by side!

Then a column of field artillery of the Foreign Legion, bronzed men in khaki with a spectacled officer at their head, plodding southward in the blazing sun. Then the endless plain again, and ever by the roadside those astonishing patterns of flowers, yellow, orange, blue.

Then the patterns of roadside flowers and the rolling waves of vivid green wheat changed to jagged purple hills. Above the southern horizon thrust some snow-capped peaks. Our motor-coach mounted a gap between two hills and there below us spread the valley of Marrakesh, a valley of palms, out of which rose a tall tower, red in the afternoon sun.

Down a long avenue of palms we rushed, passed a gate in the city walls, and drew up at the portal of the Mamounia.

Who can picture Marrakesh?

If words are inadequate to compass Fez, how much more so are they to compass this greater capital of the south, which is so utterly at the opposite pole from the first!

A vast, sprawling city of endlessly long, half-ruined, dust-filled streets. Hurrying files of men on foot or donkey-back, desolate market places where crowds of men stand chaffering or idly gazing. Rows of women seated on the ground, each behind her basket of grain, wait, wait, from morning to night, like graven stone. A city of magnificent gardens, silent behind their mouldering walls, of crumbling disused mosques, and splendid abandoned palaces.

And what contrasts! Orange trees laden with golden fruit, palms and red minarets against the dazzling white of snow-capped peaks. A tiny shop, 'Modes de Paris,' displaying a windowful of spring hats, a fragment of a French provincial town, come upon suddenly in the heart of the dusty *souks*. 'But, Madame,' we ask in astonishment of the pretty proprietress, 'to whom do you sell these hats?' 'Oh,' she gestures out over the hurrying streams of Arabs in striped burnouses, '*il y a beaucoup de Français ici!*' But where?

The centre of this city's sprawling life is the great Place Djema El Fna, above which towers the rose-red minaret of the Katoubia. All day as the trains of donkeys and camels come in from across the plain, bearing bales of bright green grass sewn with scarlet poppies, and the crowd haggles and quarrels and gossips, the doctors and the amulet-makers squat here in the sun. The doctors with their remedies spread neatly on the ground before them, careful piles of strange-colored pebbles, bright mica, cumin seed, dried rabbits' feet, skins of insects, bats, and mice, broken bits of bottle; and the amulet-makers with their stacks of ancient books and their ink and quills. Customers come, whisper their desires in the ear of the savant, then crouch patiently in the sand while the physician concocts his remedy or the amulet-maker minutely perfects his charm. Then the client pays his bill with a few coppers or a handful of eggs or a live pullet, and hurries away.

Photo Ewing Galloway

A MINARET IN MARRAKESH

THE KATOUBIA . . . 'a tall tower, red in the afternoon sun.'

But as the western sun begins to turn the pink Katoubia into ruddy gold, the Place stirs in increasing excitement. Dancers, snake charmers, story tellers, appear as if sprung from the earth.

A troupe of effeminate boys in thin white robes with jingling bells around their belts dance a mincing dance, bossed by a burly blackbeard not so mincing. Two entertainers in red turbans and purple vests, beating slim red pottery drums, act out some exciting dialogue mingled with song and dance. A black thick-lipped African jerks a miserable monkey on the end of a chain for the delight of a swarm of small boys. A strange gaunt-faced Arabian, like a John the Baptist, preaches vehemently out of a book. A wild snake-woman, whipping herself into a frenzy, works with her serpents a mad, semi-religious charm upon two grave young men from the mountains, seekers for good fortune.

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The setting sun glimmers through a cloud of golden dust upon the piles of golden oranges in the market place, upon the glistening faces of mad dancers and the flash of drums and bells, and far away in the south beyond this tumult, beyond the dust and the clamor, beyond the minarets and the palms, majestic snow-capped peaks turn from white to pink, from pink to rose.

At last, satiated by the very fascination of it, we drag ourselves out.

In the street, in front of the Bureau des Postes, two peasants stand gazing in perplexity at a flaming poster depicting Harold Lloyd leaping from a wrecked automobile to the cow-catcher of a flying locomotive.

It is the dinner hour. We hail a cab and drive back through golden dusk to the Mamounia where, in the great dining room facing the garden, Baron and Baronne de Goosemans of Antwerp, Prince Charles Mortroye of Paris, Monsieur and Madame Rump of Copenhagen and Sir John and Lady Saddleback of London are devouring Sole Marguery and sipping a Sauterne. . . .

And that is Marrakesh.

Nor is this all of Morocco. There are yet the jolly *souks* of Meknes and the Jardin Public where you may see Moors bringing their canaries in cages to tea. And Mogador! Shall we ever forget that ride from red Marrakesh across the blazing plain and the sudden plunge downward into gray mist with the frieze of camels plodding across the sand to the palely glimmering gates of Mogador? And Mazagan and Azemmour — what names!

Morocco is at this moment almost the same land to the eye that Pierre Loti saw forty years ago and Leo the African saw four hundred years ago. Roads, luxurious hotels and motor transport, shops and docks and banks, — these the French have built and thus far all this has left the life of the *souks* untouched. But how long will it remain so? The fez and the veil have vanished from Stamboul. So beware. My admonition is to go to Morocco now when you can still step out of your hotel lobby straight into the Arabian Nights. . . .

Photo Ewing Galloway

SOUTH FROM MARRAKESH AND THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS

BEGINS THE DESERT COUNTRY where sheep, guarded by nomad shepherds, graze as they did a thousand years ago.

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Great Britain and Egypt

A Statement of Liberal British Opinion on Egyptian Independence: a Major Problem of the Near East

By Arthur Ponsonby

From the *Contemporary Review*, London Liberal Monthly

THERE would almost seem to be a conspiracy of silence on the part of the Press with regard to the latest developments in the affairs of Egypt. The suspension of parliamentary institutions and the establishment of a dictatorship in any foreign country would in the ordinary course receive special attention, and the various cross-currents of opinion produced by such an upheaval would gain full publicity. Except for a brief report of the secret meeting of a number of members of Parliament in a private house, the absence of any news from Egypt might lead us to suppose that the latest *coup d'état* has passed off without any resentment or opposition on the part of the Egyptian people.

This silence is not so much due to a reluctance to stir up what may prove to be a veritable hornets' nest as to the very strict censorship which has been imposed on the local Press and to the control exercised by the British Residency over British correspondents. But we must not be misled into supposing that this is a case where no news is good news. The British public are generally ill-informed on foreign affairs. This is the old tradition. Their ignorance renders them powerless, and they are kept ignorant in order that they may be powerless. The sequence of events in Egypt, piecemeal and incomplete as it reaches us, is difficult to follow. Political moves in any foreign country are not easy to interpret, but when they take place in an oriental atmosphere of plot and intrigue it becomes almost impossible for us to judge their true significance or to appreciate the strength or weakness of men and movements. In Egypt, however, owing to its peculiar relationship to this country, an unusual degree of responsibility rests on us, which must prevent us from dismissing problems of government with the aloof unconcern which we can display in the case of foreign countries.

Apart from the details and confusing circumstances which lead from time to time to crises in Egypt, there are certain broad principles, certain fundamental lines of policy, about which British public opinion can quite well make up its mind and, indeed, should quite firmly come to a decision. Let us consider these before examining more recent events. We need not go back into early history and discuss our presence in Egypt and our promises to evacuate. We need only be concerned with present circumstances. What vital British interest is bound up with Egypt? The answer to this may be found in the first of the reserved points which accompanied the unilateral declaration of Egyptian independence in February, 1922: 'The security of the communications of the British Empire in Egypt,' and the second point, which is consequential: 'The defense of Egypt against all foreign aggression or interference, direct or indirect.' In other words, we consider it vital that in case of war we should have complete control over the Suez Canal. But the military strategist will at once ask how without full command of the Mediterranean we can prevent the canal being blocked on the outbreak of a war, and how in any event a British regiment at Cairo or on the Canal itself can effectively secure control over the waterway. Circumstances have changed. The development of the Air arm has very much mitigated the importance of sea-power, and the idea is gaining ground that the great waterways of the world should be internationalized and not remain under the sole control of any single nation. These considerations take away much of the substance from the second consequential point, namely, the defense of Egypt against foreign aggression. The strategic value of Egypt no longer makes it a special prize for an aggressor. But behind all this lies the aggressor myth, the unprovoked attack of an enemy out of the blue which never happens, but the warning of which proves enormously useful in instilling through fear a desire for protection. The Egyptian people have been successfully scared about this — a consideration which we will take into account later. What British public opinion has to decide is whether this very doubtful strategic hypothesis is in itself sufficient justification for continuing to prevent the Egyptian people from having complete and unfettered autonomy.

There is undoubtedly a general reluctance on the part of the British people to keep any other people in tutelage or subjection. The declaration of independence in 1922 was accompanied by many assurances of sympathy and encouragement for the institution of representative government. The High Commissioner in a note to the Sultan said, 'As regards the internal administration of Egypt, H.M. Government will view with favor the creation of a Parliament with right to control the policy and administration of a constitutionally responsible Government.' Now some people may quite legitimately doubt whether a representative parliamentary system, the roots of which have

From Ak Baba, Constantinople

A TURKISH VIEW OF EGYPT

GREAT BRITAIN, the Modern Sphinx: 'Tell the whole world that you are at my orders!'

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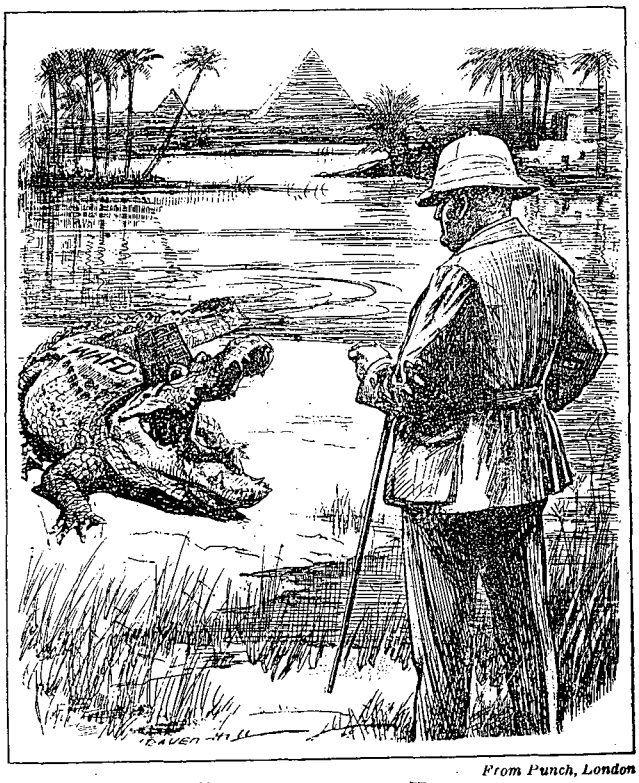
struck deep in Western soil, can successfully thrive in oriental soil. No conspicuous success has accompanied other attempts, as, for instance, in Turkey and Persia, and we are forced to admit that even in Southern and Eastern Europe the parliamentary system, so far from flourishing, has broken down. There is no reason whatever why a method of government which we have slowly developed in the course of six centuries should suit people of other race and entirely different traditions. On the contrary, there is every reason why it should not. But if there is one thing that is certain and can be made abundantly clear, it is that a grant of independence with substantial reservations is far worse than no grant of independence whatever, and the establishment of a Parliament without complete control and not even assured of its own continued existence is far worse than the failure to establish any Parliament at all. The reservations which accompanied the British declaration of 1922 were, of course, not accepted by Egypt. But they became outstanding questions which awaited settlement, and necessarily formed the basis of all future negotiations.

Since 1922 two definite attempts have been made to settle these outstanding issues: Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's conversations in 1924 with Zaghlul Pasha and Sir Austen Chamberlain's projected Treaty in 1928. Both failed. Superficially, it might appear that the draft Treaty came nearer to success than the conversations of 1924, which never reached the stage of specific proposals. But there is this fundamental and significant difference between these two attempts. Mr. MacDonald may have failed, but he was dealing with a man who could undoubtedly speak for majority Egyptian opinion, and could have fully implemented any agreement arrived at. Sir Austen Chamberlain in Sarwat Pasha was dealing with a man who did not represent majority Egyptian opinion, and who was almost certain to be thrown over, whatever conclusion he arrived at. Moreover, Mr. MacDonald's conversation with Zaghlul was only the first round in a characteristically oriental negotiation which would certainly have been resumed had it not been for the fall of the Labor Government. His Majesty's present Government have throughout been and are still anxious to arrive at a settlement, but they have and are still making the fatal mistake of supposing that this can be done by setting up in Egypt an authority or a minister who is likely to be accommodating and sympathetic to the British point of view. Obviously this is a case in which failure with the proper representative authority is preferable to success with a puppet who will eventually be repudiated by Egyptian public opinion.

The Wafd represents not a narrow but a very large majority of Egyptian Nationalist opinion. It returned an overwhelming majority of deputies to Parliament. Even the death of Zaghlul has not mitigated its power or weakened its policy. We may not like the policy of the Wafd; we may feel a certain hopelessness in attempting to come to any agreement with Nationalist extremists who apparently refuse all compromise. But unless we deal with the Wafd, unless we take fully into account the opinions and policy which the Wafd represents, and unless we accept as a spokesman for Egypt a minister in whom the Wafd has complete confidence, no success whatever can ever attend any endeavors to settle our Egyptian difficulties.



From Punch, London

A British View of Egypt

John Bull: 'Aren't you opening your mouth rather wide? You've already had as much as is good for your Constitution.'

Events since 1924 show at each stage not only attempts to ignore and suppress Wafd opinion, but a still more serious disregard of the constitutional parliamentary system the establishment of which we ourselves favored. Alongside of Parliament and by no means subject to it, but, on the contrary, a rival to parliamentary authority, there is King Fuad, who is not without autocratic ambitions, and there is the British Residency, which has a peculiar and in some respects a key position and exercises a paramount influence.

After the murder of the Sirdar in November, 1924, Zaghlul Pasha was forced out of office, and Ziwar Pasha, backed by the Palace and the Residency, took his place. The King, hoping to consolidate his power, suspended parliamentary government for eighteen months. When, after a period of Palace intrigue, the suspended constitution was revived and elections were held, the coalition of Wafdists and Liberal Constitutionalists swept the country. But Zaghlul was not allowed to form a Cabinet; he became President of the Chamber of Deputies. After two years, came Sir Austen Chamberlain's failure with Sarwat Pasha, a Liberal Prime Minister, who entered on negotiations on his own initiative without any parliamentary mandate or without consultation with the most powerful political party in Egypt. On Sarwat's resignation Nahas Pasha, a Wafdist Minister, succeeded. But again majority Egyptian opinion as represented in Parliament was to be flouted, this time not by the King, but by the British Government. Nahas found himself confronted with an ultimatum from Great Britain demanding the withdrawal of the Assemblies Bill on the eve of its passage through Parliament.

There is no need to enter into the technical discussion of the projected Bill and the hypothetical results contemplated from its passage. It is sufficient to say that the British Government considered that as a result of such a law their hands would be weakened in the maintenance of order, and they accordingly declared that 'H.M. Government cannot permit the discharge of any of their responsibilities under the Declaration of February 28th, 1922, to be endangered whether by Egyptian legislation of the nature indicated above or by administrative action, and they reserve the right to take such steps as in their view the situation may demand.' This ultimatum was backed by the dispatch of a warship. Nahas yielded and agreed to postpone the Bill. But as a representative of the Wafd his days were numbered. In June the Egyptian Press published scandalous allegations against Nahas of fraudulent conspiracy. It was alleged

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that in his capacity as a lawyer he had contracted to receive enormous fees in connection with the claim of Prince Seif-ed-Din for the restoration of His Highness's very large estate. An inquiry is being made into the case, and as the charges were denied, they could not actually be used against Nahas. But an unfavorable atmosphere of suspicion was intentionally created, and owing to the resignation of other Liberal members of the Cabinet, the King dismissed the Nahas Ministry on the very slender ground that the coalition had ceased to exist.

Mohammed Mahmud Pasha was entrusted with the formation of a Cabinet. In this appointment Nahas was never consulted. Even after the resignation of the two Liberal ministers, both Houses of Parliament passed unanimous votes of confidence in Nahas. In the Chamber of Deputies alone he commanded a majority of 180 as against all three opposition parties numbering 34. It became clear that Mahmud, the new Prime Minister, with this majority against him, could not meet Parliament. The two could not exist side by side. The King and his new minister, encouraged no doubt by the British antipathy to a Parliament dominated by the Wafd, has now recklessly decided on the suspension of Parliament for three years. It is expected during that period that a new electoral law will be promulgated by edict in order to arrange elections in such a manner as to prevent the return of a Wafdist majority. This may prove difficult.

Whatever may be thought as to the expediency or otherwise of the various steps taken during the last three years, no one can for a moment pretend that the Egyptian Parliament has been given a fair chance. The unwisdom of these repeated attempts to stifle majority opinion and to set up acquiescent ministers favorable to British Conservative policy cannot be over-emphasized. It may be difficult to point to the right way of proceeding, but there can be no question that this is decidedly the wrong way. Treaties or agreements signed with Minority ministers, so far from helping, will indubitably hinder an eventual settlement. It is something to learn that the British Government do not intend to renew negotiations, at any rate for the present.

Criticism is always easier than construction. In the Egyptian question, which year by year becomes further obscured by fresh complications, a solution is far from easy to define. Extreme Nationalist opinion which the Wafd has inherited from Zaghlul may not be so hopelessly uncompromising as is generally supposed. It is not so much British proposals as British eventual intentions of which they are suspicious. They are persuaded that it is not the fixed intention of Great Britain to relax completely at any date a controlling hand which must deprive Egypt of absolute autonomy. Take the crucial question of the British garrison. There can be little doubt that the immediate evacuation of every British soldier from Egyptian soil within a month would neither be demanded nor accepted by the great body of majority opinion in Egypt. Not only do they fear the autocratic ambitions of King Fuad but they have learned some lessons from the drastic methods adopted by the French in Syria, and they are fully aware that in Italy and Turkey unscrupulous autocracies may take advantage of their weakness. The question therefore resolves itself into one of time and degree, to be adjusted according to the legitimate ambitions of Egypt, and a reconsideration by Great Britain of imperial strategic necessities.

The other outstanding problem of importance is the question of the Soudan. Space forbids any examination of the vicissitudes through which this question has passed. It is sufficient to say that from the Egyptian point of view it is not merely a question of territory. Nile water supply is a matter of vital necessity to the very existence of Egypt. In the course of imperial aggrandizement we have established economic interests in the Soudan and have undertaken certain obligations towards the Arab population which we cannot lightly abandon. Compromise here is unlikely to be reached by the wrangling of the two interested parties, more especially when the Soudan problem is linked up with the other highly contentious controversies connected with Egypt itself. But the Soudan and the Suez Canal present just the sort of international problem suitable for submission to the League of Nations, so that without any question of triumph or submission on one side or the other a decision may be arrived at by an impartial outside authority by which both parties will abide.

We may sum up our conclusions on the broad lines of principle and method which British public opinion can easily understand.

(*a*) Our declared intention should be the establishment without reserve or qualification of an independent autonomous Egypt.

(*b*) The steps taken towards this end must be devised according to the best interests of the Egyptian people and to the responsibilities and obligations which our long sojourn in the country has for the time being imposed on us.

(*c*) Negotiations for a Treaty of Alliance must be conducted only with a responsible authority, representative of majority opinion in Egypt.

(*d*) Egypt must become a member of the League of Nations in order that the major issues which prove incapable of adjustment in bilateral negotiation may be submitted to that body for an impartial international verdict.

With the right spirit and intention, the right approach and the right people as negotiators, it is not impossible that a solution can be found. Unfortunately for the moment we have drifted far down the wrong road, and time will be needed for us to retrace our steps and for Egypt to be restored to normal and regular conditions of government.

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Persons and Personages

Sir Austen Chamberlain's Successor — The New Chilean Ambassador — The Versatile Abbé Dimnet — Calles, 'the Power Behind the Throne' in Mexico

Lord Cushendun

For several months, the news dispatches cabled from Europe to America have contained almost daily reference to Lord Cushendun. When the Bolshevists startled the disarmament conference at Geneva by their proposal to scrap all armaments without further discussion — an impracticable proposal which was difficult to counter because it sounded so plausible — only Lord Cushendun was equal to the occasion. When a few weeks ago the secret Anglo-French naval agreement disturbed the gathered diplomats, it was Lord Cushendun who explained matters. When His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was taken ill, Lord Cushendun replaced him. When in August the question rose who should sign the Kellogg treaties in Sir Austen's absence, the answer was, obviously, Lord Cushendun.

And yet nobody had ever heard of Cushendun. No such name appeared in *Burke* and *De Brett*. *Who's Who* was silent. When Lord Cushendun was appointed British representative at the preparatory disarmament conference in Geneva a year ago, not one of the three hundred press correspondents in Geneva — men who have given their lives to the study of foreign affairs — could spell his name or even pronounce it properly. One New York newspaper referred to him five times in the course of a short news story as 'Lord Oushenden'! And in the clipping files of another New York newspaper, a question mark still stands after his name — in spite of the fact that it is correctly spelled.

Who was Lord Cushendun? He was evidently a man of consequence, for the British Empire does not intrust its foreign affairs to tyros. But if he was a man of importance, why had nobody ever heard of him?

The answer was simplicity itself. Lord Cushendun is identical with Ronald McNeill, long familiar to the British public as an uncompromisingly Conservative M. P., former editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, assistant editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the cabinets of Bonar Law and Stanley Baldwin, Financial Secretary to the Treasury and subsequently Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Shortly after his appointment to the latter office he was elevated to the peerage as a baron, taking his title from Cushendun, the little town in County Antrim, Ireland, which he makes his home.

The reputation that seemed to have come so suddenly to Lord Cushendun had really been built up by Ronald McNeill through long years of toil — years when everything seemed discouraging. Educated at Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford (where he finished with a second class in modern history), young McNeill chose the law as his profession and emerged from Lincoln's Inn as a barrister in 1887. But after a few years, he turned to journalism and public affairs. He became assistant editor of the *St. James's Gazette* in 1899, and editor in 1900, a position which he held until 1904, resigning shortly before the newspaper suspended. From 1906 to 1911 he was on the staff of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. But the political distinction which was in store for him was slow in coming. He stood for Parliament four times — stubbornly recontesting one of the three seats for which he campaigned — before he was elected, in 1911, by the St. Augustine Division of Kent (now called the Canterbury Division), which kept on reëlecting him until he went to the Lords as Baron Cushendun of Cushendun last year. It is characteristic of the man that he carefully records all four defeats in the British *Who's Who* but fails to mention the successes.

He made his reputation in Parliament as a convinced and bitter opponent of Home Rule for Ireland, which to him, an Ulsterman born and bred, was worse than folly, verging almost upon crime. It was he who referred publicly to Asquith, Grey, and Haldane as 'the rogues of the Treasury Bench'; and it was he, too, who, forgetting in the fury of debate the decorous traditions of the House, hurled a book at Winston Churchill, then a Liberal and therefore an opponent. His aim was accurate, but Churchill's sense of humor allowed him to accept the apology which was promptly offered, and their personal friendship continued. To-day, Mr.

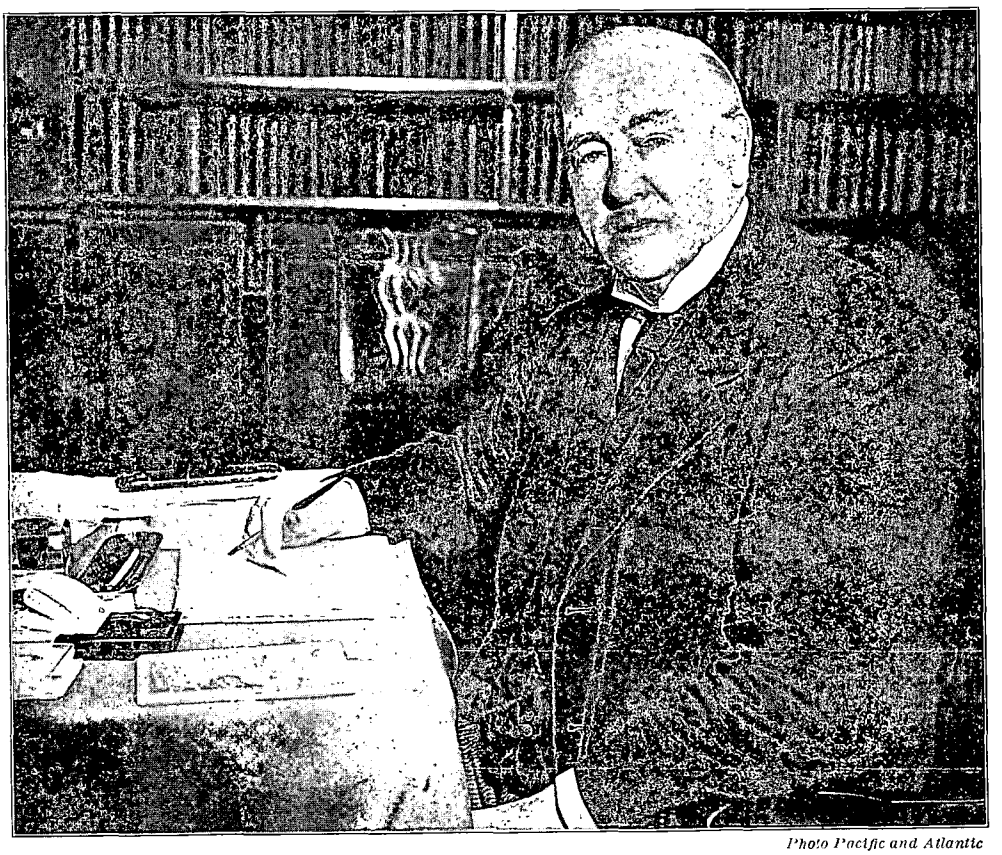

Photo Pacific and Atlantic

Ronald McNeill, Lord Cushendun

Seated at his desk in his residence, Cadogan Place, London. The new Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of the British Empire has been aptly likened to Dickens's Mr. Pickwick.

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Churchill having changed his party, they are colleagues in the same Cabinet.

McNeill's first step toward the Cabinet was made when Bonar Law chose him as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1922, a post which he retained in both of Stanley Baldwin's Cabinets. His appointment as Financial Secretary of the Treasury was another step, that office being traditionally regarded as an immediate approach to the Cabinet; and he finally attained full ministerial rank when he was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in October, 1927. His peerage followed almost immediately.

At the Geneva disarmament conference last March, though the logic of his argument may be open to question, a single speech made his name known throughout the world. The Russian representative, Litvinov, had made his startling proposal that the nations of the world, instead of discussing disarmament, should simply proceed to disarm then and there. However desirable theoretically, that was a practical impossibility, as everyone, including Litvinov, very well knew. But it was a very difficult proposal for a disarmament conference to vote down, and it therefore produced an awkward situation, — the very reason why the wily Russians had proposed it.

The conference was nonplussed. Not so Lord Cushendun. He spoke trenchantly for two hours. He began by warning the Russians that he intended to be frank. It was a needless warning, as the speech itself soon made evident. He pointed out that the Russian plan deliberately neglected the League of Nations; that it was obviously designed to discredit, if not destroy, the League; that one of the avowed aims of the Soviets had always been to stir up civil war in other states; that their sincerity in the proposed disarmament was therefore open to grave question; and he quoted from an official Soviet publication to show that the principal purpose of the proposals was not to further the cause of peace but to annoy the 'capitalistic' states.

'I must ask the Soviet delegate to explain,' said he. And then the other listening delegates did something almost unheard of in a formal gathering of League officials — they broke into applause. 'He ought to be called Lord Crushendun,' said a listener, afterward.

In the months since then, he has played a more pacific rôle. When it became apparent that Sir Austen Chamberlain would have to leave the Foreign Office for a time in order to take a complete rest, it was Lord Cushendun who, as Acting Foreign Minister, journeyed to Paris to sign the Kellogg treaty, which he had previously persuaded the House of Lords to accept. Thence he journeyed to Geneva where, when questions about the Anglo-French naval agreement were asked, he declared that, if other nations objected, the French and British would revise it.

But though he saved the disarmament conference from embarrassment, though he introduced the Kellogg treaty to the House of Lords and later signed it, though he promises British willingness to amend or abandon the naval accord with France, Lord Cushendun is no visionary. He has all the hard-headedness of the dour North-of-Irelander. He believes in peace, but he knows that unless a treaty renouncing war is followed by steps toward further disarmament, it will be valueless.

'It is logically absurd to say that all the world intends to renounce war,' he declared at the last meeting of the League Council, 'if that will have no effect on the means of making war.'

Carlos Davila

PROBABLY the recent diplomatic rapprochement between Chile and Peru, after seventeen years of the bitterest enmity, had its beginning when a small boy named Carlos Davila entered an English school near Santiago.

It was not that a great ambition to bring peace between his country and Peru was then born in the breast of young Davila, but rather that here he learned a language that opened to him the literature of Chile's North American neighbor, made him the foremost advocate of friendship with that neighbor, and finally sent him to Washington as ambassador. Other Chileans, of course, have been familiar with the English language, and a few of them have even been sympathetic to the United States, but they did not happen to control two of the most powerful of the four leading newspapers in Chile.

For Carlos Davila is first of all a newspaperman, and no matter how great his diplomatic achievements, he will go down in Latin American history as one who set a mile-stone in Chilean journalism. He became a newspaperman because as a young lawyer he could not make a living. He expected to remain at journalism only a few months. He stayed until he had organized one newspaper and founded another. That was sixteen years ago.

The first four of these years were spent with *El Mercurio*, and during them he 'covered' every possible newspaper assignment from police courts to politics. Later, when *La Nacion* was first established, the young reporter was put in charge of the foreign service. Two years later he was promoted to the position of General Secretary of the Editorial Department, which in North American newspaper language means 'managing editor.'

As such, Davila inaugurated a policy entirely new to Chilean journalism. Instead of hiring old-time newspapermen, he picked his reporters from all walks of life. He got an engineer to handle economic and financial news. He picked a painter to write dramatics. He was building a new paper, and he wanted a fresh and pliable staff. He made each man an integral part of the organization, and from two until three each morning after the paper was 'put to bed,' Davila and his staff consumed tea and sandwiches and discussed new ideas.

It was Davila who introduced American journalism into Chile In a country which imported most of its literature from Paris, Davila had already become distinguished as an advocate of closer cultural relations with the United States. Above all he was a student of American journalistic methods, and one morning *La Nacion* appeared on the streets of Santiago in the dress of a full-fledged North American newspaper. Advertisements were banished from the front page. Cable news instead of political articles were featured. A dramatic page, a financial section, and sporting pages had been added. Santiago gasped a little, then read *La Nacion* with avidity. Eventually every other newspaper in Chile followed suit. Davila further emulated American journalism by establishing a most successful tabloid, *Los Tiempos*. As a result of his leadership, the newspapers of Santiago are no longer political organs, but powerful, profitable, impartial business institutions.

As editor and publisher of *La Nacion*, Ambassador Davila was in large part responsible for three important movements, two of which cut to the root of Chilean life. The first was the establishment of a retirement fund for journalists and the raising of newspaper salaries until they are higher in Chile than in any other country in the world. The retirement fund consists of an arrangement whereby each employee from printer to office boy contributes five per cent. of his salary, to which is added a five per cent. contribution by the owner and twenty per cent. of the paper's annual profits. The fund is made compulsory by statute and is administered by the government. Ambassador Davila,

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although a newspaper publisher, was solely responsible for its adoption.

More important, as far as Chilean national life goes, was Davila's sponsoring of closer cultural ties with the United States. This at first was not a popular thing to advocate. But Chilean newspapers — or perhaps it would be more correct to say Santiago newspapers, since they practically monopolize the newspaper circulation of Chile — are probably the most influential in the world. Through the columns of the two which he owns, Davila has presented so favorable a picture of the United States that Chile now ranks as one of our closest Latin American friends.

Finally Davila and his newspapers helped to mould a new political consciousness in Chile which in 1926 caused a political housecleaning and the establishment of a governmental system similar to that of the United States.

In this new government, Davila was offered one of several cabinet posts or the ambassadorship to London. He replied that the only job he wanted was to be Chilean ambassador to Washington. His hope was not only to continue the promotion of friendship between Chile and the United States but to settle the Tacna-Arica dispute which had embittered relations between Chile and Peru.

Ambassador Davila approached this problem as he would a newspaper assignment. He reasoned that since the two provinces of Tacna and Arica are nothing more than arid sand, the issue at stake was not territorial. He reasoned that since the Chilean-Peruvian boundary commission had spent 2,000,000 pesos in trying to fix the boundary of a province which yielded only 400,000 pesos in taxes, the issue was not material. He concluded, therefore, that the issue was one of national honor and sentiment and that it could not be settled until the two nations became friends. In order to reëstablish this friendship, Davila had another newspaperman, Carlos Silva Vildosola, editor of *El Mercurio*, appointed as a delegate to the Sixth Pan-American Conference. He saw to it that Vildosola met the Peruvian delegates while in Havana. Davila and Vildosola, between them, controlled the public opinion of Chile, and they advocated friendship with Peru. A few months of work on their part saw diplomatic relations resumed for the first time in seventeen years.

The Tacna-Arica problem still remains to be settled, but both Secretary Kellogg and Ambassador Davila are confident that the cordial relations so recently established will make each country anxious to further a settlement.

Photo courtesy Harcourt, Brace & Company

THE VERY REVEREND ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET

AUTHOR, lecturer, priest, and ambassador of good will from France to the United States.

ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET

WHILE the readers of THE LIVING AGE are opening their new copies this month, a slender quiet gentleman in clericals will have just crossed the gangplank of his ship and entered, for the latest of his many visits, the noise and bustle of New York City. He is the Very Reverend Abbé Ernest Dimnet, canon of Cambrai Cathedral, unofficial ambassador of good will from France to this country, speaker, writer, scholar, interpreter of two civilizations which, however antithetic they may be, are still not antipathetic.

The good Abbé is charming to meet, kindly, serene, with the white hair of his sixty-odd years, and humor in his dark eyes. He speaks with a cultivated voice and writes a fine, flowing English. The qualities of mind which appear both in his conversation and in his writings are those which we are accustomed to find with delight in the French classics, — clarity, a kind of astringent simplicity, tolerant wisdom, vigor, tonic wit, firm uprightness.

He was born over half a century ago in the little town of Trélon in French Flanders, the broad, low, wheat-growing district of the Nord, lying close to the Channel and the Belgian border. The disastrous last years of Napoleon III were bringing to a close the Second Empire. In America, the Civil War had just finished, and the period of reconstruction was beginning. He grew up among the fierce political struggles of the Monarchists and the Republicans to determine the future of France. Victor Hugo was attacking the imperial government, Thiers was at the height of his brilliant career. As a child he knew the terror of the Prussian invasion, the grief and shame of the enemy occupation of his country's capital, and then the determined recovery from the war, the deprivations and sacrifices that built up new prosperity, the gradual rise of a stable republican government. The forces of nationalism strove for a monarch and an empire — domination of the world by France. The laboring classes absorbed the socialism of Karl Marx and joined with the industrialist clamor against free trade in a fight for individual freedom — and let the rest of the world go hang. Out of this turmoil of ideas and political theories, Ernest Dimnet grew up detached, able to evaluate the good and evil of opposing tenets, to set aside his own nationalist convictions for the good of the whole.

For he is dominated chiefly by a deep and fervent love for France. The fair broad fields of his own northern province are very dear to him and he is deeply rooted in them. He says somewhere in speaking of Barrès 'he knew that the highest pleasure for a man was the consciousness that he was himself, but the consciousness of being oneself he, like everybody who has led a spiritual life, soon realized was associated with the environment in which each one of us has grown up: a man was the most himself in his own country, surrounded with familiar associations, and in the constant enjoyment of the sentimental or intellectual heritage left to him by his ancestors.' With this love and its natural outgrowth, the necessity of working for the welfare of France and for the peace of Europe, which he feels is her fundamental aim, he combines a deep-seated fairness, which is both temperamental and a product of the life of the scholar and teacher. These qualities, manifested in his speaking and writing, make him a delight to listen to.

Like many other Frenchmen of his generation, Abbé Dimnet as a young man grew interested in English life and literature. He studied much and thoroughly, and he taught English for many years in the Collège Stanislas in Paris. Eighteen years ago he published a study of the Brontë sisters, the first book in French on the subject, and the acknowledged authority in any language, even today, though it has only lately been translated. Part of the interest of his present visit to America, indeed, comes from the wide enthusiasm aroused by the American edition, which appeared under the imprint of Harcourt Brace early this year. His preface gives a hint of why he is so successful in it. 'I have written this book with continuous pleasure,' he says. 'The Brontë sisters are old acquaintances of mine, even, in spite of their faults, my friends, and I have

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not written of them with indifference.' Remembering that these are English, Protestant women, of quite a different century from his, we can see the hospitality, the imaginative reach of his mind.

Abbé Dimnet's most important visit to America was in the summer of 1923, when, as French representative at the Williamstown Institute of Politics, he did much to foster understanding and sympathy between this country and France in that difficult time when reparations and war debts were a festering subject of universal preoccupation, and suspicion and sullen dislike dominated international relations. The part of the gentle Abbé was particularly hard, for circumstances made it necessary for him to meet the German representative in argument at each session. On one occasion he had to speak of the war itself in its effect on his own province; he was overcome by bitter grief at the memory of the devastations and proceeded only with difficulty. Yet the whole tone of his speeches was just, reasonable, full of general good will.

It is no wonder, then, that a man of such mental discipline, of such fine intellectual fibre, is welcome in America. Welcome too is his new book, just out, on the *Art of Thinking*, — that form of occupation so difficult and so rarely practised that it has almost the terrifying status of the Black Art.

Plutarco Elias Calles

FOUR months ago there were three strong men in Mexico. When Alvaro Obregón was shot in the back last July, there were two. When Luís Morones, labor leader and Secretary of Commerce, accused of being the 'moral instigator' of the assassination, resigned and went into hiding, there was only one. That one was President Plutarco Elias Calles.

Though he has officially announced, in a speech of characteristic bluntness, that he will not allow his presidential term to be extended, and that he will not accept reëlection after the Provisional President, Portes Gil, shall have served an interim term, he holds, and will long hold, the Mexican situation in his grasp. His prestige so overwhelms that of any other man in the country that no successor can administer the presidency without his support; and even though he occupies no office, his position as Mexico's lone leader makes him morally responsible for the future of his people.

Calles was born fifty-one years ago in the village of Guaymas, State of Sonora, which is the biggest Mexican port on the Gulf of California and nearly a thousand miles from Mexico City. His mother was of mixed Spanish and Indian blood. Some say his father was the son of an immigrant Armenian, and on this basis conduct a whispering campaign against him which has brought him the appellation of 'The Turk;' though it is difficult to see why, on a continent which is admittedly a melting pot, this need be considered particularly damning. In any case, he himself says that he is three-quarters Indian.

His family was poor, really poor; at that time in Mexico there were few families which were not. Young Calles went to school in Guaymas and worked in a flour mill on the side. His parents died when he was in his early teens. He therefore lacked the advantages of home education that his fellow-revolutionary, Obregón enjoyed. There is furthermore no record of Calles's having studied under an avowed agnostic such as Obregón's schoolmaster, Don José, to explain the origin of his antireligious views. What little education Calles had, however, he used to advance himself; for shortly after he was graduated from the Guaymas school he became a schoolmaster in it. He was a teacher who knew at the outset but little more than his pupils, but who blundered through well enough, at least, for Sonora politicians to feel justified in calling him to the state capital, Hermosillo, to be superintendent of schools. In Hermosillo he absorbed a certain amount of socialist doctrine. This perhaps gave him his first agnostic leanings, and certainly lent philosophical support to his desire to help the common people whose son he was.

But of more immediately practical importance was the fact that in Hermosillo he spent much of his time with the local politicians, who had secured him his job and who, like most Sonorans at that time, were warm in their opposition to the long-standing dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz. Calles gave up teaching for farming, and joined a revolutionary club. When the Diaz régime was tottering in 1910, Calles had already become a spiritual insurgent against 'personalized' government. In the latter part of that fatal year, — a tyro military officer at the age of thirty-three — he joined the Madero revolution with five hundred of his own men and helped to drag Don Porfirio from the Presidential Palace.

In 1917, after intervals of the sporadic cracklings of counter-revolution, during which he fought in the field again, he was elected Governor of Sonora. Here he put his seventeen years' experience as a teacher to good use and set up his famous *Cruz Galves* craft school for orphans, destined to be the birthplace of the ideas of vocational training and 'education related to life' which he believes today to be the only hope of salvation for the Indian masses. In the Carranza administration Calles became Secretary of Industry, Commerce, and Labor, a post which served to impress him with the needs of the slowly organizing industrial worker. Then he broke with Carranza to back Obregón; learned the problems of the army, shot through with graft and favoritism, as Minister of War during the interim presidency of Victoriano Huerta; wrestled with the difficulties of administration as Head of the Cabinet under Obregón in 1920; and finally, in 1924, was elected President himself, after the first peaceful Mexican presidential election in nearly eighty years.

What power had this man who came to the presidency, backed by the army and by labor at home and abroad, full of ideas of what should be done about the peon, the workman, the army, the Church, education, finances, and a hundred other Mexican problems?

Photo Wide World

PLUTARCO ELIAS CALLES

THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE in Mexican politics.

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What equipment did he bring to his task?

Calles is a strong man, physically and otherwise. He stands an inch under six feet. His shoulders are tremendous, his body awkwardly powerful. This makes him seem, at first glance, lumbering, heavy-footed; but his cynical, intelligent eyes, deep set, are strikingly alert. He carries his head jutted forward like a ram. He looks like nothing so much as a strong, battered fighter, a 'tough egg.' He is hard as nails, and trains for his work like a prizefighter. Many public men are fabled to arise at five in the morning; Calles really does. He drives out to his beloved model farm twenty miles from the capital, plows with a bucking tractor for an hour, boxes for twenty minutes with a Mexican physical instructor trained at Syracuse University, and then has a bath and breakfast, arriving at his desk at half past nine.

He is impassive, stoic. When he speaks, he does so with a directness that amazes even Americans, in a deep, rough voice and with few gestures. He has the courage of a confessed fatalist, exposing himself openly, calmly, in carriages and among festival crowds. All observers, his enemies included, agree that he is sincere in his aims for the Mexican people and is not merely seeking personal advancement. Why else, for instance, when he was Governor of Sonora, should he have risked unpopularity by forcing through a strict prohibition law — unheard of in Mexico and repealed soon after he left office? This measure, his famous 'Decree Number One,' was aimed against rebellious Yaqui Indians, and the punishment for breaking it was death! Such a penalty, though never enforced, is typical of the blind, brutal force with which Calles drives through a reform which he believes to be necessary.

What happened when a man of this character attempted to put his vast plans into practice? It was the old case of good ideas which wouldn't work. Calles, however, was strong enough, obstinate enough, unimaginative enough, perhaps, to try to *make* them work — regardless of circumstances, regardless of whose interests suffered, regardless of consistency. He fought the authors of every circumstance that blocked his plans, which meant that he had to fight the whole structure of Mexican society, with its underpinning of foreign interests. Only a few examples need be given. He wanted to reform education, which, in spite of the laicization provisions embodied in the Constitution of 1917, still remained largely in the hands of the Catholic Church. The result was a religious controversy that forced him into conflict with Catholicism on other counts as well, and led him, as many claim, to overstep the spirit if not the letter of the Constitution. He wanted to cut government expenditures, beginning with his own; and he wanted to eliminate wide waste and graft in the railroad system, where a third more than the necessary number of workers were being paid double for overtime on trains that were purposely allowed to arrive late. The necessities of presidential prestige, however, required not only that he retain the famous 'yellow train' of past presidents, with its armored cars, automobile cars, and luxurious apartments, but even that he order a new presidential train from the United States at an estimated cost of $750,000!

He wanted to prevent what he felt to be the exploitation of industrial workers; but this brought him into conflict with American employers. He wanted to give land and opportunity to peons who had been slaves since the Diaz régime; but graft poisoned the system which administered his land laws and brought dispossessed American landowners down like hornets about his head. He wanted to prevent the exploitation of Mexican soil by foreigners, and tried to draw a distinction between those capitalists who came 'with the idea of making a fortune in the shortest possible time and then going home to spend it,' and those who meant to 'take root and build up an estate with the idea of becoming naturalized.' Again Americans, miners and oil-producers, fell upon him. His enemies called him 'Bolshevist;' he was impassive, and merely explained quietly that he wanted to 'direct the turbulent current' of inevitable radicalism so that 'instead of bringing destruction in its train, it will bring prosperity.'

Every time he makes a move in the right direction, however, he or his unruly subordinates do someone a wrong. Every step that he takes toward social justice brings him into conflict with an entrenched system of rights and prerogatives, national and international in scope. Yet he batters through, and no consideration will deter him from his blind advance. Not even the fact that his children were educated in the Catholic faith and that his wife was a convinced Catholic would persuade him to hold Catholic services at Madame Calles' burial when she died a year ago last June. Not even the fact that one son and three daughters were schooled in the United States, and that one of his daughters married an American business man and lives now in New York, has given him any sentimental affection for Americans when he believes they block his righteous plans.

Such a man, with such ideas in his head, such an equipment to carry them out, such a record behind him, and with so overwhelmingly dominant a position in his country, obviously has tremendous power for future good or evil. Much has been said against him; so much, indeed, in the United States, that at one time recently two American weeklies which lie on the library tables of three million people were forbidden the Mexican mails. But there is no doubt in anyone's mind of his personal sincerity; and if an apologia for his programme of emancipating the common man can be made, it is that in Mexico the common man was in such a state that he needed emancipating with an urgency that can scarcely be realized in a country where there are so many automobiles that the entire population, from banker to boiler-maker, can joy-ride at one and the same time if they wish. Perhaps the fairest judgment of Calles is to say that he is a man with a diabolical capacity to hew blindly, brutally, often unintelligently, to an ideal, letting the chips fall where they may. The ideal in his case is undoubtedly honest; but at times the cloud of falling chips has seemed to darken the whole Mexican sky.

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The Sunken Barges of Caligula

The Italian Government, with Its Policy of Restoring All the Remnants of Rome's Ancient Glory, Again Attempts to Raise the Imperial Barges Hidden in the Waters of Lake Nemi

By Daphne Shelmerdine

From *Discovery*, London

Some eighteen miles southeast of Rome lies the Lake of Nemi, which was called by the ancients the Mirror of Diana. This year the lake is being drained of its water by means of electric pumps, in an attempt to discover the two great barges of the Emperor Caligula which lie sunk at the bottom. The history of the lake is a strange one, and this is not the first attempt to discover its hidden treasures.

Five hundred years ago Cardinal Prospero Colonna, whose family held the villages of Nemi and Genzano in fief, obtained the help of the engineer Leone Battista Alberti in a similar enterprise. Alberti caused a raft to be made, upon which he erected machinery, and let down into the lake great chains with hooks upon them. Seamen from Genoa were hired to fasten the hooks round the prow of one of the ships. They surprised the peasant inhabitants of the lake villages by their fishlike agility, but their diving was of no avail, for the chains broke, bringing only fragments of timber to the surface. This was between the years 1431 and 1439.

A hundred years later, on July 5th, 1535, the famous military engineer, Francesco de Marchi, made a descent in a diving bell, invented by Guillaume de Lorraine; but the attempt again ended in failure, though de Marchi's account of his expedition was exciting enough. The convex glass of the aperture through which he spied into the bowels of the lake acted as a lens, by which he saw fabulous sights; more strange than Edgar's imagined view from the cliff top, when he saw crows 'scarce as gross as beetles,' and 'fishermen that walked upon the beach appeared like mice.' De Marchi's vision was an inverted one. The lens magnified what he saw: tiny fish swimming in the water appeared monstrous beasts, and the great ships themselves he reported to be 475 feet in length.

They were, indeed, of an enormous size, but not so fantastic as this. An accurate description was not forthcoming until last century, when two further attempts were made. The first, that of Annesio Fusconi in 1827, was inaugurated with a great ceremony, to which were invited prelates, diplomats, and noblemen to witness the beginning of operations. But this fine company which gathered about the desolate lake on platforms constructed for the spectacle saw no secret wrested from the silent water. It was not until the end of the century, in 1895, that a more definite account was given of the size and grandeur of the lost barges. By means of floaters attached by strings to the ship, Eliseo Borghi then outlined the form of a great barge upon the surface of the lake, while divers brought up mooring rings of great beauty and huge timbers were dragged above the water.

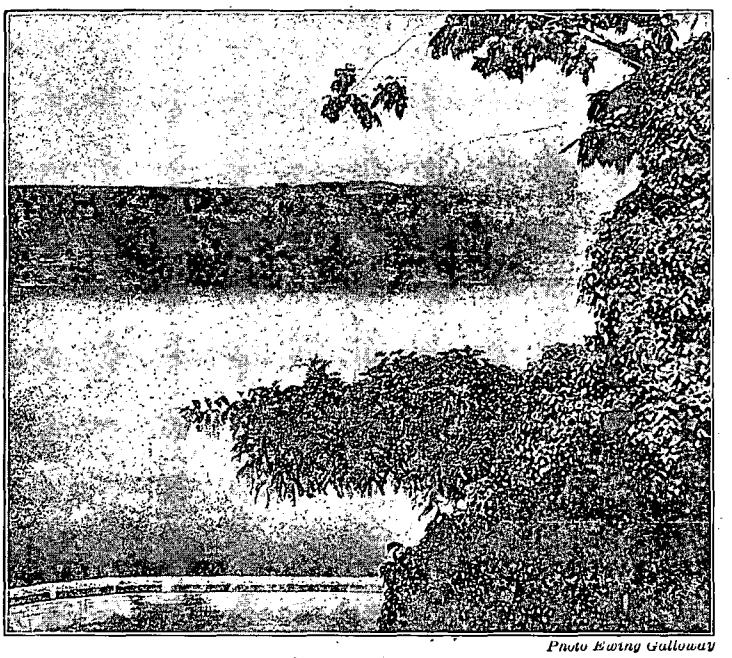

Photo Ewing Galloway

LAKE NEMI, THE MIRROR OF DIANA

IN WHOSE DEPTHS lie hidden the sunken barges of Caligula which the Italian Government is again attempting to salvage.

The first ship is about 200 feet long; the length of the second is probably more than 250 feet. Their depth is unknown, for their long burial has silted them up with sand. Their parapets are gilded, the decks paved with porphyry; bronze heads of lions and wolves, fashioned with exquisite workmanship, hold the mooring rings in their mouths, and fountains once played amidships. On the lead pipes Caligula's name is inscribed.

FOR what purpose were these enormous vessels, at least forty feet longer than the men-of-war of their day, launched upon a tiny lake which measures only four miles in circumference? Were they floating palaces, the property of Caligula, sunk by some catastrophe, or were they abandoned as Julius Caesar's large and costly villa on the shores of the lake was abandoned, because it was not to his liking? Or had they some connection with that other and deeper mystery of Nemi, the sanctuary of Diana?

On the northern shore of the lake is a flat piece of ground called Il Giardino. Here, overgrown with bushes and thick grass, are the remains of a huge wall, some 700 feet long and 30 feet high, which forms two sides of a square on the north and east. In it are cut niches like chapels, filled now with trees and tall grass. The terrace it encloses rested, on the lake side, on a buttressed wall which was once probably lapped by the water. Upon this terrace stood the temple of Diana, thirty metres long and about half as broad. In its northeast corner a circular basement has been discovered which probably supported a vestal temple like the round temple of the Vestal Virgins in Rome. The terrace is now cultivated as a flower garden, and sends daily, to be sold at Rome, the flowers for which Nemi is famous. In the spring it is a field of violas, stretching in a purple carpet from wall to wall. Such is the site of the famous sanctuary of Diana Nemorensis, which day and night was guarded by a priest whose successor slew him and was himself slain in his turn.

THE foundation of the sanctuary is told in conflicting legends; its origin is lost beyond the reach of history, springing from remote and powerful

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BRONZE MOORING RING FROM NEMI

beliefs in Diana, 'the mistress of mountains and forests green, lonely glades and sounding rivers,' of the chase, and of wild beasts and tame animals; the goddess of fertility and teeming life, who made the barren fruitful and conferred her blessing upon pregnant women. In those days the now desolate Campagna was thickly grown with trees, and the woods at Nemi were dark and sombre groves. Wild boars roved the primeval forest. On the summit of Monte Cavo, then known as Mons Albanus, rose the great temple of Jupiter Latialis. The neighboring Latin cities looked with reverence towards the deep groves at Nemi, where the King of the Wood waited with drawn sword for his successor, guarding at once the goddess and his life.

The barbarous priesthood lasted into the times of the Antonines, when it was reported by a Greek traveler. While the long succession of Kings of the Wood fought and won, and fought again and died, the shrine of Diana increased in riches and splendor. Images of Egyptian goddesses, of Isis and Bubastis, were set up by Eastern potentates by the side of the statue of Diana the huntress, and of models of stags and hinds and the wild animals of her forests. So rich was the sanctuary that Octavian despoiled it of some of its treasures to fill his coffers. Tiles of gilt bronze roofed the temple, which was built of blocks of peperino with Doric columns. Diana was worshiped with fire, and her great altars flamed beside the shore. On the 13th of August her annual festival was kept with sacred rites at every hearth in Italy; at Nemi a multitude of torches lit the dark grove, as the pilgrims processed to her shrine and besought the goddess for the fruitfulness of their lands, the blessing of their vines, the safe delivery of their children. This festival was later to be sanctified by the Christian church as the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, on August 15th, and to her also the people, changing their faith but not their desires, prayed for a blessing on the vines.

Perhaps the great barges of Caligula took some part in the Festival of the Ides of August, and while the procession of torches lit the grove, Caligula's ships upon the lake, with their marble decks and playing fountains, shared in the worship of the goddess. But whether these ships were for the personal glory of the Emperor, or whether they were dedicated to the glory of Diana, is, so far, unknown. Caligula, thinking that the King of the Wood had reigned long enough, hired a ruffian to provide him with a successor, and this appears to be his only known action in connection with the sacred grove. It remains to be seen when the lake is drained whether the barges bear any signs of having been used in the service of Diana.

Never in the history of Nemi has such a fate befallen it as that which it will suffer this autumn. Hitherto divers have plunged into the lake, excavators turned up the earth, but the still, unmoving water has remained in the crater. All previous attempts at discovery have been directed towards raising the ships, and they have ended in failure because the barges are embedded in mud, and the timbers to which the chains were fastened broke away. The present century has brought new methods to the problem. It has been possible to observe the position of the barges from the air. From heights of which de Marchi did not dream when he went down into the lake in the diving bell, airmen have been able to look into its depth, and since the water will not give up its secret, it has been decided to remove the water.

THE Italian Government Commission which considered the problem last year suggested that Nemi should be

BRONZE HEAD FROM NEMI
AN EARLY find from one of Caligula's barges.

connected with the neighboring Lake Albano by means of an underground tunnel. The blue Lake Albano, in which a palace of one of the Alban kings is said still to be buried, is more than 1,000 feet deep and lies at a lower level than Nemi, whose waters it could easily contain. This project was abandoned, because there already exists a channel through which the water can be drawn off, and the expense of creating a new outlet can thus be saved. An emissary, so ancient that the date of its construction is uncertain, though it is believed to have been constructed by Roman engineers in the second century A.D., drew off the water that might otherwise in rainy seasons have flooded the temple of Diana, which stood on a level with the lake, protected by the stone buttress. This emissary consists of a tunnel 1,649 yards long, running under the hill on which the village of Genzano stands — opposite the village of Nemi — to the plain of Ariccia, and thence to the sea. Five electrical and engineering firms have offered their services free of charge to the Government to drain the lake until it is possible to see the prow of the first ship, which is not so deeply sunk as the second. From this point the Government and the archæological authorities will be responsible for the continuation of the work. The pumping was to have been started in March, and it was hoped that the first ship would be visible in six months' time. Caution is necessary in draining the lake, as it is feared that the ships may be damaged if the water is withdrawn too rapidly. It was expected that the level of the water could be lowered by about one and a half metres for every thirty days' pumping.

BRONZE MOORING RING FROM NEMI

More recently, however, when the present writer revisited the lake, a small erection on the shore was the only sign of activity, and the construction of the funicular to carry equipment from Genzano to the water had not been started. The padrone of the inn at Genzano was busily enlarging his loggia in the hope of an increased number of visitors to Nemi to watch the operations. They will not see the mirror of Diana. The railway and the machinery set up in the midst of the crater will have most cruelly transformed her grove. But the engineers who are draining the lake have undertaken that the water shall be returned to the basin, and since this is composed of the hardest lava and basalt, and the water nowhere runs underneath the banks, there is no fear of a landslip which would alter the familiar shape of the lake and sweep away its gardens.

Nemi will be once more as it was, though, if the experiment is successful, it will no longer be possible to say that

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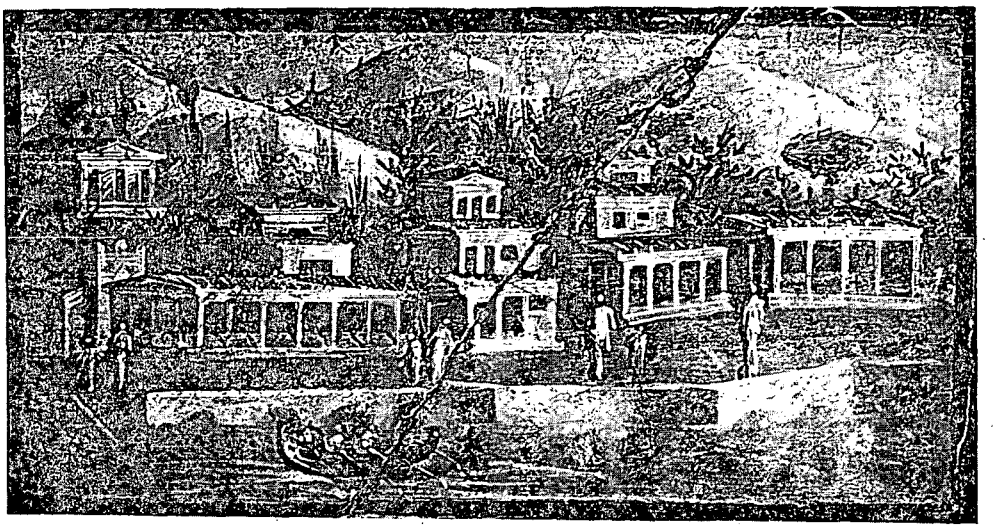

ANCIENT BUILDINGS ALONG A LAKE-FRONT

A ROMAN WALL-PAINTING from Pompeii, now in the Naples Museum, depicting an unknown lake-front, from which some idea of the appearance of the Shrine at Lake Nemi may be gathered.

the Emperor's barges lie beneath its surface. Some more treasures will be added to the mooring rings which are to be seen at the Museo Nazionale at Rome. It is greatly to be hoped that an elaborate museum will not be erected at Nemi to hold the barges, for if it were decided that such a building necessitated a good road for visitors to the museum, sophistication would surely destroy what the centuries have preserved, and in the discovery of the barges something more precious would be lost.

We cannot escape the desire to look into the past. 'There is no immortality beneath the moon,' but we needs must search the earth for memories of forgotten times, however vainly. If the impression of immortality rests anywhere in the soil, it rests here about the lake of Nemi. The woods are thinner than they were in the days of Caligula, the fields are lonely; no temples rise beside the lake, a mediæval castle rears its walls in the village of Nemi; but the spirit of the watchful priest seems to brood over the scene, which in the freshness of the springs bears an indefinable imprint of antiquity, and needs no discoveries to bear witness to its long past. The secrets which we dimly discern the quiet earth knows and holds, and will yield them rather to the imagination than to the spade.

It is impossible to do justice to the beauty of Nemi, the loveliness of its desolation; the exquisite delicacy of the coloring of the woods; the grey-blue color of the lake; the beauty of the flowers which follow each other in the rapid succession of the Italian spring — frail, early snowdrops, short-stemmed crocusses, opening starlike in the grass, violets, deep purple and pale parchment colored, narcissi bending in the wind, and later, sweet scented cyclamen. On the terraces of Il Giardino the heaped ranks of flowers are grown for the market, are plucked and plucked again, yet never seem to diminish; as though the goddess of fertility were still guarded by the melancholy priest, who now, unhoused and deprived of his sombre grove, haunts in a milder spirit the solitary fields.

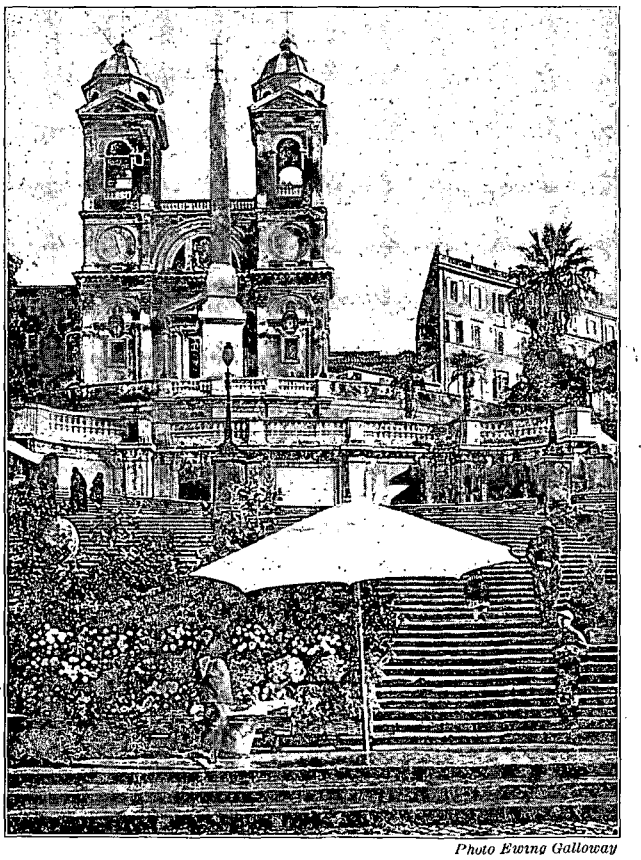

Photo Ewing Galloway

A ROMAN FLOWER STALL

'THE TERRACE [of the ancient temple of Diana] is now cultivated as a flower garden, and sends daily, to be sold at Rome, the flowers for which Nemi is famous.'

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From Dijon to Semur

A British Writer Finds Charm in the Unexpected As He Rambles Across France

By Stephen Gwynn

From *The Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

It is a good journey when you accomplish the objects you set out for, and are not disappointed: but a lucky journey brings you, for a kind of bonus, some experience which you never planned for because you never knew it could be had. Such chances await the traveler in England at a thousand corners. Or, overseas, France is so rich a treasure house, offering such a variety of beauty and interest and pleasure, that again and again on my wanderings I have, as we say in Ireland, happened lucky there.

But the luck I mean comes to those who work for it. You must be on the look-out for information all the time, in all places; and you really must carry a guide book. Respectful homage to those who compile and edit the *Guides Bleus*, which have seldom failed to answer any question that I put to them, and which have told me, time on time, of things that could be done or seen on the way to a special destination — places where I should just have changed trains and no more about it, but for the invaluable companion provided by Messieurs Hachette. If only England were as well equipped!

Still, when you have worked your hardest, luck remains outside the net; but there are times when it comes tumbling in, and I take for example and encouragement two cases from a short wandering last vintage-time.

I was on my way from Dijon to Semur, and I must get off at Les Laumes. The name meant nothing; and the railway guide told me I must wait some time before a train would take me on. Then I looked up the *Guide Bleu*, and behold, Alesia, where Cæsar forced the surrender of Vercingetorix, is only a couple of miles from Les Laumes.

All this hilly but traversable country which stretches west from the Côte d'Or to the Morvan is full of ancient camps, first Gaulish and then Roman; but the associations of Alesia were too dramatic to be neglected. So, having lunched excellently at a civil little *Hôtel de la Gare*, I set out along two kilometres of dull road which finally mounted to the village of Alise Sainte Reine, beautified by an eighteenth-century brick-built hospital. Near the hospital I passed a museum; two or three hundred yards further on in the long street, and two or three hundred feet higher up, was another museum — which seemed excessive. Higher still, a steep path led between vineyards to the long flight of steps which gives access to the camp, and the colossal statue of Vercingetorix, set up by order of Napoleon the Third. You may see it on your left as you go from Dijon to Paris.

I do not go into the history which tells how Vercingetorix here entrenched himself and how Cæsar drew other lines round him to prevent escape, and was himself again surrounded by Gaulish levies, till finally the Roman won. I cannot tell the reason, though I should like to know, why there are two tiny museums in the village, one maintained by the 'Municipality,' the other by a society with its headquarters at Semur: I cannot describe the diggings for relics which are still in progress, because I turned lazy there. But one thing sticks in my mind: a display of selected skeletons in the upper museum. Three or four great, raw-boned Gauls hang there, with lower jaws like a gorilla's, and thigh bones like those of the traditional Scot; three or four Romans with small delicate skulls (what right had a man with a head like that to go near Donnybrook Fair? as the coroner's jury said) and small delicate bones and a total height perhaps a foot short of their adversaries: and it was the small-boned men who won, not by the use of machine guns or any such contrivance. Yet a Frenchman said to me that all the same, you come back to superior armament; the Gaulish claymores which hang there too are four feet long, the Romans' swords not three feet; but while the Gaul was swinging his pointless weapon to split his enemy down, the Roman lunged in with the point.

There were, of course, heaps of interesting relics. How like

Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Company

Rue Poste aux Lions, Dijon
From an etching by Robert Logan

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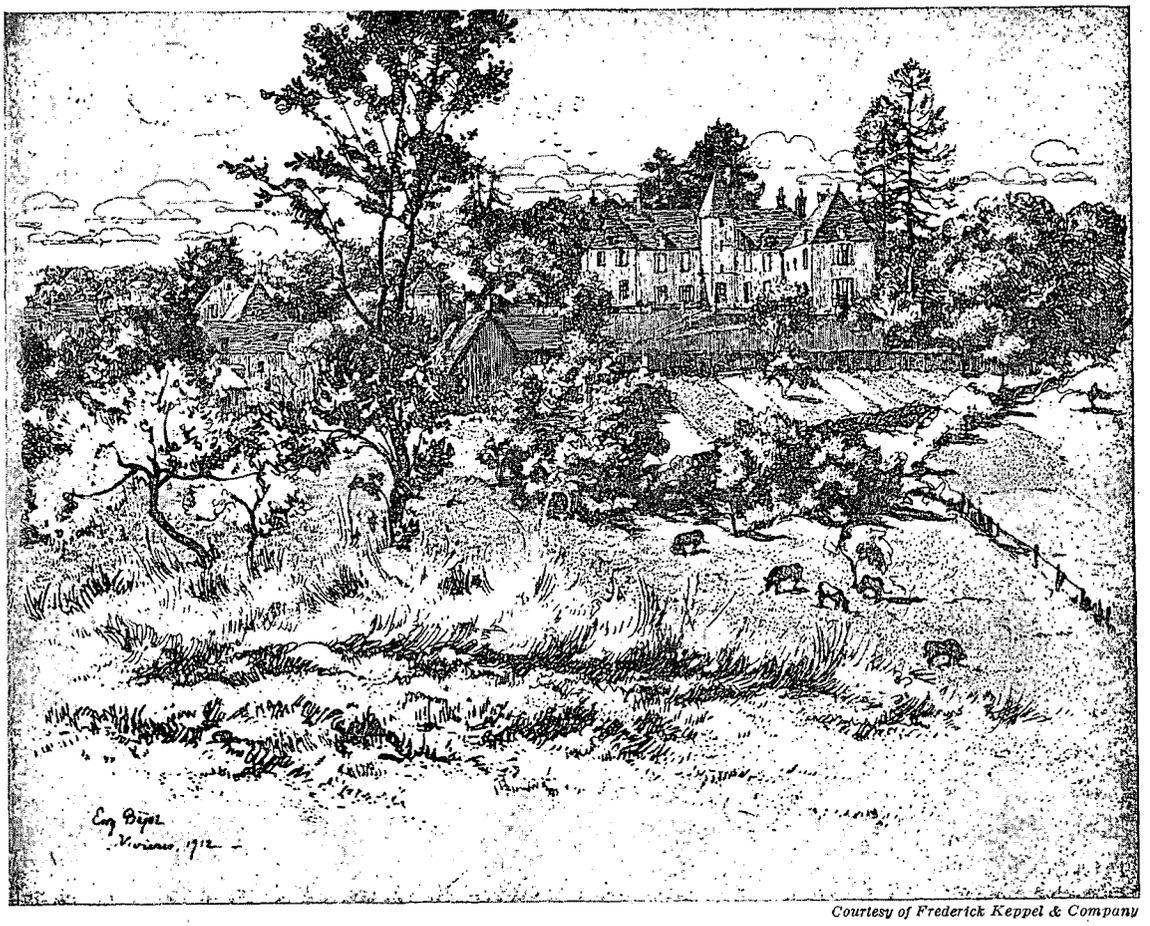

Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Company

CHÂTEAU VIVIÈRES
FROM AN ETCHING BY E. BEJOT

the Gaulish sculpture was to that which the Gael, eight or nine centuries later, was doing at Monasterboice and other places in Ireland. And the Normans, even Henry II.'s Normans, when they came to Ireland, brought nothing with them that showed a culture so elaborate, so over-refined, as some of the little Greco-Roman images that survive among débris from the place where the big-boned Northern had finally to go under to little men from the South.

Then I went on to Semur. It was luck, too, that brought me there — sentiment for the memory of Mrs. Oliphant who wrote about the lovely place, but, so far as I could judge, either never saw it or forgot what she saw. Still, that does not count — though anyone is lucky who sees Semur in a fine autumn. The luck I write of came in again on my next stage, from Semur to Chablis. I went back to the main line, and changed at Tonnerre, where, once again, the *Guide Bleu* told me not to miss my chance. As usual, the railway station is on the plain, some distance from the old town, which as usual is on a hill, with a church set high up. There were two churches indeed, both of them worth more than a glance; yet what pleased me more was the view from the top over the long straight valley of the Armançon with long straight lines of poplars traversing the vista: Turner has suggested the like again and again in his studies of French rivers, and again and again the beauty itself in France recalls the beauty that a great painter distilled from it. Which is the echo, which the voice?

The upper church, St. Pierre, was poised on the edge of a cliff and one looked down to the clustering roofs, among which were Tonnerre's two chief glories, the Hospital and the Fosse Dionne.

The hospital is a hospital still; but Margaret of Burgundy, sister-in-law to St. Louis, who founded it seven centuries ago, had views that were larger than ours. Its patients to-day are sheltered in modern buildings; a hospital ward as Margaret planned it was over a hundred yards long by twenty yards wide, stone floored. How it can ever have been heated passes conception, and it has been for centuries only a place for interment, not for convalescence. Margaret is buried there herself, under the single span of that vast roof: and Louvois, Louis XIV's Minister, has a magnificent tomb in a side chapel. This florid monument, set up originally in Paris, and brought here I know not why, had no charms for me, and Margaret's tomb has been reconstructed. But in a side chapel to the south, steps lead to a vaulted room where is a sculptured group of the Maries and the disciples laying Christ's body in the grave. Jean Michel and Georges de la Sonnette were the sculptors in 1453. The Mother in the centre, looking straight out, did not move me like the other two Maries — one with head dropped on the breast, and the eyes felt rather than seen under the projecting head-dress; the Magdalen, with box of spikenard in her hand, a half-swooning figure drenched and drunken with grief. Nowhere else in Burgundy did I see a group of sculpture equal to this.

And yet, perhaps because I had looked at too many similar things, and partly because I could not stay long enough in that chilly crypt, I do not keep visual memory of it so clear as I could wish; while the other sight that Tonnerre showed me in a glory of sunshine will not easily fade out of recall.

The Fosse Dionne is a great spring breaking out from the cliff, and its name Divona shows that the Gauls worshiped it. I went along the level street under the cliff, turned up a lane between old houses, and came out on to a space almost filled by a bowl of transparent water — a bowl of cut stone some thirty feet across. The color of the water against the brown stone was startling. I have seen green becks in and about Ullswater, and there is a great lake in Mayo which looks like emerald on a clear day, and like jade when the sky is gray: but this water was blue-green like the sea. Beyond the circle of it, a semi-circle of wall had been built into the cliff, and from this projected a semi-circular penthouse of timber with tiled roof; under this shelter, some thirty women of Tonnerre were on their knees washing — and yet did not soil the water. The spring was led into the bowl by a lower inlet, while a wide opening in the bowl on the cliff side allowed the overflow to escape into a circular stone

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channel carried round the bowl. This again was enclosed by a low circular balustrade behind which the women knelt, and on which they wrung the linen, the water constantly escaping past them and hurrying along to the channel below the bowl, through which it bickers down to the Armançon half a mile away. Imagine all these concentric circles of brown stone, the bright water rushing round outside, and in the centre this great lovely shining circle of blueness: the semicircle of timbers and pink-brown tiles, and the busy women with the strong blues and pinks of their clothing — all this under a glow of autumn sun, and away up against the blue sky, poised on the cliff edge, St. Peter's old church. France often gives a lovely setting to this humblest of women's ministrations; but nowhere have I seen one so beautiful, so dignified, and so characteristic in its will to preserve and enhance an ancient inheritance. What a conservative country France is, after all its violences and spasms! That is why it keeps so generous a lucky bag for its guests to dip in.

Courtesy Kennedy & Company

DANS LES CHAMPS PRÈS PROVINS

FROM AN ETCHING BY JACQUES BEURDELEY

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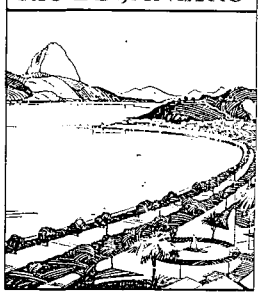
Metropolitana

New Roads that Lead from Rio — 'Plan Z' for the Defense of Paris — Collecting Roman Kittens — The Homeless People of Berlin — A Westerner Honored in Tokio — Busy Warsaw Puts Her House in Order — Changing London

RIO DE JANEIRO



IT IS good news to visitors here that the automobile roads leading out from Rio are being extensively developed, perhaps because Brazil hopes to amaze the foreign delegates to the Pan-American Road Congress which is to meet in the capital in 1929.

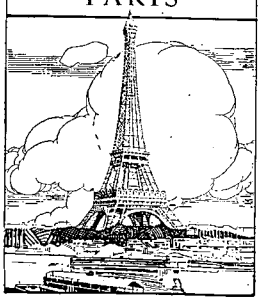
Formerly, restless Brazilian motorists, or ship-weary travelers feeling the insistent call of the accelerator, had three courses open to them. They could join the parade moving down the broad, central Avenida Rio Branco, where the neat taxis of Rio — mostly old European cars, polished till they glisten, and kept in splendid condition by their chauffeurs in white dusters — go buzzing past regardless of crossings, their horns honking like a flock of scared but determined geese. They could strike a somewhat more leisurely pace as they swung out the Avenida Beira Mar around the glittering semi-circle of Botafogo Bay, with incredibly blue water on their left, and, on their right, fresh villas calcimined in pastel tints of yellow, pink, and green. Or, if they sought a more extensive run, they could strike back twelve miles along the road to Tijuca, the mountain on whose shaggy sides begins the seventeenth-century stone aqueduct which still carries the bulk of the capital's water supply; and then swing home behind Tijuca, under the shadow of Corcovada, past the twin peaks of the Two Brothers, back under the sharp-outlined lava peaks of the coast to Rio and — if the immoral desire should overwhelm them — have a true South American cocktail at the Avenida Bar.

Now, however, there are new horizons to conquer. Perhaps the best lies along the newly opened highway to São Paulo, the great coffee centre five hundred miles away. Another new highway, less pretentious, runs from Rio to the adjacent summer capital, Petropolis. If one has ever enjoyed the mad luxuriance of the jungle vegetation even along the Tijuca drive, one can imagine how much more these new roads have to offer.

Automobiling, however, is far from being Rio's only amusement. Theatres, casinos, amusement places in general have done well this past winter season. A 'campaign of righteousness' directed by the city officials has not greatly dampened anyone's spirits. One amusement place — the Copa Cabana gambling casino — has been closed, which was a disappointment to wealthy Argentines who had fled furnaceless houses in Buenos Aires for the comparatively comfortable fifty degrees of Rio's winter. But the main result of this gesture was the sudden discovery on the part of the police that street-lamp bulbs all over the city were being mysteriously broken. Investigators rounded up a number of young men who had been strolling nonchalantly about the midnight streets throwing pebbles at the lamps, explaining that now that the Casino was closed they had nothing better to do.

Meanwhile, those in Rio who prefer less exhilarating forms of amusement have been listening to opera sung by Muzio and Gigli, as well as by the American tenor Frederick Jagel. The newly redecorated Palace Theatre has once more been a battleground for France and Spain, always jealous of each other's cultural influence in Latin America. To this playhouse came first the Moulin Rouge company from Paris; then the Velasquez players from Madrid. Although there is no very accurate way of judging who won the competition for Brazilian acclaim, France seems to have had a slight edge on Spain — perhaps because the Moulin Rouge players were backed by the English Tiller Girls, whereas the Velasquez group was forced to depend upon Spanish charm alone.

PARIS



THE defense of Paris against a foreign enemy! How many times this has been necessary, how many times Paris has paid dearly for her preëminence as the giant central city that dwarfs all others in the country, the great heart from which the lifeblood of France goes pulsing to the provinces! Eighteen seventy-one, a disaster in which, after a four-month seige, German infantry followed mounted German uhlans through the city gates; nineteen eighteen, a near-disaster in which great German guns, unknown in Bismarck's time, hurled high explosive shells at Notre Dame. And only a few weeks ago the French army aviation forces, emulating the British, staged a sham air attack which filled the French sky for two days and nights with four hundred fighting planes and bombers, and proved that this new weapon, in spite of modern defense measures, could inflict a 'terrific bombing' upon the capital city.

But there is another kind of defense of Paris, seldom talked of, which is beginning to worry thinking Parisians: defense against attack from within the city walls, defense against revolution. When Frenchmen read Russian communist documents which talk about the necessity, in preparing a revolution in enemy countries, of 'creating an organized force in the heart of bourgeois armies, capable at the proper moment of persuading those who are hesitant to join our cause,' their minds leap to the military garrison of Paris; they think of the proved activities of French communists, and of industrial centres like Saint-Denis, a scant three miles from the Place de la Concorde, for centuries the resting place of the bodies of French kings and now a Communist stronghold.

The care with which Paris guards ceaselessly against the possibility of revolt is apparent even to the casual visitor. There are tales of crowds of workmen in caps and sashes and shirts open at the neck surging suddenly from little cafés in the twilight, and swarming up the narrow side streets around Notre Dame, to be met and scattered by the charging horsemen of the municipal police. Nothing is ever said of it; nothing appears in the papers next day. There is a story that near the tribune in the Chamber of Deputies is a plaque in which are affixed three push-buttons. One calls for a vote; one brings down tons of water upon the house from hidden reservoirs above, in case of fire; the third at a single touch brings a strong detachment of the Republican Guard from its nearby cantonment. Who, during a

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meeting of the Chamber, has not seen bristling platoons of the members of this same plumed, helmeted *Garde Républicaine*, mounted and spurred, drawn up on all the side streets which command the Greek temple where the Deputies meet? If one stops to watch, even for a moment, a polite but firm gendarme taps one on the shoulder and tells one to move on: '*Ne stationnez pas, Monsieur, ne stationnez pas!*'

What are the basic measures that Paris is prepared to take to crush a revolt at home? The old plan, the accepted plan, was to establish throughout the city 'islets of resistance' manned with infantry, and in certain centres to set up 'knots of communications' provided with cavalry, armored cars, tanks, and bicycle couriers who would manœuvre in circles about the 'islets of resistance.' If an outbreak came, the defending forces were to retire to these fighting points, scattered thickly through the city and suburbs, and by cleaning up each group in their own area gradually reëstablish order in the city.

In June and in August of this year, however, it seems that two Defense Councils were held, presided over by a Marshal of France; M. Chiappe, Prefect of the Paris police, was also present, but since it is the army which must take charge if matters get out of control of the Paris police, the military element was dominant. The details of these councils have only now been divulged, in the nationalist *Revue des Vivants;* and they have astounded Parisians. The general staff of the army, it appears, urged an entirely new defense plan, the so-called 'Plan Z,' startling in its implications. Briefly, the army in case of revolt wants to retire to Versailles, giving up the city of Paris to the revolutionaries, save for a tiny islet comprising the Chamber of Deputies, the Elysée Palace, and the central ministries. Troops are then to be brought up from the provincial garrisons and the abandoned city assaulted and taken.

At the first conference General Gouraud, Military Governor of Paris, supported Prefect of Police Chiappe in condemning the new 'Plan Z.' At the second, however, Gouraud remained neutral, and victory seemed to lie with the military when it became evident that steps had already been taken to make the old plan impossible of application and to support the new. For the military garrison of the capital has been reduced from twenty-nine battalions of infantry and twenty squadrons of cavalry in 1914 to eleven infantry battalions and twelve cavalry squadrons today, and in a few months these defending forces will be further reduced to eight units of each branch of the service.

Parisians, indignant, are pointing out that the new 'Plan Z' means abandoning to the enemy the banks, lighting plants, newspaper offices, telegraph and telephone systems of the city — the very arms whose control Lenin believed to be the prime necessity of a successful modern revolution. And they are shuddering at the possibility of a repetition of the bloody war of the Commune in 1871, when Frenchmen, assaulting Paris from Versailles, for two months fought other Frenchmen entrenched within the city walls.

THE modernization of the Imperial City goes on apace. As is natural, the process has its lighter sides; the construction of new boulevards and public buildings, the making sanitary of what was at one time a spot noted for its unhealthfulness, imply minor but nevertheless necessary changes, the importance of which is not always understood.

One of these changes involves cats. It would be interesting to compute how much disease is due to the alley cat which nightly roams the streets of many modern cities. Everyone knows how much discomfort they cause by their midnight meetings on back fences, murdering silence with their screams. It would probably be a healthier and a better city which abolished completely those armies of cadaverous felines which prowl about at night seeking what they may devour. Yet perhaps regulation and not prohibition is the thing.

The Governor of Rome, Prince Potenziani, who recently visited New York, tried to get rid of Roman cats, which, from all accounts, are not only very numerous, but are a particularly knowing and undesirable variety of the feline species. His plan was to have the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals gather together all the subjects of the cat kingdom which could be collected in the streets and public places. The people at large were then to be invited to inspect the prisoners and were to be free to have for pets such cats as they desired, it being understood that in future all pet cats were to be well fed by their owners and kept within doors at night. Those unfortunate creatures which were so unattractive as to be passed over by prospective cat owners would be disposed of painlessly in the Society's lethal chamber. It was hoped that this procedure would rid the Roman streets of their cat populations. The ancient Roman monuments would cease to be the homes and prowling grounds of alley cats; the Roman Forum and the Forum of Trajan, the Colosseum and the precincts of the Pantheon would be restored to their ancient dignity.

There was an immediate storm of protest. Letters were written to the newspapers. Had not Queen Margherita, the beloved consort of King Umberto, left a sum of money expressly to feed the cats in the Forums and the Pantheon? Then the poor cats were not suffering from starvation. And were not these public monuments depositories from of old for decrepit, undesirable cats whose owners wished to replace them with new, and more playful kittens? What would happen to these old cats if they could not be placed in the ancient monuments where, thanks to Queen Margherita, they would be well fed? Their owners would undoubtedly treat them with cruelty and neglect in order that they might die and be replaced by younger stock. This would be risking greater cruelties than exist under present conditions — and malicious cruelties at that. It was even delicately hinted that certain highly-placed Roman families had had cat-worshipping ancestors in ancient times, and so would still be influenced by reverence for the feline race. How could this reverence be satisfied if cats were forbidden the sacred ground of antiquity?

The government was obliged to abandon its plan, and civic progress, in this respect at least, has been defeated. But modernization, which must include a solution of the alley cat problem, will win in the end. Nothing can stop it; it is irresistible.

DESPITE Germany's remarkable economic recovery since the War, Berlin is still suffering from a serious housing shortage. A recent survey conducted here shows that there are 120,000 would-be tenants who can find no houses or apartments in which to set up homes of their own. The situation is even more serious than these figures indicate, for they take no account of the numerous engaged couples who are unable to marry because they have no hope of finding living quarters, nor the almost

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equally large number of people who attempt to settle in Berlin but are forced to go elsewhere because the city cannot give them shelter.

So serious is the situation that many Berliners are compelled to live in quarters scarcely fit for human habitation. About 240,000 families are at present without proper living quarters. It is said that some 22,500 families are living in cellars, 16,500 in attics, and 8,000 in emergency apartments which have been improvised from old barracks, halls, porches, and arcades. There are 47,000 old dwellings without adequate toilet facilities, some without running water of any kind. To make the situation still more difficult for the city authorities who are trying to relieve it, Berlin has to reckon with a normal annual growth of from 20,000 to 25,000 new households. According to Dr. Martin Wagner, city surveyor, Berlin will have to build at a rate of 40,000 to 45,000 dwellings a year for ten years in order to catch up with the needs of the population. At present new dwellings are being constructed at only half that rate. The necessary rate of expansion would involve not only a serious economic burden; it is even doubtful whether workmen could be found to do the work.

The distress still prevailing is indicated by the fact that the suicide rate in Germany in 1926 was the highest in fifty years and that in Berlin it has almost doubled since the previous report. The increase is most marked among the lower and middle classes on whom the housing shortage and similar economic difficulties weigh most heavily and who have the least economic reserve with which to meet the situation.

One indication that not all classes are suffering is provided by the announcement that a new palace will be built to serve as a residence for the Chancellor of the Reich. A spacious new structure will replace the old palace on the Wilhelmstrasse — this in spite of the fact that Berlin already has a number of palaces left over from the days of the Hohenzollerns, of which no use whatever is being made and which could with a little remodeling, serve perfectly well as a chancellor's residence.

While the city is struggling with its housing problem, the Verein Berliner Bauaustellung has for some months been trying to make preliminary plans for a Berlin Building Exhibition, to be held in 1930. The city authorities of Berlin, who at first offered coöperation, have of late shown little enthusiasm for the plan, and it is now proposed to hold the exhibition either in Cologne or Leipzig if Berlin eventually rejects it.

TOKIO

THE capital of Japan has recently been the scene of a ceremony which could perhaps have occurred in no other predominantly non-Christian city. Another Westerner has been added to the list of those who have become entirely Japanized, even in religion.

Japan, and especially Tokio, possesses a peculiar attraction for Western scholars. Basil Hall Chamberlain, the American, went to Japan for his health. His doctors told him that in any other part of the world he would soon be carried off by tuberculosis. Whether they were right in insisting on his going to Japan may be open to doubt. In any case, he regained his health and became so absorbed by Japanese culture that he was presently recognized as a world authority on classical Japanese philology. Karl Florenz went out from Germany, and became Professor of Classical Japanese at the Imperial University, Tokio. Ernest Fenollosa went out from England to teach philosophy at the same institution. He ended by practically forgetting his own language, dressing as a native, and entering the Japanese priesthood. When he died, he was given a state funeral.

The most recently Japanized Westerner is Professor Bruno Petzold of the First Higher School, Tokio. He has been awarded the order of priesthood of Daisozu by the Tendai sect of Buddhists. The ceremony was properly picturesque. It was held at the Kwanei Temple in Ueno Park; there were present many dignitaries of the sect and Buddhist scholars. Everything was done with careful and elaborate precision. First a gong was struck, as in all Japanese religious festivals; then priests, in gorgeous ceremonial robes which differed in color scheme according to the rank of the wearer, chanted a *sutra*, or traditional invocation. When this had been finished, after a moment of silence, the presiding priest, Ryojun Omori, chief of the Senso Temple, popularly known throughout Japan as the Asakusa Kwannon Temple, read a scroll expressing deep appreciation for Professor Petzold's services. Immediately a beautiful *kesa*, or ceremonial mantle of gold brocade which hangs from the shoulders to the feet, was presented to the learned initiate. With it he received a hanging *kakeji* scroll depicting the Holy Dengyo, the founder of the Tendai sect, together with an inscription which sums up the central thought of the founder's teaching. Professor Petzold donned the robe, thus assuming the order of Daisozu. His Buddhist name is Tokusho.

Thus in the very centre of Occidentilized Tokio, with its theatres and banks which resemble those of any Western city, the old East continues to cast its spell and convert the very men who have ostensibly shaped it after their own pattern.

WARSAW

DOWN the broad avenues of Warsaw, one rides in strange little horse drawn *fiacres*, picking one's way through the piled-up paving blocks that bear witness to the fact that the Poles, having had their house returned to them after a century and a half of tenantry to the Russians, are still engaged in putting it in order. The driver is an old man; his hair, now white, is surmounted by a leather-visored cap. On his back hangs a little metal number plate that enables one to remember him if one wishes. Then as one looks at the houses lining the streets, one notices that their numbers also are queer; they are inscribed on little glass plates placed by the doorway, plates which can be illuminated from behind at night. Ask a resident of Warsaw why, and he will tell you simply:

'When the Russians were here, that permitted the police, when they were following a man, to see from a distance which house he entered.'

To-day the Russians are gone, Polish life goes on at last in Polish fashion, and only every fourth house number is illuminated at night — for convenience.

The streets are uninterruptedly busy from early morning until late in the afternoon; for in Warsaw there is no lunch hour. Instead of taking an hour to discuss business over vegetable lunches and coffee, like business men in American cities, or two hours to discuss the universe over a five course dinner, like Parisians, Warsaw business men get to work at eight, have a cup of tea or coffee brought in to them at their desks at noon, and end their business day at three.

In spite of these odd hours, business seems to be thriving. Shops offering luxurious women's wear are springing up in increasing numbers, and somewhere

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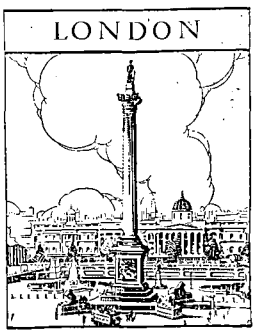
there must be prosperous husbands to support chic wives. For they are chic, and often beautiful — chic enough, says one observer, to suggest the existence of a private wire from the Place Saski to the Rue de la Paix!

Of course there is contrast. The turn of a corner brings one into the heart of the Jewish quarter — narrower streets, little shops crowded one against the other. The Jews, still wearing their long black gowns and their little black skull-caps — a hundred thousand of them in a city of a million people — live mainly crowded in their own quarter, though there is now nothing to force them into the seclusion which was imposed upon them when they first came here as refugees from Russia. For that matter, some of them have spread to other, more outwardly prosperous sections of the city, and have taken on a more outwardly prosperous air themselves. Let a Frenchman who recently visited the city and wrote about it for *Le Figaro* (Paris) tell of one of the curious situations which the presence of these emancipated Jews in a predominantly Catholic city sometimes creates:

'Seven o'clock in the evening. Out of the Hotel de l'Europe come travelers going off to dine. Among them, there are plenty whose names must be Haase, Mitzenbaum; but these are not like their brothers in the Jewish quarter. They are prosperous, fresh-shaven; they wear fedora hats and neat gray suits. Suddenly a chime rings, and everyone stops, curious. Across the street in a sentry box, a soldier is ringing for the evening prayer — a Warsaw custom. And the Jews, emancipated, freed from ritual, stand still for a moment smoking their cigars and watching the Christians, whose minds are turned to God.'

This is at least a more peaceful aspect of racial and religious differences in Poland than was sometimes seen in the Imperial Russian Warsaw of the pogroms.



ONE of the most romantic aspects of the life of a great city is the constant urge for change which decrees the destruction of old, long known buildings and landmarks and their replacement by more modern and useful structures. When one sees a fine old house give way to what seems, by contrast, an ugly modern apartment building, one has a peculiar mixed feeling of sorrow at the death of an old friend and of pleasure that progress continues, ever seeking better conditions.

All this is peculiarly true of London. The natural conservatism of the English accentuates the significance of the changes they make. And since the War, there have perhaps been more changes in the external appearance of London than in that of any other old-world city. It is true that none of the great landmarks are gone; it has been largely a matter of picturesque nooks, which have slight intrinsic worth, but which have delighted many a traveler's heart when he looked upon them.

In chronicling these changes one scarcely knows where to begin. The burial ground of Saint Saviour's Church, which lies between Southwark Cathedral and Borough Market, is being made into a pleasure garden. The Foley House, built at the end of the eighteenth century by James Wyatt, is giving place to apartments. Number Five, Hind Court, Fleet Street, near Gough Square, a ramshackle brick structure, with an old street light projecting from it on a wrought iron bracket, a house which immediately calls up memories of Dickens and Thackeray, is to have its front torn down, because the City Corporation fears for the safety of the passer-by.

Out of many such minor changes, one should single out the disappearance of the picturesque little corner known as Three-Crown Square and its tortuous entrance, Bell Inn Passage, where high-wheeled carts backed up to the pavement have, for a hundred years, been relieved of crates of produce which helped to feed the English metropolis, and where drably painted awnings protected the stores of 'greens' from London rain. This little square is to be wiped completely from the face of the earth and is to make place for a broad traffic highway leading to Borough Market. It is believed that this square was once the courtyard of the old Tabard Inn, familiar to everyone to whom Chaucer's landlord is an old friend.

No one of these changes is by itself important; if only one were made, it would pass unnoticed in the bustle of modern life. But there have been so many of recent years that the old London will soon be a new London, and that those who have built up for themselves in imagination a picture of the London which Chaucer or Shakespeare or Milton, even more of the London which Pope or Johnson or Dickens knew, had best visit the real city soon. There is still much of the old London left; if they wait many years longer, they will be cruelly disappointed.

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America from a Pullman Car

A Royal Visitor Gives His Impressions of American Travel Facilities

By Prince William of Sweden

Translated from *Svenska Dagbladet*, Stockholm

AN ENORMOUS hall brilliantly lighted. The ceiling is sky high, the floor space generous. Soda fountains, book counters, and cigar stands along the walls, where one can get nearly everything which one might need for a journey. Newspapers, books, cigarettes, candy, toilet articles, traveling bags, and much more. Along one side are the ticket windows in long rows, and adjoining them, the Pullman stalls. For Pullman is a separate company which has nothing in common with the railroad except that the coaches are run on the same tracks. Therefore you cannot buy a ticket and sleeping berth at the same window, but must go to two different places. How this fits in with the American idea of practicality is not easy to say; but so it is.

A continuous stream of people moves through the hall, no one dallies; a man arrives at the last minute, snatches a newspaper in passing, harries the porters, and hastens toward one of the many train entrances. Hours of departure are inscribed in letters of fire, names of cities one has never heard of before are lighted and put out. This huge station somewhat resembles the ventricle of a human heart, sending out blood — travelers — to different parts of its widespread arterial system that they may go forth on steel rails toward their destination. New York, San Francisco, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Duluth — wherever one wishes, one can reach in this far-flung land, which requires four days and nights to traverse. It is only a case of stepping aboard!

Heavy rubber soles smack across the cement floor, ulsters glisten from the mists outside, large bags bulge so that they barely close after the last, frantic packing, cigars gleam in clean-cut faces, whose peaceful and determined expression never changes, no matter how fast the pace. Light feet trip in *chevreau* and salmon-colored stockings, reflected light plays on Canadian and Alaskan furs, the bell-shaped hat is drawn down over the eyes so that you see only a nose tip and a pair of terrifying goggles. It almost gives the impression of domino and masquerade! Or else it is some dashing young lady of athletic type, with the skirt ending above the knee, pullovers, and a vivid cap on shingled hair. Laughter resounds merrily. Here are some in holiday mood on a little excusion away from college; there a group is going west to live an outdoor life among the sagebrush or under the sighing pines.

From Svenska Journalen, Stockholm

PRINCE WILLIAM OF SWEDEN

NERMAN, the well known Swedish artist, depicts Sweden's democratic and widely traveled Prince.

Pushing and jostling, crowding and crushing, thronging and shoving. The heavy bags strike against each other; ulsters and furs that gleamed brightly with rain drops a moment ago now are pressed down by the crowds, and droop, and look shabby; toes are trampled. But what of that? The good humor is unfailing, as always with Americans, who take all situations jestingly and try to turn everything to the best. Tickets, please! The tickets are punched, and then the traveling stream pours down a steep stairway which seems to lead to the underworld.

HERE it is darker, sootier, colder. In the heart of the great city, the trains are run by electricity, but it is black and smoky below none the less. A roaring and a hissing. Sparks fly. Strangely, one rarely hears whistles; instead, there are pealing bells on the engines, which are started automatically as soon as the trains pull into the station. The occasional whistle resembles that of fog horns on the high seas, or danger signals which signify that fire has broken out somewhere. Ceaseless the tolling — dull, melancholy, enervating. On the platform stands the colored Pullman porter, who receives the passengers with a friendly grin. 'Watch your step, sir,' he says; 'Watch your step!'

For a misstep may mean that the company finds itself with a lawsuit on its hands because of a broken leg or an injured nose. In this country no one hesitates to sue a railway company for damages; sometimes one is successful, sometimes not; but there are always plenty of pettifoggers who will make an attempt and win a neat little sum, if they win.

A step up, a turn of the hand, and you are in the car, the baggage safely in place. The first sight to meet the eye is a notice at the entrance whereby travelers are warned to be quiet so that those who have already retired may not be disturbed. It seems fairly meaningless as one listens to the tolling outside, enough to wake the damned on the day of judgment! Pushing on, you pass down a narrow aisle and are shown a berth behind the green curtain. The linen is clean, the blanket is all that one can desire; the dusty plush must be overlooked in view of the intensive traffic. But the Pullman principle itself, with its eighteen to twenty persons in the same room, can it be right? After one has breathed the air in such a night asylum, the answer in the morning is an unhesitating 'No!' The odors from twenty persons, packed in, anchovy fashion, saturated with perfume, perspiration, shoe blacking, and wet wraps, cannot possibly be pleasing, even for the hardened.

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To be sure, the newer type of sleeping coach on the main lines is constructed on healthier principles. The type somewhat resembles those in Europe, where two persons occupy a compartment. This results in actual comfort, luxury, and hygienic conditions. It is true, to be sure, that each of the old style Pullmans has private compartments at the ends of the coach, right above the wheels; but the mass of the traveling population is naturally directed to the communal bedroom. It is a wonder that the public, in other respects so spoiled regarding all that concerns the general health and practical equipment, does not protest against such conditions. But the Pullman seems to have penetrated into the very blood of Americans, one never hears any complaints. Quite the contrary; many consider the system superior to that of Europe. The foreigner may curse as much as he will, but if he is to travel he must be content to travel like all the others.

FIRST let us give warning that one must be short of stature; the bed is wide and comfortable, but short. The ceiling is low, whether one lies in the lower or the upper berth. Furthermore, it is an advantage to have some skill in acrobatics; the mortal clay must be supple so that it permits one to bend double and to perform other equilibrating master strokes; for it is a master stroke indeed to be able to undress and to dress sitting in the bed with negligible elbow room upward, downward, sideways. I know a man who failed completely when he attempted to pull off his trousers while sitting in the middle of the floor in a large room, where he had as much space as he wished. He pulled and tugged; he turned blue in the face; for all his efforts, the garment did not budge an inch; and at that he was only mildly intoxicated. How then will it go when one is dead sober in a Pullman berth?

The first time, I actually needed a quarter of an hour for solving the problem. The best way is to lie flat on one's back and make a series of wormlike movements, meanwhile squirming from right to left. There is no use in holding your breath; more time is needed than that. And, finally, you must be insensate to temperature changes and have a physique into which rheumatism has never sunk its talons. You lie along the side of the car, which is totally uninsulated; in the winter the steel gives out a moist chill, while the part of the berth nearest the aisle gradually becomes broiling hot from the heating apparatus below. Then you must decide whether you prefer to chill your stomach, or get lumbago. The inside temperature is regulated throughout the whole car by the colored porter, who cannot sleep himself, and, therefore, is sublimely indifferent to how you feel behind the green curtains.

With a stroke of luck it may happen that the heat only filters through under the pillow, and you dream of walking barefoot on a glacier under a burning, equatorial sun, without a hat on your

From Svenska Dagbladet, Stockholm

IN A PULLMAN WASHROOM

'ON EITHER SIDE splutter two strange, wildly dressed individuals who are attempting cleanliness.'

head; you dream, that is, until you are wakened by some terrific jolt and wonder wildly whether it is a derailment or collision. Usually it is neither. The train has merely stopped at some station, but since the coaches are made entirely of steel and sheet metal and have only one buffer between them, the train is a trifle inelastic; it is a single, united mass, which does allow play sideways, but lacks the power of stretching or shrinking much lengthwise.

WHEN the morning finally dawns, you are often heartily thankful. Chilled and drowsy, as you stick a head out from behind the curtains, it may be to find that your neighbors opposite are up and dressed, with their berths made and turned into a pair of comfortable seats, running athwart, that have not the remotest resemblance to a bed. If by chance those neighbors are a pair of young ladies with a bag of chocolates between them it is a grave question how much clothing is proper for dodging past toward the washroom. But the situation is not so exacting as one might think at first. In America, especially in a Pullman coach, no exaggerated modesty prevails. A mere dressing-gown will do, and no one pays the slightest attention to how shaggy or unshaven a person may be. You simply find your way to the washroom, stand in line, and dig down into the first wash-basin available. On either side splutter two strange, wildly dressed individuals who are attempting cleanliness. But, apart from the crowding, washing conditions are decidedly better than in Europe; hot and cold water, good soap, and towels are plentiful.

It does not take long to start conversation; you talk to strange gentlemen in striped pajamas, who, between clearings of the throats and latherings, ask how you like the country, which safety razor you use, and whether Stockholm lies in Scandinavia. The American has an unquenchable good humor in the morning, which finds expression in a genial talkativeness and a desire to know everything between heaven and earth. If you belong to that category of mankind which prefers not to talk before breakfast, this then will have its disadvantages; if, too, you suddenly discover that you must go back to fetch a forgotten toothbrush or comb out of your bag, then you may not always be so ready to answer as your neighbors are to question. However, they will not get out of sorts because of this. They merely shrug their shoulders, chuckle, and look supercilious. In America you must live life with a smile even before your toothbrush has had time to reach your mouth.

But, after many sorrows and tribulations, when you are finally ready, and reward comes in the form of an excellent breakfast in the dining car. The food, though lacking in spices, is well prepared; the service irreproachable. Each one writes his order on a slip of paper, hands this to the head waiter, or to any one of the colored personnel, and then, in a very short time, the order is on the table. The kitchen department naturally has its own specialized slang. A pair of eggs on toast is known as 'Adam and Eve on a raft'; the much-loved ham and eggs has been shortened to 'hamán,' with accent on the last syllable. If you desire corned beef hash with a poached egg on top of it, then you will find that this has been christened 'clear up in the kitchen and put a rose on it,' which, in Swedish, means nothing more nor less than — just that.

AND then the menus, postcards, books, and other matter begin slowly but surely to filter in. The zeal for souvenirs and autographs has developed into a favorite sport. No pains are spared. No obtrusiveness is considered exaggerated when it is a matter of securing a desired autograph. Someone like Dempsey or Lindbergh must surely need a rubber stamp! Whatever is nearest at hand is

(*Continued on Page 240*)

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Hirohito, Emperor of Japan

How the Only Remaining Absolute Ruler of a World Power Will Be Anointed Emperor in Kyoto, Ancient Capital of Japan

By Philip Kerby

Written especially for THE LIVING AGE

IT SEEMED eminently fitting that my first glimpse of His Imperial Majesty, Hirohito — 124th Emperor of Japan, — should have been in the charming old capital city of Kyoto, Kyoto whose palaces and temples, mellowed by memories of many colorful courts, forms a crumbling bulwark against the encroachments of occidental civilization. It was a local holiday, a time of thanksgiving for a bountiful rice crop. After lunch, I dismissed my *rickshaw* and for more than an hour strolled with the crowds, — merchants in sombre black kimonos and black bowlers, professors in serious looking mackintoshes, alert little schoolboys in gold braided blue caps, demure young women with high pomaded pompadours and freshly tied *obis*, and small children, gay as butterflies, everywhere small children, their vivid kimonos fluttering merrily against the dull clothes of their elders. They led me into Theatre Street, or rather that portion of Theatre Street reserved exclusively for moving picture houses.

The posters in front of every theatre were identical. I was curious why the same film should be playing at every house, and, from the crowds outside waiting to get in, apparently playing to capacity. I paid a few sen and found myself in a building strongly reminiscent of the old Biograph days. The seats were narrow benches, and a packed house leaned forward tensely as a reel unfolded and an announcer at the side of the stage embroidered in a monotonous voice on the flowery sub-titles.

Three banzais! . . . three . . . now . . . applause . . . enough. In the next picture you see His Royal Highness Hirohito — beloved of the Gods — laying a wreath in the best foreign manner on the tomb of the Nameless Soldier in the French capital of Paris. Notice how straight he stands. Notice his regal demeanor. Notice the homage he receives from all. Favored indeed in the eyes of the gods are we to have such an one. Three Banzais . . .

They were given with a will. In the breathless silence that followed, the clicking film seemed like the shuttle of fate weaving a new chapter in the national consciousness of Japan, for this was the first time since Jimmu Tenno ascended the throne in 660 B.C. that any member of the Imperial Family had traveled abroad.

Photo Wide World

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, HIROHITO, IN OFFICIAL DRESS

THE NEW EMPEROR of Japan in full-dress uniform, his breast covered with the decorations of Japan and Europe. This is his official photograph, which will be hung in a prominent place in every schoolroom and government office throughout Japan.

As the shadow story of the young Crown Prince's exploits unfolded, showing him embarking on a battleship here, inspecting a guard of honor there, receiving deputations of scholars, merchants, and manufacturers somewhere else, I struggled to see him through the glamorous eyes of his subjects, eyes which even in the dim half light of the sordid little theatre shone with repressed emotion. Small wonder either that excitement was at its highest pitch, because this was the first time that the rank and file had ever been allowed to see photographs of their future sovereign, much less give vent audibly to their patriotic fervor.

SEVEN times have the chrysanthemums budded and bloomed since Prince Hirohito returned to his island kingdom from his triumphal world tour. During the interim, the self-conscious youth who bobbed in and out of motor cars, ran up gang planks ahead of his official party, and reviewed honor guards so swiftly that few could keep up with him has attained man's estate and the poise that comes with it. By the passing of his father, Yoshihito, Heavenly Emperor of Great Righteousness, he has been called to rule an empire of many millions of souls, an empire which descended directly from Takamagahara, the Plain of High Heaven.

This year, as the yellow chrysanthemums drip their golden petals, the picturesque coronation ceremony for this one hundred and twenty-fourth Emperor of Japan, who traces his lineage through the first Emperor to Amaterasu no O mi Kami, Goddess of the Sun, will take place. From the ends of the earth, priceless gifts will be brought by the wise and learned statesmen of the world to this youth whose distant kingdom during the past half century has emerged from an insignificant mediæval state to the gigantic importance of a world power, — a nation whose ever-growing merchant fleet already spans the seven seas, whose army and navy rank among the finest in the world, and whose bureaucratic government is a marvel of efficiency.

And yet, despite these outward, visible signs of modern progress, the ceremonies attendant upon the coronation of Emperor Hirohito are pagan, and will be carried out almost exactly as

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that of the first Emperor nearly three thousand years ago.

The term 'Coronation' is slightly confusing to Western minds, accustomed to thinking of European ceremonies, wherein a high prelate of the church actually crowns the new sovereign. In Japan this is impossible because the Emperor exercises the highest spiritual and temporal power. He assumes not a crown, but protection of the Imperial Treasure. Because the Emperor is head of the Shinto faith, the ceremonies are permeated with a deeply religious fervor that finds no counterpart in the occidental world, unless it be the consecration of a new Pope at the Vatican.

The present ceremonies will open in Tokio on November 6, with preparations for the state departure for Kyoto, the ancient capital of Nippon, the seat of art and learning, whose evergreen hills frame old palaces, shrines, and temples. Early in the morning, high officials of the government, including elder statesmen, will take their appointed places in the great ancestral hall located within the Imperial Palace grounds. In the presence of Shinto and Buddhist priests, the door of the inner sanctuary is opened, and, as ritualistic music is played by flute and strings, the Divine Treasure of the Imperial Ancestors is brought forth. These treasures are three, a Sword indicating command, the Jewel, significant of mercy, and the sacred Mirror, symbolizing the search for truth. During the ritual that follows, rice, saké, fish, and dried fruits are offered in sacrifice. The sacred Mirror, once the property of the Sun Goddess and believed by the devout to reflect her image, is placed in a magnificent palanquin for the journey to Kyoto and is borne on the shoulders of villagers clad in yellow kimonos. At a respectful interval, the Emperor and then the Empress follow in other palanquins. The Imperial route is closely guarded. No Japanese is allowed to remain in the upper floor of a house along the line of march (none may look down on the Emperor), and none may speak as the procession passes.

On the morning of November 10, the Coronation day, the Emperor Hirohito, clad in the simplest of robes, performs Shinto rites before the shrine dedicated to the spirit of Jimmu Tenno, the first Emperor. The shrine is a simple little rough hut built nearly 2,000 years ago and much too small to admit the many entitled to be present.

Amidst absolute silence, the Emperor and Empress enter. According to old custom, the Emperor retires, changes his robes, washes his hands, and then returns to the shrine. There he takes up the imperial sceptre. The Empress has gone through a similar ceremony and, upon her return, opens a white fan of cedar. At once the drums sound, and bronze gongs are beaten three times. To the accompaniment of the chanting of prayers by the priests and the soft throbbing cadences of ritualistic music, the doors of the inner sanctuary open. Slowly the Emperor moves forward and seats himself in the inner chamber. The sacred Mirror, the Sword, and the Jewel are placed on a table in front of him, and he humbles himself before them, — the Mirror which says 'Know thyself,' the Sword which says 'Be Brave,' and the Jewel which says 'Enlighten thyself.' Alone in this inner chamber, the Emperor holds secret communion with his ancestors and invokes their guidance in the discharge of his grave responsibilities. The Empress then takes her place beside him. In the expectant hush that follows, the Emperor rises and reads a Shinto prayer informing the spirits of departed Emperors that he has assumed the rank and title of Emperor. He claps his hands thrice, signifying that he has accepted the three Divine Treasures of Empire, after which both Emperor and Empress retire. The sanctuary doors close. The gongs are beaten and the morning ceremony has concluded.

Photo Pacific and Atlantic

HIROHITO AS AN ARMY OFFICER, LESS FORMALLY CLAD

THE NEW EMPEROR is not only nominal Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese army; he takes an active interest in its welfare and progress, and it is now one of the best equipped and best disciplined armies in the world.

The afternoon ceremony takes place in the impressive throne room of the Shishin-den Palace, whose walls are decorated with golden Phoenix and with mirrors. Under the southern eaves of the long room, a short curtain is hung. On its centre, is embroidered a red sun and, surrounding it, are the Good Omened clouds Of Five Colors, — blue, red, yellow, white and purple. In the centre of the hall, facing south, there is a black lacquer dais, elevated three steps up from the floor. Upon it rest two imperial chairs.

At the appointed hour, the Imperial Household enter and take up their positions according to rank around the three walls. The Emperor and Empress enter from the north. The Emperor is clad in magnificent yellow robes of state and wears an ancient lacquer wooden crown. He mounts the dais, while the courtiers make obeisance. Then the Empress, in full court robes, enters and seats herself alongside him. The Emperor arises and, holding the sceptre upright against his breast, issues the Imperial edict proclaiming himself Emperor. At that, everyone kneels and kowtows as the Prime Minister steps forward and makes a brief speech of congratulation, following which he leads the Imperial Household in three 'Banzais!' This concludes the coronation.

Another one of the important coronation rites is the Daijogyu function, or, as it is more popularly known, the Yuki and Suki ceremonies. The earliest

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name for Nippon was 'The Land of the Beautiful Rice Crop,' and since rice is still the mainstay of life in the islands, it is only fitting that the Emperor as the Son of Heaven offer thanksgiving for the rice at his coronation festival.

THE sacred rice fields are located near the town of Suki, outside Nagoya — city of the famous shrine — and at Yuki, on Sanyuki Island in the Inland Sea, west of Kyoto. The exact fields are chosen by Shinto high priests in a very unusual manner. A fire is made of two rare Japanese woods, and over this fire is suspended a tortoise until the heat cracks his shell. In the direction that the shell cracks, the priests set forth to discover the most fertile land. It is immediately consecrated by Shinto rites, and a high bamboo fence is erected. Night and day sentries keep constant guard lest the land be polluted by transgressors. Only virgins and men of 'unblemished character' may plant and cultivate the rice. Each morning basins of salt water are purified with Shinto prayers, and, before entering the fields, the chosen workers must bathe in this water. Again, at sunset, the priests offer supplications for a bountiful harvest. The harvesting, the cleaning, the sorting and polishing of the rice from these sacred fields is done according to the most elaborate Shinto ritual. At the time of the coronation festival, the high priests themselves carry the finest grains to the Emperor who, at a secret dawn ceremony, offers first this purified rice to the Sun Goddess and then to the other gods of heaven and earth. The Emperor then partakes of the rice himself and subsequently offers it to the high priests and representatives of the laity.

Another important ceremony during the coronation month is the imperial visit to the grand shrine of Ise. This is the shrine of the Sun Goddess herself and is the Mecca of Japan. One of the first lessons the schoolboy is taught is the sacredness of this shrine, which the pious visit at least once in a lifetime. All important matters from the birth of an heir to the throne, to the successful conclusion of a war, or the signing of a treaty are publicly announced to the Goddess by a member of the Imperial Household. The Emperor goes at this time, personally to report to her his accession to the throne.

Other ceremonies of the coronation festivities include an imperial banquet and an imperial garden party to which the foreign diplomats may bring their wives.

OF HIROHITO, the man, little really is known. During his famous trip abroad, Admiral Togo, hero of the Russo-Japanese war and tutor to the Crown Prince, was a self-appointed bodyguard. Skilfully he fended off inquisitive journalists with charming anecdotes, none of which were relevant. At the Peer's School in Tokio, Hirohito proved himself a scholar of no mean ability, specializing in economics and law. He prefers the naval branch of the service, enjoys yachting and, is a fair swimmer. His only close friends are the two sons of Count Soyeshima, with whom he is said to have swum across the harbor at Kamakura, of course incognito.

It is reliably reported that His Majesty insists every day on being served a foreign breakfast and a foreign lunch, accompanied by the conventional European silverware. He speaks and writes English, French, and German, in addition to Mandarin.

What bearing Emperor Hirohito's accession to the throne of Japan will have on world affairs is difficult to prophesy. He is both temporal and ecclesiastical head of a great nation and is vested with more prerogatives and powers than any other living sovereign. Yet so mighty has the bureaucracy surrounding him become — more powerful far than the Shogunate, even in its greatest period — that, were the Emperor to veto an important measure contrary to the wishes of the majority in power, his reign would be short, and this despite the fact that patriotic Japanese the world over ask nothing better than to lay down their life for their Emperor.

That there are plenty of problems, both at home and abroad, awaiting solution there is no denying. Among the most pressing are the menace to Japan's position in Manchuria, where her vested interests total some three billion yen, the breaking of the Chinese boycott and the settlement of the Shantung dispute, the development of enormous oil and mineral resources at Sakhalin, the stabilization of the yen, and the reorganization of the capital structure of the raw silk industry.

How well Japan succeeds in expanding her place in the sun, time alone will tell, but, to every Japanese, the words of the textbook which declares that 'Japan must be made the mightiest nation in the world' is literal gospel. It is only natural to suppose that, to the extent that Emperor Hirohito's reign contributes toward the attainment of that goal, will his reign be deemed a success by posterity.

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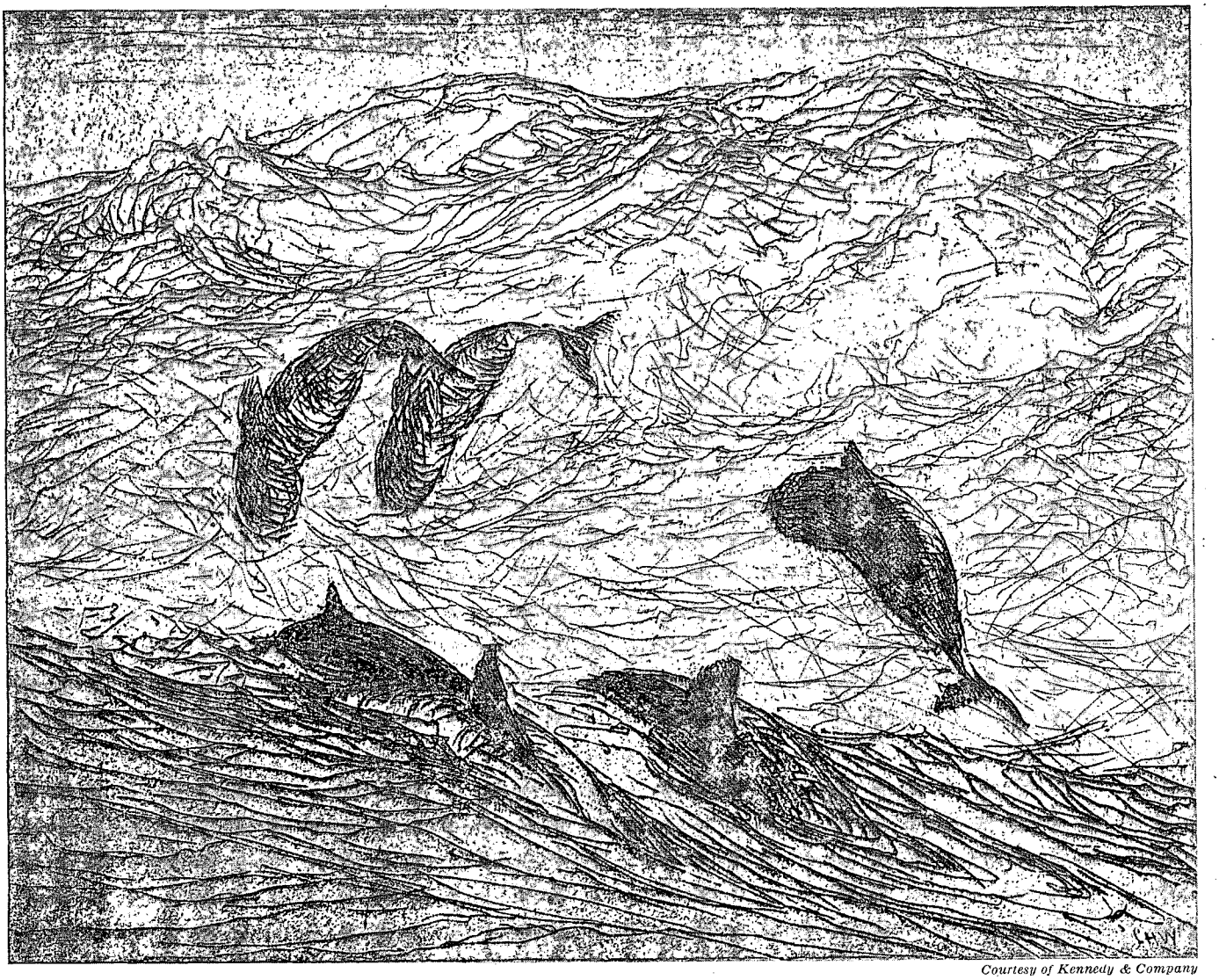

Courtesy of Kennedy & Company

DOLPHINS AT PLAY: IN THE CARIBBEAN
FROM AN ETCHING BY CHARLES H. WOODBURY

Thoughts on Sea Travel

The Inescapable Lure and Philosophy of Sea Travel Keenly Analyzed

By Luis de Zulueta

Translated from *El Sol*, Madrid Liberal Daily

I REMEMBER reading several years ago that a visit to a museum like the Prado can be a turning point in our lives, like marriage. This is the remark of a sensitive artist, but it is not always true. Purely cultural experiences, like viewing a gallery of good paintings, do not ordinarily transform our lives. Events great enough to effect such a change must be more fundamental, more physical, more complete.

Might not one of them be one's first transatlantic voyage? For during that voyage the individual relives on a small scale one of the greatest moments of human progress: the time when man, a land animal, returned to the sea, and by the power of his intellect became the greatest of amphibians. The Latin poet said that with 'soul of oak and triple steel' the ship was launched upon the lashing waves. The significance of this first symbolic launching is that it represents man's conquest of a second element — the sea; and of a new life — the life of the sea. That is why we are thrilled also by aviation. It is a victory over still another element.

During the first few days at sea, we instinctively defend ourselves from this new element, water, and shrink from it. The sight of an immense ocean beneath an infinite sky is no doubt beautiful, but it is oppressively beautiful. Like a child who has wandered off alone, we feel lost in a new world.

Look around you. Here are the passengers on a transatlantic liner, still unadapted to life on shipboard, lying in steamer chairs or attempting to walk the decks. Watch them. They will not look at the sky or sea, the only two realities to be seen. Instead, their eyes continually seek the horizon where sea and sky meet. That distant line, which is neither one nor the other, is the memory of land. They look aimlessly; they hardly see; they are searching for land.

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That is why the passenger, without knowing why, wants a ship to look like a house. He wants luxurious ball rooms sumptuously decorated with rugs and silks, which are out of place at sea but make him feel that he is in a comfortable palace rather than adrift in the middle of the ocean.

'You see, we have everything,' he says, naïvely satisfied. 'We can go to a concert or to a movie, to a library, to church, to a restaurant or a barber shop.'

He has cloaked himself in a city atmosphere, which, up to a certain point, isolates and protects him from the strange and hostile medium in which he finds himself afloat. 'Here we can almost forget that we are at sea . . .'

BUT the sea imposes itself on him in the end. One phenomenon alone, small but fundamentally important, is motion. The perpetual, relentless, maddening movement of the boat changes our whole physical concept of the world. It is no more than a gentle swing, but it is enough to disorient us. Do what we will, we are living in a different sphere. Even slight motion is enough to show us that we have passed from a firm, terrestrial world to a watery, unstable one.

In other languages than Spanish, what we call *mares* is called seasickness. This is indeed an accurate and pointed name for this type of maladjustment. Worry and irritation are part of it; but seasickness is also the sea's revenge on the earth-bound creature who has entered its kingdom.

For the first few days a liner is sometimes like a sanatorium with a well-to-do clientele. If the sea has been rough, the patients line the deck in their steamer chairs and talk about their ills, offering each other medical advice. They are obsessed with thoughts of the only cure, land; they lie back in their chairs, their eyes either shut or fixed on the sky, knowing that it is best not to look at the moving sea. The mere sight of that undulating enemy makes them worse.

SEASICKNESS has its humorous side, like all phenomena of maladjustment, but it is nevertheless profoundly significant. It expresses the revulsion caused in man, a land animal, by the restless movement and the infinite distances of this liquid world that he was not born for; a revulsion which turns to nausea and anguish.

Man needs boundaries. Infinity exhausts him; he feels his soul leaking out like the aroma from an uncovered perfume jar. He needs variety about him, the minute and friendly details of his familiar landscape at home. That is why when some one said that one of the Bermudas could be seen in the distance, a hardly perceptible thickening of the horizon, we rushed anxiously to the rail. Even the invalids stirred. Land! That little dark blot consoles and moves us; merely because it is land, it is the native country of every man on the ship.

NEVERTHELESS, this new water-world slowly takes possession of the fatherless biped upon it. It captivates him, gives him the joy of dominating a new element, different from his own. It means a separation from one's past life. How far away seems the land we have left behind! It seems impossible that we were there only a week ago. Have you noticed how, on a long voyage, space takes the place of time? When we have sailed thousands of miles, even if it takes only a few days, it seems as if many months had passed. Psychologically, space and time are the same.

In mid-ocean, the traveler recalls his homeland as a fond but distant memory. He thinks tenderly of it, but he has left far behind him the pettiness, the compromises, the difficulties of everyday life. So would the soul, perhaps, regard at death the body that it leaves. In this way the sea is an emancipation. We call it the open sea, and since ancient times men have connected liberty with it. Old tyrannies and slaveries were more likely to be found in the interior of continents; the coast is always progressive. Sailors, though religious, are inclined to be liberal; in the nineteenth century many of them carried scapularies of the Virgin, in spite of the fact that they were Masons. Religious liberals, too, are likely to be found among those who live in constant physical danger. On the other hand, those who surround themselves, their money, and their position with safeguards are, at heart, sceptical and reactionary.

ONCE a man has conquered the sea, however, he is in his turn enslaved by it. Just as the passengers in the middle of the Atlantic unconsciously seek land, retired mariners are forever seeking the sea. While he is actually at sea, perhaps, every sailor longs to return to land. Life on shipboard for the sailor is not luxurious; what seems to be adventure is only monotony; what seems romantic is all order, regularity, discipline. To us a sailor has the aura of a Don Juan; in reality he sighs for a bourgeois home, conventional happiness, and a house full of children. But finally he does go back to shore; and when you see him swing out of his house in some coast town, with his queer balancing gait, you do not need to be told that he will automatically make his way down to the wharves. *¡Esa nostalgia del mar!*

I REMEMBER Don Antonio Roldós, a well-known and lovable old captain of the merchant marine who, in spite of his seventy-odd years, stuck fast to the bridge of a transatlantic liner. He wouldn't hear of retirement. At last the owners, perhaps in the interests of his own health, or because they realized that the guidance of a ship should not be trusted to the worn though expert hand of extreme age, obliged Don Antonio to go into honorable retirement. But do you think he could be happy in a house in old Barcelona, on the outskirts of Santa Maria del Mar, or even in his native village on the east coast where he could watch the waves of the Mediterranean from a terrace of palm trees, and gossip of sailing days with old sea-dogs? No. When Don Antonio said good-bye to his ship it was the first time he had ever left it. He came away from the dock, bent, depressed, his hands clasped behind his back. And they say his boat had scarcely reached the Canaries on its outward voyage when he died.

AFTER the conquest of water comes mastery of the ether and its invisible waves. To the officers' table in our ship's dining room came a boy to call the doctor. He was sent by the captain, who had remained in his cabin.

The doctor returned presently and told a simple but moving tale. A freighter, which was crossing our course many miles away, had asked him to prescribe for a seaman who had a high fever. The symptoms came by radio and the prescription was given by the same means, while the two ships sailed on, lost to each other on the ocean. The next day there was another consultation. The fever was rising; could it be pneumonia? Our doctor, from a distance, continued to advise the unseen patient. The third day the last wireless message came, a few words of gratitude and farewell. The patient was better . . . good-bye! And the two ships ploughed on their courses through the limitless ocean.

Not limitless, after all; for ours is a small world. As our ship floats on the dark water under the stars, the earth moves also in an incomparably larger sea. And perhaps the Universe itself with its millions of stars may be simply a drop in another vast ocean which is beyond comparison in size with this; another sea whose shores are beyond our power to conceive, although at times, as in the silence of this clear night at sea, we may sense and desire them.

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Letters and the Arts

What Have the Movies Done to Paris Theatres?— Poet-Professors in Germany—The London Aphrodite in New York—Mr. Wyndham Lewis—Frenchmen Judge the Middle-Aged Literary Generation—A Man of Many Languages—Interviewing an Academician—The Progress of the Films—French Poets and a Poet's Wife—Modern Science Aids the Old Masters

What Have the Movies Done to Paris Theatres?

There are two kinds of theatres in Paris: the so-called *théâtres d'avant-garde*, the 'highbrow' theatres, which demand a certain amount of thought on the part of their audiences, and the *théâtres des boulevards*, whose patrons are likely to be seeking a more painless method of passing the hours between supper and bed time. The directors of the first type talk about art, and pretend not to think of the public at all. The directors of the second type tend to talk of the public to the exclusion of all else. One admittedly gives the public what it expects; the other tries to surprise the public with something new. The aim of both, not unnaturally, is to make money.

The curious phase of this situation is that in Paris to-day the highbrow theatres are actually finding it easier to make a living than the more 'popular' houses. It was not thus in elder days, when the old *Théâtre de l'Oeuvre*, heir to the famous *Théâtre-Libre d'Antoine*, was giving the first, ill-attended Parisian performances of Strindberg and Ibsen. But now Jean Giraudoux, with a graceful play called *Siegfried* that all the wiseacres of the theatre doomed to failure after seeing it in dress rehearsal — it has little action, long poetic speeches, few dramatic 'effects' — has gained the fullest success of the past season. *Siegfried* is Giraudoux's own dramatization of his novel *Siegfried et le Limousin:* the story of a wounded French soldier picked up on the field of battle by the Germans, naked, unidentifiable, his memory gone; then brought up as a German, his true nationality remaining unknown until he reaches the high office of President of the German Republic. It played to packed houses for more than five months this summer. One might explain such a triumph as a *succés de snobisme*, were it not for the fact that in Paris such a success seldom lasts more than two or three weeks. What is the real explanation? Edouard Bourdet, author of *The Captive*, which Helen Menken played in New York two years ago until stopped by the harried city authorities, suggests a solution. He thinks the success of the 'highbrow' French theatre is due to the increased popularity of the moving picture.

Fifteen years ago, Bourdet argues, those who were bored with looking at each other across their library tables during long evenings went to the theatre for relief; now they go to the movies. Thus a process of natural selection has eliminated the less cultured from theatre audiences. While there are still plenty of people who buy orchestra seats 'because we ought to see things that everyone is discussing,' or 'because it's time we went somewhere,' in general the director can count on an audience of a much higher average level of intelligence than heretofore, and can afford to aim his plays above the heads of the mass. Many of the people in his audience, too, are driven to him because they dislike the sound and fury displayed in the movies; he can please them by giving them plays which are as far removed from the motion picture in technique as possible, plays which avoid melodrama and forced dramatic effects. In a word, he can make a financial success — as Director Louis Jouvet did when he produced *Siegfried* — of plays that give the audience something to reflect upon and that regard ideas and poetry as acceptable substitutes for action.

The Frenchman has always been rather pessimistic about his theatre. 'That,' said the dramatist Alfred Capus before the war, 'is the mark of a true theatre-lover.' M. Bourdet considers the success of *Siegfried* as the first optimistic sign in many years; and, although he himself is one of those who purvey to the 'boulevard' theatres rather than to the intellectuals, he is not too proud to give the humble movie credit for it.

Poet-Professors in Germany

A small group of American colleges and universities a few years ago hit upon an excellent plan for making literature a living and vivid thing to their students. They decided to add poets to their faculties. Mr. Robert Frost went to Amherst College for a part of the year, doing a little teaching, but spending most of his time writing verse, talking about it with the college boys, and occasionally encouraging the more talented among them to do likewise. Presently the University of Michigan brought him to the campus at Ann Arbor, and he was replaced at Amherst by Mr. David Morton. Later, Vassar added Mr. Edward Davison for a short time to its faculty, and the University of Illinois also is now said to be eager to secure a poet-in-residence.

The same plan is proposed for German universities by the poet Will Vesper, who publishes an article on the subject in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. 'Let us open the universities to the poets,' he says. 'Let us establish a special chair at every German university from which a German poet of distinction and importance may address youth. It is all very well to leave philological research in the hands of the professed specialist. But beside him let us place the poet, who, in his own, quite different way, will nourish the minds of the younger generation, will guide them, will set their imaginations aflame. We shall thus have fresh blood and a new enthusiasm where it counts most, — in the universities.'

Herr Vesper, who apparently writes without any knowledge of American experiments of the sort he advocates for German universities, admits certain difficulties in his plan, chief of which is the conservatism of the Teutonic professor. But he holds that the advantages of his scheme are so great that they justify the trouble of overcoming initial difficulties. And — a poet himself — he adds a rather plaintive practical note: 'It would provide a good many poets with a living.'

The London Aphrodite in New York

The first number of *The London Aphrodite*, edited by Jack Lindsay and P. R. Stephenson, the announcement of which was noticed in the October number of The Living Age, has now reached New York. As was then pointed out, the magazine plans to issue only six numbers and then cease publication. It contains, in addition to a picture of the lady after whom the new venture is named (a reproduction of a painting by Lionel Ellis), poetry by Robert Nichols and others, a story by Liam O'Flaherty, and an essay by Jack Lindsay. In twenty pages or so, Mr. Lindsay rushes through the history of human thought, explaining why everyone is wrong except Beethoven

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and Nietzsche and why even they are misunderstood—except by himself. He pins a neat label or obituary on each of our contemporaries, gives a cheer for something he calls the Third Kingdom, and signs off. The reader, a little ashamed of being bewildered, wishes he would start over again and not go so fast.

The trouble is that Mr. Lindsay has ideas and theories which give him a special outlook, a pair of queerly colored spectacles through which he can examine human activity. He puts them on, looks at things, and begins to talk. Without a key in the nature of a description of the spectacles, one is puzzled. Being puzzled, one is also interested.

Outrageous as it may seem to both of them, Mr. Jack Lindsay and Mr. Wyndham Lewis have a good bit in common. Each makes a mighty effort to lift himself by his bootstraps out of present time and particular place to some intellectual lookout from which absolutely everything can be seen from the outside. Thus each writes essays which are nearly always stimulating, even when they are not easily intelligible.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis

THE followers of Wyndham Lewis are waiting with interest for his next move, since his moves in the past few years have been so many and so various that one wonders how it is done. Since 1926 he has published a work of Shakespeare on criticism called *The Lion and the Fox*, a long sociological study called *The Art of Being Ruled*, and a sequel to the latter called *Time and Western Man*. In January 1927, he issued the first number of a periodical, *The Enemy*, with the promise of more, not at regular intervals, but whenever he got ready. The second number was dated September 1927. Both numbers were written almost entirely by Mr. Lewis himself. Booksellers seem convinced that a third number is due soon, but no one seems to know just when. Meanwhile Mr. Lewis has published a book of short stories and essays called *The Wild Body*, and the first part of a massive work of fiction, *Childermass*, at least two more parts of which are to follow within a few months. It would seem that anyone who says so much must have something to say. No résumé of what this something may be, can be attempted here; we can only suggest that most of this flow of writing is criticism of this age and of leaders of contemporary thought, and that much of it is inspired by the quotation from Plutarch which appears at the beginning of each number of *The Enemy*, 'A man of understanding is to benefit by his enemies. . . .'

Courtesy Harcourt, Brace & Company

WYNDHAM LEWIS

Courtesy Coward-McCann

AND D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Two Portraits offered in evidence that these much-confused English writers are distinctly separate persons.

ONE cannot discuss Wyndham Lewis of *The Enemy* without a word about his namesake, D. B. Wyndham Lewis, biographer of François Villon. The confusion resulting from the appearance of two men with such similar names before the public eye at the same time is perhaps unprecedented in English literature. It is as if *Hudibras* had been published six months before *The Way of All Flesh*. It is rumored that even so great an institution as the New York Public Library still insists that both men are the same individual. We are assured by persons who have seen them both in the same room that this theory has no basis. The portraits reproduced herewith are further evidence in the case.

The difference between the two Wyndham Lewises is made perfectly clear in the first number of *The Enemy*, in which the gentleman without the initials published a short essay entitled *What's in a Namesake*. This essay is as nice a piece of deliberate nastiness as this century has seen and is heartily to be recommended to those who like 'debunked' literary criticism.

Frenchmen Judge the Middle-Aged Literary Generation

CANDIDE (Paris) has been conducting an inquiry among writers of 'the younger generation of yesterday.' Each author of the group of men who began to be active in the ten years after the war was asked these questions: 'What will be the work accomplished by your generation? Who among you will make the most significant contribution? Name the six who you think are most likely to be elected to the Academy.'

There are as many opinions as there are answers. One says, it is too early to tell, great works are still to come from these men; another says, it is all over, they have done their best and have nothing more to offer. One says, everyone is talking and thinking too much about the Academy; young men should do their best and pay no attention to the Immortals until the time comes to be elected — or left out. Another says, the Academy is a group of dry old men whose predecessors failed to choose such writers as Stendhal, Balzac, Dumas, Maupassant, Flaubert, Alphonse Daudet, Zola, and others; it is insulting to say to anyone, 'Without doubt, *Monsieur*, you will one day enter the Academy.'

M. André Maurois, who is mentioned in the replies as frequently as anyone, answers, 'I do not think that one can find, at this period, and certainly not among the writers of my generation — those past forty — a school or well-defined group. There is nothing that can be compared to the romantic group which worked between 1825 and 1830. It is true that a critic who, for reasons of convenience, wished to make some classification of our present-day French literature could succeed in doing so. He would distinguish, for example, the group of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, where he would have to include men as different as Jean Schumberger, Roger Martin du Gard and André Gide; perhaps he would find also a Carco-Dorgelès-Benoit group. But as soon as one goes a little deeper and studies the essence of the art of each of these writers, he sees that they are first of all individuals; they are united by no common doctrine.

'Ought we to regret this individualism?

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I think not. Special movements and schools come into being when they are necessary; they are usually a reaction against some other worn-out school or type of literature. Such a movement means a combat of some sort, and everyone knows that to fight, it is well to unite. At this moment, however, authors are free; it is possible for them to express themselves in the elliptical and brilliant style of a Morand or in the sober and classical style of a Mauriac. Let us take advantage of our right to be ourselves.'

M. Maurois does not undertake to prophesy about the Academy; but his own name figures frequently in the lists suggested by others.

A Man of Many Languages

TO a man constantly before the public eye, one of the most annoying things in life is the absolute refusal of journalists and others through whom the public looks at him to believe what he says. An interesting example is Joseph Conrad. 'The only thing that grieves me and makes me dance with rage,' he himself said in a letter to Hugh Walpole, 'is the cropping up of the legend . . . about my hesitation between English and French as a writing language. For it is absurd. . . . Is it thinkable that anybody possessed of some effective inspiration should contemplate for a moment such a frantic thing as translating it into another tongue?' Yet discussion of Conrad's language problem continues unabated.

In two articles recently published in *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, for instance, M. André Levinson discusses the influence of Conrad's Polish blood and French education on his literary style. Conrad knew French thoroughly; French phrases cropped up naturally and unaffectedly in his conversation and in his familiar letters. His literary theories and methods were influenced strongly by such French masters as Flaubert and Maupassant. In his book about Conrad, published in 1924, Ford Maddox Ford says, 'It has to be remembered that he had to wrestle, not with one language only, but with three. Or, say with two and the ghost of one.' The ghost was Polish, which apparently did not interfere greatly in his struggles to write English. But while Conrad's own word can be accepted that he did not actually compose anything in French and translate it into English, it must have been true that his intimate knowledge of French often made composition in English very difficult. No one can read his letters without realizing that, for Conrad, writing anything in any language was a 'frantic' and difficult labor.

M. Levinson, in considering him as a Pole, points out that English critics have been inclined to minimize the Polish element in Conrad's character. After all, Conrad was born and brought up in Poland, and although he exiled himself voluntarily he never lost his interest in his country. As a member of a family which suffered terribly from Russian persecution, he hated Russia and preferred to think of Poland as a nation of Western Europe. So, while he never forgot he was a Pole, he did not want to emphasize the Slavic element in his nature. Here we have an even more subtle and difficult matter than the question of French influence. The real extent and character of the Polish influence on Conrad, the English novelist, needs study and clarification from some one capable of the task. M. Levinson recommends G. Jean Aubry, the editor of the *Life and Letters of Joseph Conrad*.

Interviewing an Academician

ABEL HERMANT of the French Academy, who twenty years ago was satirizing Americans in *Les Transatlantiques* while Paul Bourget was writing his own serious study of this country in *Outremer*, dislikes interviewers. Recently he was spending a vacation at Oxford, studying a little, writing a little, but mostly wandering along the peaceful riverside. It was the last place in the world to which one would expect a gentleman of the press to penetrate, but one quiet afternoon the French Academician spied a bright young Englishman, with the disarming smile of an interviewer, stalking toward him among the trees. The bright young man came to a halt.

'Allow me to ask you a question,' he said.

'Terribly sorry,' protested M. Hermant, 'but I don't answer questions. There are two reasons: one is altruistic, the other selfish. The first is that I am modest, and can't think in front of strangers. The second is less noble. I follow the example of M. Jourdain in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who "knew good goods when he saw it, gathered it from everywhere, and gave it to his friends for money." He didn't give something for nothing. I am like that.'

But the young man persisted, and forced his victim to yield.

'These questions —' he began.

'What!' cried Hermant, 'you put it in the plural now?'

'Oh,' said the young man. 'I have two questions to ask you.'

'Alas!'

'But the two are really one.'

'Good. What are they?'

What the interviewer wanted, it developed, was an opinion on a rather academic question: Did M. Hermant believe that literature and art were the productions of an individual, bearing no relation to broader currents of social life; and did M. Hermant believe that there was such a thing as an art and a literature which expressed the aspirations of the working classes?

In answering, the famous Frenchman very neatly proved the falsity of his two objections to being interviewed. He showed himself fully able to think in front of strangers; for he promptly answered his interlocutor's questions with telling arguments to the general effect that it was quite possible for a writer to be an individualist and at the same time be influenced by the spirit of his time.

As for not giving something for nothing, — after the young man had departed, Hermant proceeded to write up the interview himself and send it to the Parisian newspaper, *Le Figaro*, which bought it instantly, and paid well for it.

The Progress of the Films

A FILM has been shown in the moving picture theatres of London which ought to be brought to the attention of producers in this country. It is made up of extracts from the news reels of twenty or more years ago. *The London Mercury*, where we find it commented on, says that, though not very well done, it is nevertheless interesting and entertaining.

We do not often stop to think that the world has changed considerably in the short time during which the moving picture has been in commercial use. The film shown in London contained a glimpse of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, of King Edward VII shooting pheasants at Sandringham, of the London streets filled with horse-drawn vehicles and people in astonishing clothes. Thus we are beginning to taste one of the benefits (or ought we to say compensations?) of the moving picture. We can see the events of the past, and of a past far enough away to be interesting.

In Paris a few years ago a moving picture palace delighted its audience by running as a comedy a film that was made in 1909 as a deadly serious drama. The plot was idiotic and the acting bad, bad enough to be very funny. The progress in technical matters of photography, enormous as it has been, is not enough to account for the difference which even the most cynical would find between this effort of 1909 and an ordinary production of the present day. In regular com-

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mercial moving pictures, standards of acting and plot must definitely be growing higher — hard as that may be to believe.

French Poets and a Poet's Wife

WHEN Paul Verlaine, who was called variously a madman, a decadent, and the greatest poet of his time, fired two revolver shots at his brother poet, Arthur Rimbaud, in Brussels in 1873, because the latter threatened to leave him, he was condemned to eighteen months in prison. There was much shaking of heads on the part of nice people who had always said that no good could come of the kind of poet who dressed in rags, gulped absinthe, and was even reputed to dye his hair green. Those who recall this incident will be interested in a newly unearthed anecdote concerning another occasion two years earlier when Rimbaud had risked his life by too close contact with the dangerous Verlaine family.

Rimbaud came to Paris in September of 1871 to live with the Verlaines, but Madame Verlaine soon grew jealous of her husband's friend, and resolved to rid herself of him. To disarm her husband, she said that she wanted to study steel engraving; Paul Verlaine agreed, and his wife worked assiduously for a short time in a nearby atelier. When Rimbaud of his own free will, however, finally decided to move from the Verlaines' rooms in the rue Nollet to the rue Campagne Première, she dropped steel engraving like a hot muffin.

'Aha,' said Verlaine maliciously, 'you couldn't stick to it!'

'Pooh,' said his wife, 'I never meant to be a steel engraver at all.'

'What!' cried the poet. 'Then why did you go into it?'

'To make this, so that I could kill Rimbaud!' she answered fiercely, and showed him a keen steel dagger she had fashioned.

When Verlaine later told this story on himself, his listeners asked him how he had answered his wife.

'I kissed her on both eyes,' he said, laughing.

A few months later Verlaine and his wife had their final quarrel over Rimbaud. This time the poet left her, never to see her again, and followed Rimbaud, first to England, then to the Ardennes, and finally to the shooting in Brussels.

Modern Science Aids the Old Masters

BECAUSE the old masters of brush and color ground their own pigments, it is possible, by a method devised centuries later, to distinguish spurious from real paintings. That is, by means of the modern spectroscope and very powerful electric rays, the pigments of any picture of doubtful origin may be examined and compared with those of compositions already authenticated. Imposture is thus made very difficult.

M. Cellerier, director of the National Conservatory of Arts and Works in Paris, and director of the laboratories in the Louvre, has specialized in this art of detection, and many have been the revelations which have resulted from his tests. The last few years, which he has spent in his laboratories in the employment of the French government, have been given over entirely to this study. His methods are variable, but they involve the use of ultra-violet radiation, together with an application of the X-ray to detect alterations and retouchings. Thus does the science of to-day protect the reputations of the master craftsmen of a bygone age.

Harvest

By George Rylands

From the *Nation and Athenæum*, London

THE pasture gleams a vivid green below the sullen cloud;
Across the hill the shadow steals and bares the stubble to the sun.
Blow scud, pile tempest! The corn is carried, the ricks are thatched, the summer is done!
O heart, where is your harvest? I had reaped, had I sowed, had I ploughed.

Rehearse no Shepherds' Calendar — that August comes again,
That farmland must lie fallow and the blood leap up with the sap of spring.
Is there frost on the air? The lips' sweet is withered;
Time turns on a wheel but beauty takes wing.
I have not seen, I shall not, my acres white with grain.

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The Contrasting Foreign Policies of Smith and Hoover

By Clarence M. Lewis

Member of the New York Bar, Well Known Legal Author, General Counsel to the New York State Transit Commission

Written especially for THE LIVING AGE

ALTHOUGH many weeks have elapsed since the publication of the 'acceptance addresses' of the two principal candidates for the presidency of the United States, neither Hoover nor Smith has, in subsequent discussions of foreign policies or international relations, added any item of great significance to the previous expressions of their views. This need not be wondered at, as these acceptance speeches were each made nearly eight weeks after the nominating conventions had acted, an interval sufficient for careful study and preparation, the delivery occurring before the beginning of the active operations of the campaign. The addresses represented, in fact, the opening guns of a campaign in which exceptional activity has developed, and probably constitute the most deliberate and thoroughly considered utterances which have come from either Smith or Hoover since their nominations. We are therefore justified in applying to these messages, for the purpose of the truest interpretation and understanding of their authors, such qualities of keen contemplation and close attention as may be mustered to that service.

In statements of the generalities and abstractions of foreign policy, the acceptance messages of Hoover and Smith were in near accord. Each in turn declared for peace in language practically identical. Each prefers arbitration to less amicable methods for the settlement of international disputes. Each favors disarmament instead of international competition in preparedness for war.

But the two announcements were quite different in tone and background; the emphasis so dissimilar as to produce in the mind of an analytical reader — and there are many of these nowadays — quite conflicting impressions.

Hoover says, 'Our foreign policy has one primary object, and that is peace.' Smith says, 'The people of this country wish to live in peace and amity with the world.

But Hoover adds: 'There are two coöperating factors in the maintenance of peace — the building of good will by wise and sympathetic handling of international relations *and the adequate preparedness for defense.*' (Italics ours.) Hoover adds also that 'the safeguarding of peace cannot be attained by *negative* action.' (Italics again ours.)

Concerning international arbitration, Hoover observes, impersonally, and not very concisely: 'We believe that the foundation of peace can be strengthened

Photo Wide World

ALFRED E. SMITH

ACCEPTS the Democratic nomination for President, showing an unexpected interest in foreign affairs and scoring Republican policy in Latin America

by the creation of methods and agencies by which a multitude of incidents may be transferred from the realm of prejudice and force to arbitration and the determination of right and wrong based upon international law.' Upon this point Smith is more emphatic and direct. He declares: 'I pledge myself to a resumption of a real endeavor to make the outlawry of war effective, by removing its causes, and to substitute methods of conciliation, conference, arbitration, and judicial determination.'

Hoover expresses complete satisfaction with the Kellogg treaty to 'outlaw war,' observing: 'Our offer of treaties open to the signature of all, renouncing war as an instrument of national policy, proves that we have every desire to coöperate with other nations for peace.' Smith approves the treaty as furthering the cause of arbitration but states that its 'usefulness as a deterrent of war is materially impaired by the reservations asserted by various nations of the right to wage defensive wars.' With Mr. Smith, in this misgiving, many cautious observers agree.

Both Smith and Hoover declare for a policy of disarmament in preference to international competition in armament building. And Hoover comments, significantly: 'But in an armed world there is only one certain guaranty of freedom, and that is preparedness for defense.' It was this repeated emphasis upon the importance of military preparedness which so deeply stirred Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, in his letter of indignant protest against the principle of 'swagger,' published in the *New York Times*, August 20th.

Mr. Hoover does not refer to the Washington Treaty of 1921, limiting the construction of warships over 10,000 tons, though the Democratic Platform, published six weeks before, had condemned this treaty as too limited in scope. Smith reiterates this platform sentiment, declaring that 'for seven years the Republican Administration has followed it [this treaty] with nothing effective.' Smith deprecates the fact that nothing has been done concerning the limitation of land armaments, submarines, poisonous gases, 'or any of the other machinery devised by man for the destruction of human life.' Hoover is silent on these points except to call attention to the 'unique fact that we have fewer men in army uniform to-day than we have in police uniforms' — from which some might surmise that we have a hard time preserving internal peace and order in the United States. In the same connection

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Hoover adverts to the circumstance that 'we maintain a standing invitation to the world [whatever this may mean] that we are always ready to limit our naval armament in proportion as the other naval nations will do likewise.'

Hoover says nothing about Mexico, Nicaragua, or Latin America, though both the Republican and Democratic platforms discuss issues related to these countries. Smith has much to say upon these subjects, and he says it forcefully. He quotes certain celebrated statements of Elihu Root, referred to as 'the great Republican Secretary of State,' and out of Mr. Root's mouth condemns American intervention in Nicaragua. Smith further declares that the evil effect of American policy in Latin America has adversely affected our relations with the rest of the world. A still stronger indictment of American policy in Latin America is implied in the stated apprehension that this may serve as a precedent whereby other nations may seek to justify imperialistic policies, which may threaten the peace of the world. Even the Monroe Doctrine, which Smith declares to be inviolate, is to be maintained, according to Smith's policy, not as a pretext for meddling or interference in the internal affairs of Latin American nations, but as a joint protection alike for our neighbors to the southward and for ourselves.

Smith says, 'Freedom from entangling alliances is a fixed American policy.' Again Hoover is more verbose and less direct, but the idea is the same: 'Our people have determined,' says the Republican candidate, 'that we can give the greatest real help—both in times of tranquility and in times of strain—if we maintain our independence from the political exigencies of the Old World.' Hoover continues: 'In pursuance of this, our country has refused membership in the League of Nations, but we are glad to coöperate with the League in its endeavors to further scientific, economic, and social welfare and to secure limitation of armament.' Without referring to the League of Nations, Smith succinctly says: 'I believe the American people desire to assume their fair share of responsibility for the administration of a world of which they are a part, without political alliance with any nation.'

Smith sounds a note of wholesome patriotism when he declares: 'In our foreign relations we must rise above party politics and act as a united nation.' The Democratic candidate also inveighs against 'secret diplomacy,' deeming it a 'paramount duty to keep alive the interest of our people in these questions.'

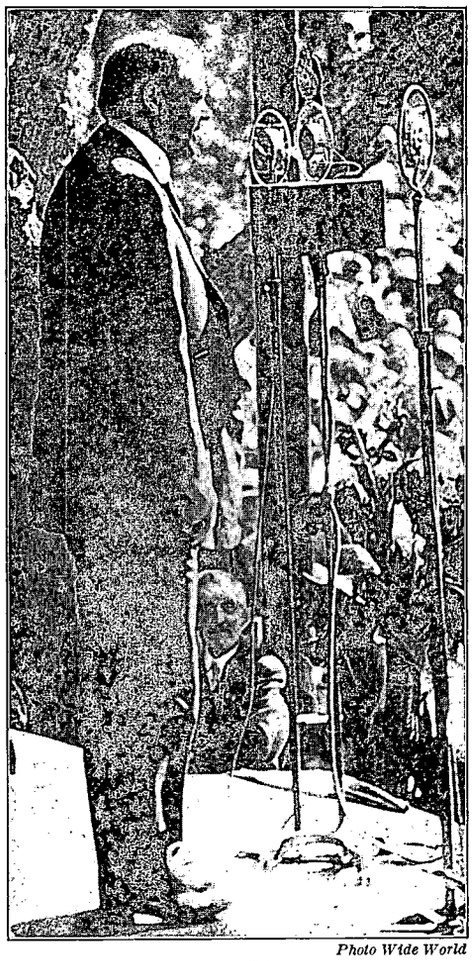

Photo Wide World

HERBERT HOOVER

ACCEPTS the Republican nomination for President, firmly upholding the foreign policy of the Coolidge administration.

Neither Smith nor the Democratic Platform refers to the foreign debts owed the United States. Hoover also is silent on this subject, though the Republican Platform expresses opposition to the cancellation of the war loans, holding that 'obligations justly incurred should be honorably discharged.' The Democratic Platform declares specifically for the fulfilment of the promises made during and since the World War by the United States and the Allied Powers to Armenia, — referring, of course, to Armenian rights under the Treaty of Sèvres. The Republican Platform is silent in this respect.

It had been predicted that Hoover, by reason of his intimate familiarity with world affairs, would in his acceptance speech proclaim a comprehensive international policy for the guidance of the United States, should he become the responsible head of the nation. But Hoover did not do this.

Others foresaw that Smith, by reason of his engrossment for years past in New York State affairs, would ignore foreign relations in his acceptance announcement, or gloss the subject over with light and hurried touch. But Smith did quite the contrary.

Smith's discussion of foreign policies and relations is more definite, detailed, and specific than is Hoover's. In part this may be due to the circumstance that Hoover approves generally of the policies of the seven-year-old Republican administration, while Smith finds many flaws and faults and does not fail to cite examples. Smith's prose is simpler, more fluent and direct than Hoover's. Furthermore, Smith talks foreign policy without splitting his infinitives or inciting disagreement between verbs and their subjects. Hoover doesn't.

At all events, so far as the writer of this paper is concerned, the effort has been that the matter should be discussed adequately, impartially, without argument and in brief compass, that the readers of THE LIVING AGE, domestic and foreign, may reach conclusions of their own.

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Can We Limit Armaments?

A French Soldier Summarizes the Possible Answers to a Vital Question

By Colonel E. Réquin

Translated from *L'Esprit International*, Paris Monthly

UNDER its double aspect — political and technical — the problem of the limitation and reduction of armaments has been the object of profound studies to which all states, both those which are and those which are not members of the League of Nations, have made their contributions. These studies have enabled us to define the problem before it again becomes threatening, to reveal its extreme complexity, and to trace the method which we must follow if we are to solve it. But they will not achieve their ultimate object unless they end in the adoption of simple, fair, and practical solutions.

Can we attain this object? And if so, how can we attain it?

First of all, we must neither abandon the Covenant of the League of Nations nor the principles which have been evolved in long discussion by the political and technical delegates of the various states.

UNDER the terms of Article VIII of the Covenant, the reduction of armaments need be carried only 'to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations.'

It is no longer possible to doubt the fact that there is a close relation between the security of a country and its armaments. We have gone far beyond the time when idealists, ardent but unreflective, hoped for a general disarmament that would produce security for all nations. The years that have passed and the experience gained in the work that has already been accomplished, force us to put such views far behind us.

Before consenting to reduce its defensive armaments under the terms of any international contract, which for a certain period of time is irrevocable, a nation ought to secure genuine guaranties which will give it a feeling of security. Privileged nations may exist whose geographic situations and history have automatically created and strengthened the feeling that no immediate danger can menace them and that in case of conflict they will always have the time to improvise defensive armaments. But such nations as these are after all rare. Even the greatest naval powers appeal to national security as a means of justifying the strength of their fleets.

In any case, the continental nations, which by no means enjoy the security of maritime powers, have no choice but to endeavor to discover means for their own security by employing methods that have already been tentatively explored at Geneva: arbitration and conciliation, guaranties of mutual assistance such as were recommended at the Third League Assembly.

From Le Figaro, Paris

JOHN BULL'S NIGHTMARE

The connection which the authors of the Covenant have wisely established between security and the reduction of armaments has been the dominating idea in everything that has been done to increase security by minimizing armaments. It is impossible to give up these methods without condemning oneself to inevitable failure.

A SECOND principle which we may lay down is that there is no possibility of dissociating land, naval, and aërial armaments. Combined in proportions which vary according to the conditions, needs, and resources of each state, they constitute a nation's only means of national defense. Any reduction in one branch has an immediate repercussion in the other two, and to question the interdependence of these three forms of armaments is to expose oneself to the suspicion either of ignorance or of political manœuvering.

When, in the pages that follow, I discuss the limitation of land armaments, it must be therefore understood, without further repetition, that they are considered as part only of the general defensive scheme of each country. Most of the limitations to which they may be submitted apply equally to naval and aërial armaments, whether the subject under discussion is the number of men, the length of military service, equipment, or expenses.

BEFORE concluding a convention for the limitation of armaments, one must know what one wants to limit. As a matter of fact, no one to-day is ignorant that under conditions of modern war, armaments gradually come to include the totality of a nation's resources, if its national existence is at stake. The war-time expansion of armaments has its origin in the armaments that exist in the time of peace; but there is no limit to their expansion save the complete utilization of the potential belligerent power of the country, a term which includes all resources of every nature — man power, raw materials, industrial and financial strength, etc. Now this potential belligerent power, because it constitutes the strength and prosperity of the nation in time of peace, evidently cannot be limited.

What we are really discussing, therefore, when we discuss the limitation of armaments, is the limitation only of those armaments which constitute a burden in time of peace. We are discussing the military forces which are already under arms, or at least organized, the length of military service, the financial budget which enables these men to be supported and supplied with the equipment necessary for war.

If agreement had been reached at the outset on this preliminary and essential limitation, the work at Geneva would have gone forward more rapidly. And if, in spite of all efforts, this agreement has not yet been reached, it is

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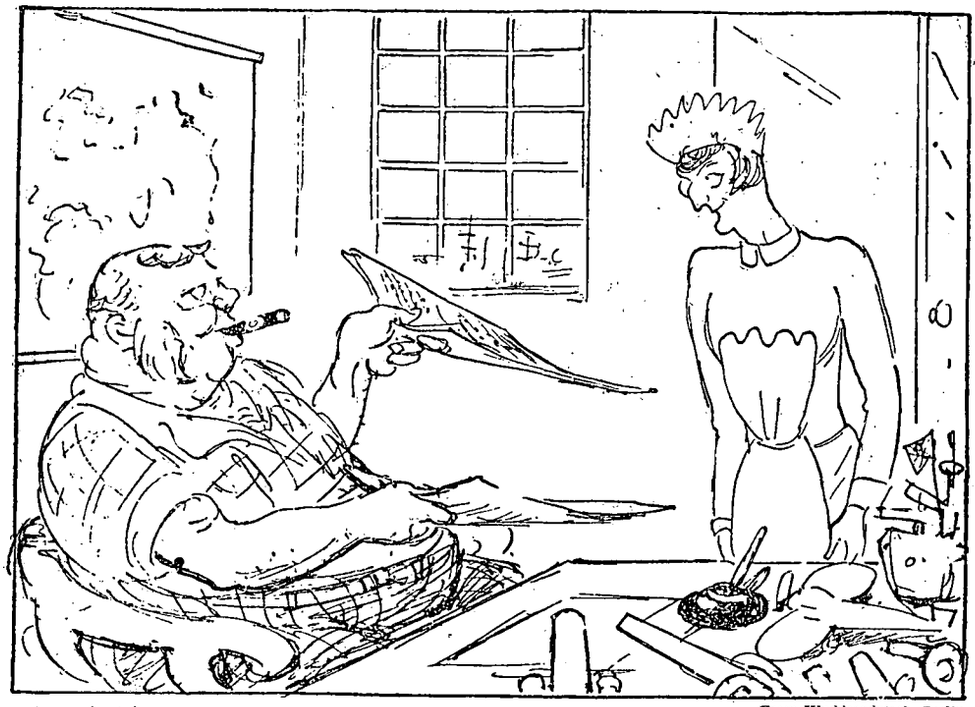

From Kladderadatsch, Berlin

JOHN BULL TO AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN: 'Here is the Kellogg Treaty and here are the new army and navy appropriations. Address them carefully to the proper persons, but for heaven's sake don't mix the envelopes!'

because views have diverged as a result of political considerations, which complicate the problem instead of simplifying it.

FRENCH ideas on this subject have often been contrasted with Anglo-Saxon ideas. To put it more exactly, two theses have confronted each other. One is almost exclusively the thesis of naval powers while the other is that of continental powers. The real opposition is between nations which, for political reasons, are hostile to the principle of conscription, and nations that insist upon conscription as the principle on which their national defense is founded.

The first group would like to have the limitation of peace-time armaments made to apply to a part of the reserves of men with military training which the conscription system provides for the second group. But they do not carry their logic so far as to include — as they might very well do by analogy — the merchant ships which constitute a reserve of matériel and man power far easier to mobilize for war at sea than are the reservists of the land forces in a continental war. Neither will they consent to count the various kinds of civilian experts who, under the mechanical conditions of modern war, might be put to military use immediately on the outbreak of hostilities. In fact, those who favor the limitation of an army's trained reserves would weaken the mobilized power of that army and of the country which it must protect. Under a pretense of limiting what they describe as 'shock power' — although they are not able to define that term — they would simply reduce the 'defensive power' of all countries whose military system is based on conscription. They confuse two conditions — a state of peace and a state of war — which are radically different and which cannot be dealt with in the same way.

When a state goes to war, that war is either legitimate or not, according to whether or not it is waged as a matter of legitimate defense. If a country has the right to defend its territory, no one can deny it also the privilege of having as many trained reserves as it wants. Neither can one deny its right to put them in the front line at the earliest possible moment, to prevent the irreparable destruction due to invasion. If, on the other hand, a country begins an aggressive war, it is only necessary to apply the sanctions authorized by the Covenant of the League of Nations. All the other states, acting with international solidarity, will then intervene at the outset to punish the offending nation.

It is easy to understand why Germany supports the first thesis. The reduction of her armaments is henceforward settled by the Treaty of Versailles, and her participation in the disarmament commission is simply an example of the courtesy which the League of Nations extends to all its members. Being compelled to maintain a professional army, Germany would like to forbid conscription to those states which have forbidden conscription to her. Similarly, she would like to impose on them the same disarmament clauses which they have imposed on her. It is not worth while to revise the Treaty of Versailles out of deference to such an idea, but that is just what Germany is after.

Germany's ideas are easy to explain; but it is hard to understand why the great Anglo-Saxon powers, whose naval supremacy no one dreams of contesting, should be so stubborn in their indirect attack upon the principle of conscription. They like to use as an argument the contrast between their peculiar situation and that of the continental states, but their stubborn insistence on modifying the military system of the latter powers is impractical.

If any satisfactory agreement on the limitation of armaments is reached, it will be reached only by respecting the existing military systems, which are due to social, geographic, and military conditions.

IS THE application of the three principles which I have just enunciated sufficient to persuade governments to limit their defensive armaments by an international convention? What guaranty would each of them require? What assurance would they demand that other signatories have the same respect for that convention? Some say that mutual confidence would be enough. Others demand international control, but France is the only great power to-day which requires identical control for all. If mutual confidence were in itself sufficient, why all the recent discussion? Why conclude any conventions at all? On this important matter of control, the states are divided and the only hope for agreement seems to lie in finding a simple solution. To set limits only on military factors which can easily be verified but not to employ means of control which many governments would refuse — that seems to be the only practical method if we really want to succeed in disarmament. This, as we shall see, excludes certain direct methods of limitation in which control would be impractical.

It need scarcely be added that the problem as raised in the Covenant of the League of Nations cannot be reconciled with the proposal for the suppression of all armaments, which the Soviet delegation felt called upon to offer at Geneva with the avowed purpose of unmasking the capitalistic governments. The two methods are radically different

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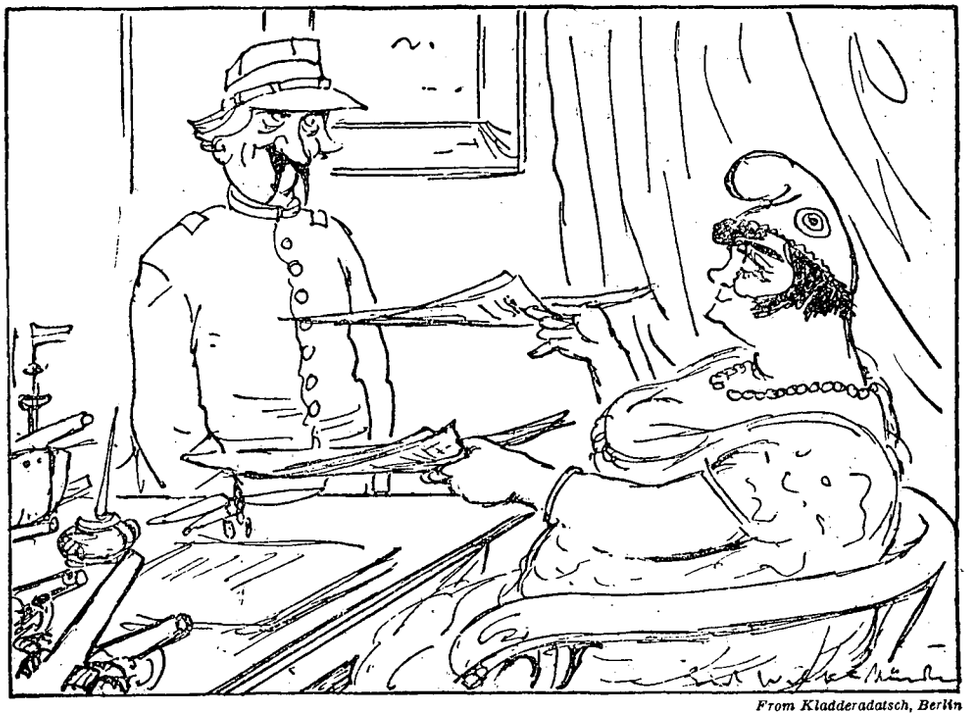
and as M. Paul Boncour said at the time, there is no way of adopting one without rejecting the other. We may add that the method based on the Covenant and followed by the Disarmament Commission could not be applied to the proposal of the Soviets, which was based on a classification of the states and on arbitrarily assigned coefficients of their strength which will for many years be incompatible with security.

To sum up, limitation or reduction of armaments must be based on a subordination of armament reduction to security; on the interdependence of army, navy, and air forces; on the type of military system specially adapted to each state; and on controlling peace-time armaments. As a practical matter, these last are the only armaments that can be limited — with any prospect of checking to make sure the limitations are carried out — without employing means of control that no sovereign state can accept.

If we consider all three types of armament together, it becomes relatively easy to deal with the limitation of armies. What are the controlling factors? Men, equipment, money.



From Kladderadatsch, Berlin

FRANCE TO ARISTIDE BRIAND: 'Here is the Kellogg Treaty and here are the new army and navy appropriations. Address them carefully to the proper persons, but for heaven's sake don't mix the envelopes!'

SO FAR as land armaments are concerned, it is essential to define the man power, the amount of matériel, and the military expenditures that will be allowed in time of peace. These are the only factors with which one can deal because no one can possibly know what expansion of armaments will take place in time of war.

The man power of peace-time armies, however, falls into two categories, both of which can be limited. The first category consists of the men actually in service in the armed forces; the second consists of the men in service in other forces which have a military organization. It includes forces of every sort except the army, which, because of the way in which they are organized, trained, armed, and equipped, can be utilized in time of war without preliminary mobilization. Specific examples are the customs officers, the federal constabulary, and the local police. It is the business of every state to decide for itself the relative importance of these two categories, but an obvious relation between them remains, if only because it is part of the army's duty to help maintain domestic order. A state which needs a relatively strong army for its defense may, therefore, be content with a rather weak police force; whereas a state which enjoys such security that it can get along with a small army may, perhaps, need more police — especially if it must maintain order over an extended area.

If governments agree not to exceed a certain maximum in these two categories taken together, they will avoid possibility of any state's maintaining certain forces under some special name and thus escaping any limitation of any kind.

If, on the other hand, powers which have to deal with the special problems that oversea territories involve — such problems, for example, as pacification, the maintenance of order, and defense — choose to divide their forces into 'metropolitan troops' and 'oversea troops,' their justification in doing so is no less clear.

A COUNTRY'S effective man power has value not only in proportion to its number, but also in proportion to its quality. Certain people have proposed limitation according to quality. Let us, for an instant, examine their fantastic reasoning. Since the quality of an army depends upon the degree of its training, and since this training itself depends on the instructors who give it and the amount of time available for the purpose, they have proposed to limit both the number of instructors and the training time permitted.

Now, the influence of the training cadres on the quality of the army is proportionate to the value and the number of the training cadres themselves. In practice, however, the number of the training cadres is all that matters; for anyone, no matter how ignorant of military questions, must see that every state will certainly try to secure training cadres of the best possible quality. Inferior cadres would train an inferior army; and it costs so much to support an army that one cannot afford to neglect it. It would be ridiculous and futile, therefore, to try to compel a state to support an army which would give no protection in time of danger, because its value had been systematically diminished.

All that remains, therefore, is to limit the number of men in the training cadres. Certain opponents of the conscription system have tried, by doing so, to reduce the strength of the army after its mobilization has been completed. By establishing a certain proportion between the numbers of the training cadres and numbers of the army itself, they would like to hinder the mobilization of conscript armies, which, before they can undertake warlike operations, must mobilize and train their peace-time effectives. Meantime, however, these same people would leave intact the professional armies which are constantly ready for war. Such a short-sighted point of view cannot be admitted.

To make matters worse, this plan would hinder any conceivable reduction of the length of service in conscript armies. In other words, it would prevent the one thing that public opinion most desires: tax reduction. The shorter the term of military service, the more intensive must military training be; and,

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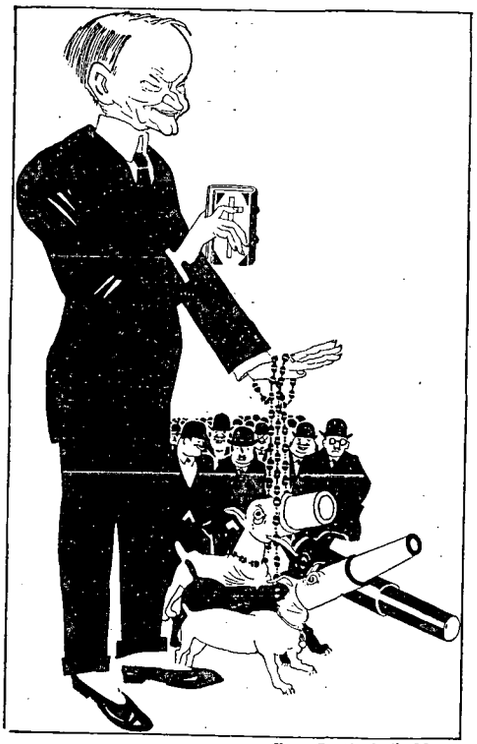
therefore, more instructors are needed. Hence, training cadres must be larger. The Preparatory Disarmament Commission has therefore simply agreed that — in order to prevent the number of officers and non-commissioned officers from exceeding legitimate needs — each army shall submit figures showing the size of the cadres it thinks it needs; and that it shall agree not to exceed the number thus fixed.

THE second element in the quality of armies, length of service, depends on two distinct conditions. The first of these is the time required for instruction, and the second is the necessity of keeping under arms, at all times, enough men to protect a country's territory. The minimum length of time required to train a soldier varies according to the military aptitude of the population in question and according to the amount of money available. The more rapid instruction must be, the more difficult it becomes. As has already been seen, rapid instruction means an increase in the number of instructors. It involves also long and frequent periods in camp and on the target range. It would, therefore, necessitate buying or renting a great deal of land, constructing and maintaining barracks, thus increasing the amount of work required of garrisons, increasing the amount for supporting the troops, and using up uniforms and equipment more rapidly. The ultimate result would be to increase the military budget and therefore increase taxes.

In order to safeguard their territorial integrity, nations must have a certain number of men with the colors. They can, if they like, get them by calling for volunteers serving a long enlistment period which has no relation to the relatively short period served by the conscript army. Such an army is a professional army. This is out of the question for a power which already has a conscript army to maintain, especially if the population is rather small in proportion to the number of men required for its defense. The only way to obtain a sufficient number, therefore, is to increase the length of service; and the weaker the population, the longer that length of service will have to be. Since all these conditions differ in different states, each must remain the sole judge of its own needs, and no system of measurement can be imposed on it from the outside. The Preparatory Disarmament Commission was, therefore, wise in arranging that each state should be free to determine its own length of service. However, so long as the proposed convention remains in force, this duration of service, once fixed, must not be modified in any way that would increase the military power of a signatory state.

MATÉRIEL is certainly the most complex element. Not only does it involve everything that is necessary to train soldiers and arm them, it involves also the indispensable extra equipment which they will receive on mobilization and the necessity of providing arms for the reservists who will join the colors on mobilization.



From Byezbozhnik, Moscow

A SOVIET FLING AT AMERICAN POLICY

BESIDE A PACIFIC and soft-spoken President stand the armed dogs of war.

It is easy to draw a line between the peace-time soldiers, whose number is determined by laws, and the war-time soldiers who exist only on paper; with no other limit except the 'human potential of the country.' But the case is very different where matériel is concerned.

Certain people, being very eager to prevent conscript armies from using their reserves, have sought to attain their purpose by limiting their 'reserves of matériel.' But this expression, though frequently employed, is nevertheless so badly defined that one still sees the delegates of Great Britain and the United States proposing the limitation of stored matériel for land armies, meanwhile vigorously refusing to do the same with their own naval matériel. If a formula could be established, so gross a contradiction would be inexplicable. It is all the more difficult to understand because during the World War all the belligerents used naval matériel with their land forces. This included artillery, armor plate, munitions, and the arms of marines used on land — a striking example of the way in which land and naval armaments are interdependent.

'If that is the case,' say others, 'let us limit all reserve matériel.' But it is not easy to define what reserve matériel is. In time of peace it is usual for armies to replace their matériel as it wears out, by drawing on the supply designed for mobilization; and this supply is then filled up again by the factories. The question therefore rises: Is matériel in the factory or in course of manufacture to be regarded as part of the reserve? If the answer is the affirmative, at what stage of its manufacture is it to be regarded as matériel suited to war? The barrel of a field gun — which is useless without a gun carriage — can always be used to replace a worn-out barrel. A wheel — which is no use by itself — can be used for repair. If, on the other hand, the answer is in the negative, if there is to be no limitation on matériel in the factory, would not this create an obvious danger?

The question becomes still more complicated when, emerging from the purely technical, we pass to application. War matériel is very expensive, and it is natural that governments should try to reduce to a minimum this unproductive expenditure. The paradoxical part is that the larger the country, the easier it is to reduce its war expenses. A highly industrialized state will neither make nor keep on hand in time of peace any more matériel than it actually needs at the very beginning of a war. It knows that in a few months its factories will provide everything it needs. If this state has a high grade of economic development, it can easily — without laying up reserve stores — find on its territory a great deal of matériel without which modern armies cannot live: automobiles of every kind, tires, gasoline, oil, horses, wireless stations, railway supplies. On the other hand, a state which is not industrialized and whose economic development is weak must store up in time of peace the matériel which it will need in time of war.

If, therefore, we try to limit the kind of war matériel in quantity or in weight by the methods that apply to man power, we shall achieve an unfair result. We shall simply limit the poor states; whereas the powerful states will be just as able as ever to utilize their resources to full capacity.

If states are not able to limit the amount of their war matériel, can they

(Continued on page 238)

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The Kellogg Treaty

A Survey of Comment and Opinion from the World's Press

By John Bakeless

Author of *The Economic Causes of Modern War, The Origin of the Next War*

Written especially for THE LIVING AGE

EUROPEAN opinion of the Kellogg Treaty, as reflected in press comment, ranges all the way from an ardent faith which proclaims that now at last the era of the great peace has dawned to cynical reminders that ever since 1914 treaties have been little better than waste paper. These extreme opinions, as might have been expected, are those of the less powerful and consequently less responsible journals. The more important newspapers and weeklies, though their views represent an infinite variation in detail, are pretty well agreed that the Kellogg Treaty represents a distinct advance in international relations; but they also agree in warning their readers against expecting too much or believing that the friends of peace can for a moment relax their vigilance. Many point out that although the powers are perfectly willing to sign peace treaties, they exhibit no enthusiasm for laying aside their armaments, which are now theoretically useless, since every important nation in the world has agreed never to attack any other nation.

THE bitterest sneer is that of *Popolo d'Italia*, which is edited by Arnaldo Mussolini, brother of Il Duce. 'Of course everybody realizes that henceforth and forever peace reigns upon the globe!' it exclaimed sarcastically, after the treaty had been signed. The opposite mood is exhibited in a moving apostrophe to the French Unknown Soldier, which M. Alfred Detrez contributes to *L'Intransigeant:* 'Unknown Soldier, sleeping beneath the Arch of Triumph, there are no more war trumpets to disturb you! Do you hear me? It is a comrade speaking. Mankind is vowing peace.' But *L'Intransigeant*, speaking editorially, is less sanguine. The treaty, it says, 'is not a definite assurance of peace. It is only one more guaranty against war.'

Paris *Temps*, probably by government inspiration, declaims sonorously: 'The solemn declaration thus made in the name of the principal powers interested in the pacific settlement of disputes and likely to be drawn into armed conflict, repudiating war as an instrument of national policy, cannot fail to impress all men of good faith and produce an atmosphere favorable to peace and the development of sound policy.' But in the very next sentence it cautiously qualifies these resounding periods: 'No one believes that the treaty is in itself sufficient to end war.'

M. Marcel de Bare sounds a somewhat similar note of distrust in *La Liberté* (Paris). 'Germany is responsible,' he says, 'if popular confidence in the Kellogg-Briand treaty is not absolute. What is the chief argument of those who object to it? A treaty, they say, has only very relative value if violating it is to anyone's interest. If one shows astonishment when these skeptics set forth their cynical views, they ask, "Have you forgotten, then, the scrap of paper in 1914?"'

M. de Bare thinks he detects a certain uneasiness in the pronouncements of the diplomats who signed the treaty. 'In all their public statements,' he says, 'one observes their care to warn the public against excessive hopes. They are all at pains to specify the fact that the treaty is an important step, but that it cannot completely suppress war if the nations — or their governments — really want to fight.'

L'Oeuvre (Paris) sounds exactly the opposite note. 'If we were not the victims of so many old prejudices, if we had a burning faith and determined will to peace, with what an outburst of enthusiasm we should have greeted yesterday's dawn, and with what enthusiasm our hearts would have swelled,' it wrote the day after the treaty was signed. 'But this first step, which we have had so much difficulty in taking, toward an enduring and continuing peace does not completely reassure us. Mothers are still clasping children who, they still fear, are not safe from the great menace. Skeptical men are murmuring, "It is too good to be true." They do not wish to seem to be deceived. They are still thinking that treaties are only scraps of paper. The will to conquer is the best guaranty of success. The will no longer to run the mad risks of foolish wars is the firmest guaranty of peace. But we do not have the courage to show that will openly. We are afraid of being deceived. We are afraid that someone will say of us, "The French are easy marks!"'

WE MUST not for a moment lose sight of the fact that what we have is simply a declaration of principles,' says the conservative *Journal des Débats*. 'This is not the first time that mankind has believed it saw an era of peace beginning, once for all. Terrible disillusionments have always followed exaggerated hopes, as if to remind the human race that a far-reaching moral reformation — which has certainly not yet been accomplished — is the true condition of peace and that behind all their pacts of universal fraternity many an evil thought is still lurking. The text which the fifteen states have signed will have all the more effect if it is hailed with more modesty and is not regarded as an achievement in itself, but rather as a small beginning which cannot in itself suddenly modify the state of the world, and which, above all, cannot crush out the ambitions, passions, and greeds which are the underlying causes of war.'

M. André Géraud, whose daily column in the *Écho de Paris*, signed 'Pertinax,' is eagerly read throughout Europe, remains unconvinced. He fears that the Kellogg Treaty will interfere with the French defensive treaties and alliances. 'France has devoted herself to building up a network of treaties of guaranty and coöperation, as for example with Belgium and Poland,' he writes. 'Although badly managed, the Locarno Treaty belongs in this category. In future, however, the treaties of guaranty will work much more slowly and with more difficulty. Once the aggressor is determined, the signatories of the treaty of August 27 regain their freedom to make war. But as a practical matter, will not the United States, by virtue of this same treaty, feel justified in making its voice heard and will it not be prejudiced against any signatory so bold as to assail an aggressor without previously securing their moral support? And will not this paralyze or delay resistance to an aggressor?'

René Marchand, who is famous for his revelation in *Un Livre Noir* of the pre-War scheming of Entente diplomats and who therefore has no particular reason

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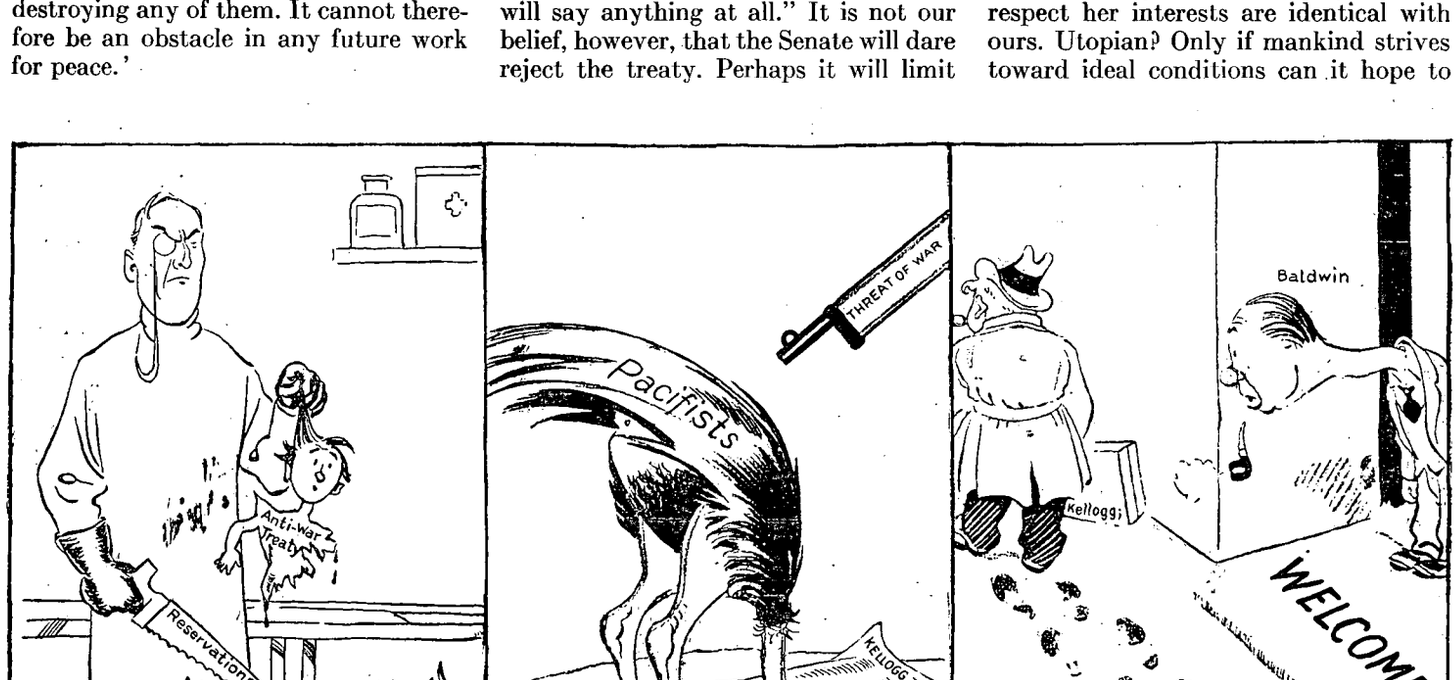
for trusting the methods of modern diplomacy, takes an optimistic view of the treaties. In *La Volonté* (Paris), he hails the treaty as a first step toward European federation. 'Although it is still too great a conception for some minds among us, the American idea of a United States of Europe, as the only thing that can assure us a prosperous and rational existence, unquestionably is the future formula to which even the most out-of-date nationalists will one day have to subscribe. . . . The Kellogg Treaty, by cementing an effective agreement among the European states to guarantee the present equilibrium from the threat of another conflict, establishes the basis we need for a unified Europe.'

On the day of the signing M. M. Hamel wrote in the Parisian trade-union newspaper, *Le Peuple:* 'Let us not attempt to say that the agreement signed to-day will make war forever impossible. But it will render the application of force in international relations more difficult. It will make more concrete the nations' desire for peace, it may provide a new basis for the reorganization of the world. It is no more than a great promise, but so fine a promise that it makes one wish to transform it into solid reality.

'The merit of the Briand-Kellogg Treaty is that it adds a moral element to guaranties already existing, without destroying any of them. It cannot therefore be an obstacle in any future work for peace.'

IN AN editorial article headed '*Le Pacte au double visage*,' the *Journal de Genève* observes: 'It is possible to have two contradictory but equally well founded opinions on the Pact which the representatives of the greatest powers in the world are signing in Paris. It all depends whether you look at it from the European or the American viewpoint. For Europe, the treaty to which Mr. Kellogg's name is attached — though he is not its author — marks a considerable step forward on the road to peace. But for Latin America and some other parts of the world, it marks a retrogression when compared with the Covenant of the League.' William Martin, the famous editorial writer whose articles are a feature of the *Journal de Genève* and are widely read, suggests that the real meaning of the treaty is that 'American and British imperialism are proceeding to divide the world between them,' an opinion which is echoed by the Russian press. In a subsequent article M. Martin speculates on the possible rejection of the treaty by the Senate: 'The other day an American asked this question in a club: "What will Europe think if the American Senate declines to ratify the treaty?" The reply was full of feeling: "Europe is so used to seeing the American Senate reject treaties negotiated by the American Government that nobody will say anything at all." It is not our belief, however, that the Senate will dare reject the treaty. Perhaps it will limit the treaty or give it a restrictive interpretation. But *arrière-pensées* and mental reservations fortunately cannot accomplish much against written texts, objective facts, and historical necessity.'

IN BERLIN, *Germania*, the moderate organ of the Catholic Centre Party, compares the Kellogg Treaty to the mediæval effort to limit warfare by the 'truce of God.' It expresses the hope that 'the treaty of 1928 will bring to realization the dreams of peace of the year 1028.' Writing in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Herr Herbert von Hindenburg, a member of the German diplomatic service who is distantly related to President von Hindenburg, reviews at length the history of the Bryan treaties, which France and England signed in 1914, but which Germany did not sign, thereby making possible the American declaration of war against her in 1917. Regarding this as one of the worst mistakes of German diplomacy, Herr von Hindenburg takes a distinctly hopeful view of the Kellogg Treaty. 'Again to-day we hear the voices of those who think the Kellogg Treaty Utopian, or those who suspect the United States of some scheme for enslaving the rest of the world. It is perfectly clear that America needs a peaceful world in which people are producing and consuming. In this respect her interests are identical with ours. Utopian? Only if mankind strives toward ideal conditions can it hope to



From Izvestia, Moscow

A RUNNING COMMENT ON THE PEACE TREATY FROM *Izvestia*, SOVIET OFFICIAL DAILY

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: I. At last the Kellogg Pact is acceptable to England too! II. Incident from the Life of the Ostrich. III. Welcome!

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make life endurable upon this globe of ours. The new Germany, devoted to peace, will find herself on the right road if she adheres without reservation to the humane American proposal whose previous history is so interesting — though so regrettable — for us Germans.'

FROM Czechoslovakia comes the somewhat doubting voice of the *Prager Tageblatt*. 'Europe knows that the peace it has to-day is by no means an ideal peace, but Europe is struggling to retain it, knowing that even such a peace is better than none.' The *Tageblatt* also makes the point that the peace treaty has led to no reduction in armaments. 'We shall be completely at ease,' it says, 'only when no more air manœuvres are being held over London or any other city, when no more armored cruisers are built, and when the old weapons are laid aside.' This view of the matter is very frequent.

From La Semana, Havana

A SPANISH AMERICAN VIEW OF THE PEACE TREATY

UNCLE SAM: 'What inspired poetry! Keep on reading, my little man.'

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, in a series of syndicated articles which have been published throughout the world, makes the same point when he says, 'The rejoicing amongst the genuine advocates of peace based on judgment and not on violence has been abated considerably by the reservations demanded by France (reëchoed by Britain) and accepted by Mr. Kellogg in his famous speech.'

THE Paris Communist daily, *Humanité*, frankly sneers: '"Outlaw" war? Why, French imperialism is already increasing the military budget for 1929 by a billion francs, calling up reserves, and planning an economic mobilization! . . . The workers will not let themselves be ensnared by the "pacifist" declarations of the profiteers who make money out of slaughter. They will range themselves behind the red flag of Communism.'

THE Americans, the British, the Italians, the Czechoslovaks, and the rest are under no illusions as to the significance of this treaty,' says the conservative *Figaro* (Paris). 'Not a warship the less in the British fleet, not a single cannon the less in Italy! We shall presently see our politicians, journalists, professors, schoolmasters taking the treaty as a text for sermons on "moral disarmament." That is, they will set to work to strangle the military virtues which are not merely the source of great and warlike deeds, but the support of all civilization. The existence of the treaty will afford encouragement for a reduction of effort in a democratic society which is already only too much inclined to let things slip.

'Here is Germany, through M. Stresemann's mouth, declaring herself ready to abandon her national industry — war. That is all very well, but does anyone think that she will at the same time give up her imperialistic ideas? See her — already alive, hard at work, producing, growing, throwing out blandishments toward Austria. Peace is the means that she will use to conquer the world now that she has been disappointed in war. She is hard at it already.'

FROM the Viennese Socialist newspaper, *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, comes a bitter and skeptical wail. Reminding its readers of the high hopes with which the Peace Conference was greeted and their ultimate disillusion, it exclaims sarcastically: 'Foreign ministers and diplomats whose business it is to make political preparations for war — these are the men who renounce it! It is as if the great freebooters should assemble and sign a treaty for the exploitation of the poor. All the fundamental hocus-pocus and insincerity of bourgeois society finds its expression in this diplomatic assemblage in Paris. Even Kellogg, the man whose name the treaty bears, and who discovered the formula about 'renouncing war as an instrument of national policy,' comes from the very nation that has reduced the little Latin American republics to the worst kind of slavery with its marines and has done the same to the greater Latin American republics with its millions; from the very country that wants to build itself the greatest fleet on earth and enter into an armament competition with Great Britain and Japan.'

THE London *Spectator*, always interested in furthering the cause of world peace or improving Anglo-American relations, regards the Treaty with rather temperate approval. 'This,' it says, 'is the best we can do in a world where nations are at different stages of civilization or hold different views of religion or morality, for who can say that no Asiatic or even African race may ever run amok? But such a solemn declaration of high purpose by the leading nations of two hemispheres is a mighty bulwark against war. More and more will every nation susceptible of shame feel that it cannot begin a war. That is the spirit which the world is rightly trying to foster. Written treaties may be broken by governments who are careless of honor or frightened of holding to the consequences, though a rupture may lead logically to war: but war will not follow if the spirit has thriven which makes the public opinion of every nation say, "We cannot begin a war." It is the duty of the world to foster this spirit, not only for our own generation: even more do we owe it to the next. . . . It is for us to see that our successors grow up, not merely struggling to avoid war, but simply not considering war as an instrument to hand. Towards this frame of mind the Pact is another step on the road along which the League is marching.'

'The whole affair looks like a cloudy sunrise,' says the Tory *Saturday Review* (London). Its reasons are bluntly stated: 'There has been too much wavering, backing, and bargaining about this Pact. People have not forgotten that Mr. Kellogg himself declared it at first to be "fantastic and visionary," while the reaction of President Coolidge was decidedly unfavorable; that when America finally made up her mind to mother it, the change was supposed to be a covert attack against the League of Nations; finally, that this so-called outlawry of war includes war in its very wording. When Mr. Kellogg says that it debars

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no nation from its right to self-defense, the admission means nothing if not that it is the duty of a nation to be sufficiently armed, which, less than a fortnight ago, President Coolidge was solemnly proclaiming. Plain newspaper readers find it difficult to reconcile the idea of sufficient armament with the idea of disarmament.'

'Whether the spectacular ceremony, of which at least the sounds and speeches were broadcast all over Europe and America, represented a landmark in the history of civilization or merely an episode of political farce, is a question which no one at present can answer with confidence,' says an editorial note in the *New Statesman*, London Labor weekly. 'We are not altogether cynical or hopeless about the value of this new Pact, but we should certainly like to see some concrete evidence of the coming of the new spirit which it should bring — if it means anything at all.'

The *Nation and Athenæum* (London), which reflects the views of Mr. John Maynard Keynes, author of *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, adopts a slightly skeptical but on the whole open-minded attitude: 'The value of the Pact depends on what follows its signature. No reference to unpleasant actualities, such as the Rhineland, was allowed to mar the harmonies of the proceedings; but it is by such questions that the sincerity of the signatories will be tested.'

In a leading article elsewhere in the same issue, the *Nation and Athenæum* is a little more optimistic: 'For the first time, the idea of war as a means to an end is definitely ruled out of court, instead of merely being relegated to the position of a last resort.'

THERE is singularly little discussion of British and French reservations, but the few writers who do comment think them unwise. Robert Dell, a well known student of foreign affairs with distinctly Labor sympathies, writes in The *New Leader*, a London Labor weekly, 'Sir Austen Chamberlain has been allowed to torpedo the Kellogg Pact. We are still tied to France as we have been since 1904, although it is plain enough now that, if there had been no Entente, there would probably have been no war.'

In a series of articles on the treaty and its implications which he contributes to the *Manchester Guardian*, Mr. W. Arnold-Forster proposes that the various governments which have made reservations shall gradually abandon them. 'The reservations — or rather the declarations made by some of the chief signatories — are extremely damaging,' he writes, 'and criticism of these reserves may easily lead people to suppose that the Pact itself is worthless, or even that all pacts, all treaties are valueless. The Pact, once ratified, will remain ready for whatever use we can make of it, whereas the declarations can be interpreted away or presently thrown over. So, whilst we work for the annulment of the reservations, we should be careful not to defeat the first object of the Pact.'

The *Guardian* editorially expresses its fear that 'the Pact, taken in conjunction with the reservations, involves no new obligations which diplomacy could not get round if it wanted to. The obligation not to make war is negatived by the reservation retaining every state's right to declare that any specific war has only been undertaken in self-defense. The value of the Pact, therefore, as has often been said, is not legalistic but moral.'

European editors who favor the reservations apparently prefer to say nothing about them. In Japan, however, *Chugai Shogyo*, a leading commercial paper, says bluntly that 'the treaty is by no means ideal, but has been made practical through incorporation of several reservations and exceptions.'

THE Russian press greets the Pact with scant enthusiasm. It fears that the signing of the treaty will have no lasting effects and that there is an immediate danger that the world may again fall into two great groups striving for mastery as in 1914. *Izvestia* suggests that these groups may be headed by England and America. *Pravda* regards Germany as America's only friend in Europe. To a certain extent, however, this opinion must be discounted as an attitude ordinarily to be expected on the part of the Soviet press toward any achievement of the 'capitalistic' governments.

JAPANESE opinion seems to favor the treaty. Tokio *Nichi Nichi* declares that 'incomplete as it is, it should be valued because it is a link connecting America and the League.' This last suggestion is not made in Europe, which has learned by bitter experience that American participation in the League is not a likelihood of the immediate future. Osaka *Mainichi*, however, says much the same thing: 'The immediate effect of the treaty is the participation of America in the international concert.' But *Mainichi* qualifies its enthusiasm with the observation that 'the authorization of defensive war and the absence of sanctions are notorious defects.' *Hochi* says that 'the outlawry treaty will not be sufficient to stamp out the causes of war, but it will at least help to prevent hostilities.'

A SURVEY of the foreign press leaves one with the distinct impression that Europe is on the whole more inclined to be skeptical than America or Japan. To the Old World, with its ancient jealousies, the problems of war and peace are more immediate and more vital than to the New; and in consequence it is likely to scan proposed panaceas with a more critical eye.

One can discern at least two general trends in European press comment. As a group, Continental editors are glad to pass over the reservations and their bearing on the treaty's prospects of success. This is presumably due to a desire to have it taken for granted that the reservations are part and parcel of the treaty itself. British journals, on the other hand, discuss the reservations frankly and do not hesitate to suggest that reservations made by their own Foreign Office may prove stumbling blocks, and should be withdrawn.

Throughout Europe there is a general tendency to ask the obvious question: 'What effect will the treaty have on disarmament?' Though a few optimists may hope that it will at least be followed by a reduction in armaments, the more general inclination is to survey the tremendous strength of modern armies and navies and to ask whether any peace treaty signed by the powers which support them can possibly survive.

One slight but significant indication that all is not yet concord among the nations is the almost invariable French designation of the treaty as the 'Briand-Kellogg treaty,' whereas in the United States it is usually called simply the 'Kellogg treaty.'

Photo Wide World

THE PEN WITH WHICH THE DELEGATES OF FIFTEEN NATIONS SIGNED THE TREATY OUTLAWING WAR

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Clashing Races in the Pacific Area

Will the Disturbed Equilibrium of the White, Yellow, and Black Races Prove the Cause of Future Conflict?

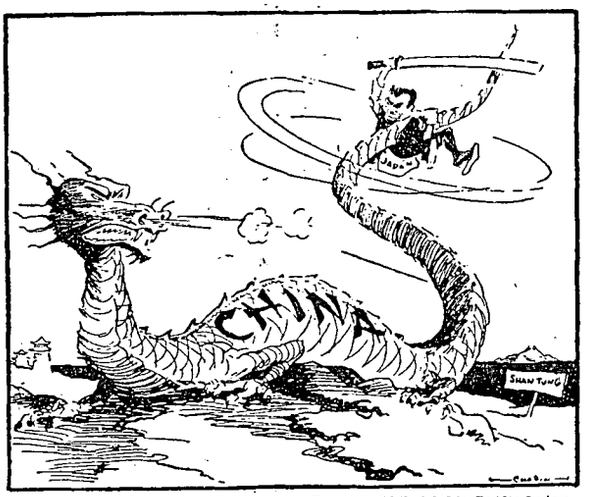
By André Duboscq

Author of *Les Problèmes du Pacifique*

Translated from *Le Correspondant*, Paris Catholic Biweekly

INTERNATIONAL conflicts are not always the result of rivalries or alliances between nations; they may arise also from the evolution of civilization itself.

Japan's victorious war against China at the end of the last century, for instance, was the result of the evolution of Japanese civilization toward a European ideal; such, also, was her subsequent victory over Russia. The Persian, Turkish, and Chinese revolutions and the nationalist movements in India and in Egypt are likewise the result of national evolution. Among the causes of the World War itself bulks large the evolution of certain Oriental races, — a development which was proving a stumbling block to the expansionist ambitions of European nations. History, if one looks at it in the proper light, is merely the political aspect of the convulsive growth of civilizations. In the Pacific area these racial convulsions have given rise to an extremely knotty problem.



From the Philadelphia Public Ledger

THE DRAGON WAKES UP AGAIN

A CARTOON which gives expression to American preference for China and fails to take into account the underlying community of interests of Japanese and Chinese.

AS THE masses of Asia have come into closer and closer contact with Europeans, they have grown more and more dissatisfied with the miserable material conditions under which they live. Suddenly grown greedy for the high standard of living which they see prevailing in the West, they are disposed to adopt our methods in so far as these can be turned to their own advantage. That sometimes means turned against us. The normal and undisturbed development of such peoples would ordinarily require centuries. But the peoples of modern Asia are demanding that their desires be satisfied immediately. Under such conditions, anarchy is inevitable.

The nations whose interest it is to oppose this anarchy are, therefore, confronted by the problem of finding the proper weapons with which to fight it.

This problem, grave enough in itself, is not the only one. There exists also the no less threatening possibility that a more and more general desire on the part of the Asiatics for a higher standard of living and complete freedom (an individualistic desire, which expresses itself politically as nationalism) will cause not merely friction with Europeans and Americans, but a real race conflict.

Here we are confronted with what I call 'racialism,' as it grows out of the evolutionary convulsions of the peoples who live on the shores of the Pacific. Racialism does not exclude nationalism; and like nationalism, it expresses itself on a practical plane in a definite political policy. But, whereas nationalism works toward a sort of concentration or consolidation of a nation, and toward wildly individualistic demands by a nation, racialism leads to an expansion which is limited only by the common interests of the peoples who have grouped themselves together. In other words, nationalism corresponds to the national egotism which statesmen dare not forget if they wish to be true to their trust, and which they therefore must defend on all occasions. Racialism corresponds to the masses' awakening consciousness of their common interests, regardless of national frontiers.

The Asiatics are holding conferences with the aim of allying themselves in a struggle against the white race. The whites, in their turn, if they are not actually grouping themselves for this struggle, at least are actuated by the same racial spirit as the Asiatics. One Western nation forbids its territory to the yellow race; another gives up an alliance with the yellow people, or refuses to carry on economic negotiations with them for fear of being drawn into some political alliance. These racial groupings give rise to political groupings, and bring in their train the possibility of dangerous racial conflict.

SCIENTIFICALLY speaking, there is, of course, no such thing as race, except in the physical sense of the term. But anthropologists have not sufficiently popularized the scientific meaning of the word to prevent our using it in a less exact sense. In practice, we observe similarities of many kinds among the individuals comprising a race other than our own. There is a striking and inexplicable analogy between them which makes us feel that here is a species of man to which we do not belong, — a 'race' different from ours.

In the Americas, racial conflict is nothing new. At the time of the world-wide convulsion caused by the French Revolution, racial struggles grew furious in the United States, where people of so many different nationalities had gathered. It required eleven long years (1789–1800) finally to establish the social and financial supremacy and the political authority of the Anglo-Saxons.

Until the time of the Civil War, the flood of immigrants to the United States brought no difficulties in its train. There was plenty of room for all in a nation which could still spread westward without affecting the dominant position of the Anglo-Saxons. Even the negro, since he was held in slavery, did not disturb racial peace. The Civil War, however, strengthened patriotic feelings, and the ruling race sought to unify the nation to its own profit. After the war, although the sudden increase in the number of immigrants from the Mediterranean countries did not overwhelm the Anglo-Saxons, it certainly blocked their plans. There broke out a keen struggle between the Mediterranean immigrants and the 'Nordics.' This

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struggle is still going on, and has taken on a significance for the whole Pacific area which was totally unforeseen when it began.

One might have expected the World War to bring about a reconciliation of the various races within the United States; on the contrary, it only seemed to reveal the full extent of the racial problem. From 1914 to 1917, there was a hot struggle between the Anglo-Saxons and those elements of the population which were of purely Teutonic origin. Later, the negroes who had been drafted in 1917–18 at the same time as the whites, and who were proud of it, came back and tried to conduct themselves in the streets of New York with the same freedom that they had enjoyed in European cities. The reaction was not long in coming, and it was brutal.

From Kladderadatsch, Berlin

JOHN BULL: 'Peoples of Asia, this is for your own greatest good.'

BUT in the Western Hemisphere there is another racial problem of far wider scope. The negro problem in the United States is a purely domestic affair. This is not true of the problem of the yellow races, which in its beginning was solely Californian, but has now become international.

The occupation of the Philippine Islands by the United States in 1898 marked a shift in the politics of the Pacific area which opened a new era in the history of the world. The establishment of Americans close to Asia greatly disturbed those nations which were accustomed to consider the United States as an essentially Atlantic power. These included Japan and the European countries which traded with China and whose appetite had not yet been satisfied.

Japan was making ready to play a rôle worthy of her capabilities in the Far East, above all in China, where she was greatly aided by the affinity existing between the two races. She was proud of having been able to fuse modern Western civilization with the old civilization which she had inherited from China, and she planned shortly to take the lead in the renaissance of Asia. The disappointment caused her by the arrival of American intruders in Asian waters greatly strengthened her imperialistic desires. It was at this time that the Japanese invasion of the Americas began; and it proceeded so systematically that the emigrants seemed to be obeying a single command. In 1890, there were only 2,000 Japanese in the United States; in 1900, there were 24,000; in 1920, there were 110,000.

The Japanese in the United States do not mix with other races. The Chinese, on the other hand, are assimilated much more quickly than is usually believed. The Japanese do not adopt the way of life of those around them, and do not demand as high wages as others are getting. They drive out white farm labor (two-thirds of the Japanese are farmers) by working for low wages. Soon they demand more money, weaken their employers by going on strike, and finally rent or buy the farms upon which they have been working. Then their relatives or friends appear and begin to work fourteen, sixteen, even eighteen hours a day. Thus labor competition results in what amounts to a substitution of one race for another.

Since 1904, California has been worried. Year by year her fear has increased, and during the period from 1916 to 1924, she passed a number of protective measures which ended by the prohibition of Asiatic immigration, Japanese included, through the complete exclusion of those races ineligible for naturalization. This, of course, meant a smarting wound to Japanese self-respect, for the Japanese saw themselves lumped with the other peoples of Asia in the same exclusion measure. But anyone who studies such questions will see that beneath pride and egotism and fear is always the race problem, and that this is above all a question of the disturbance of racial equilibrium.

THE exigencies of domestic politics, and the desire to set up a homogeneous nation based upon Anglo-Saxon civilization, may lead the American Government into taking measures which will some day become sources of grave difficulties for the United States and for other nations.

Immigration laws are effective only in so far as those who make them are strong enough to impose them upon others. It is the Japanese who suffer most from the American immigration laws. What is their reaction to them? The Japanese have adopted a policy of conciliation and prudence in their relations with the Great Powers; at the same time, however, they are strongly pro-Chinese. In spite of friction, in spite of the often serious clashes which have taken place between Chinese and Japanese in recent years, and particularly during the past few months, an increasing number of Japanese statesmen back a conciliatory policy toward China. Japan has definitely renounced the aggressively imperialist Chinese policy which characterized the Okuma Cabinet. 'Japanese policy toward China,' says an official pamphlet sent this year to Japanese officials, 'must be based upon mutual assistance and coöperation, with the economic development of the Orient in view.' The fact that an economic purpose has been given to Chino-Japanese collaboration is worth remembering.

The peaceful method by which Japan can solve her over-population problem is to increase her wealth by developing her industries. To do so she needs raw materials and markets. Once this became clear, her desire for political dominance in Manchuria became a desire for economic dominance. Manchuria has become in Japanese eyes an industrial base for the conquest of the Chinese market.

One should remember also that it is no longer against China that the aggressive fire of Count Okuma is directed.

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To-day one may read statements like the following from his pen: 'The tyranny of the Anglo-Saxons at the Peace Conference (1919) has angered men and the gods.' Okuma has set up an Indo-Japanese Association. 'All men are born equal,' says the first article of its constitution. 'Asiatics have just as much right as Europeans to be called men. It is, therefore, absolutely unreasonable for Europeans to arrogate to themselves the right to dominate Asiatics.'

The Japanese were the most numerous and most fervent delegates to the Pan-Asiatic Conferences held at Nagasaki in 1926 and at Shanghai in 1927. Of course, these conferences did not have the scope for which their organizers had hoped; but, in spite of that, they offered one more indication of the fact that Asiatic intellectuals — Japanese, Chinese, Hindus, Koreans, Filipinos — mean to unite against Europe and America. Although these conferences served to make clear a number of obstacles to the setting up of a lasting Pan-Asiatic League, the mere fact that they took place, even under precarious conditions, is significant. 'Any movement which centers in Asia, with her infinite resources and her eager peoples, no matter how humble its beginnings may be,' wrote the *Osaka Mainichi*, 'cannot be ignored.'

THE 'human flood' which threatens to submerge sparsely populated areas such as California, is already submerging the archipelagos of the Pacific. Immigration laws still protect the American and Australian continents against it; but no such laws provide defense for the native populations of Oceania. Even in Hawaii, where the United States, having given up the right to fortify the Philippines, means to make certain of having a powerful naval base, Asiatic — principally Japanese — immigration has made such progress during the last twenty years that Asiatics now constitute the majority of the population.

TO OPPOSE the tendencies described above, the Anglo-Saxon nations at the Washington Naval Conference outlined a Pacific policy which greatly surprised certain European governments. The defense of the white race seemed more important than all else to the American and British delegates. It seemed even more important in British eyes than the maintenance of the equilibrium which had been created by the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Questions of race took precedence over political questions when it became a matter of 'defending that essential thing, a way of life, a standard of living, a civilization.' The conception of a 'white Australia' is to be explained in the same way. 'It is not a political theory, but a gospel.'

The United States is worried over the heterogeneous character of its population, in spite of the fact that foreigners who visit the country report considerable progress toward racial unification. Indeed it is now very difficult by looking at an American child to guess the racial origin of its parents. Latins, and even Slavs, after two or three generations have practically the same appearance as the descendants of the Puritans, and the same features as the original Anglo-Saxon stock. Nevertheless, the Americans are not sure of themselves; they do not consider themselves a fully developed race. They feel that those things which increase wealth and industrial power do not serve to unify a people. Perhaps the world may some day be made *uniform* by using the same tools and the same technical processes, and by the increasing facility of communication and transportation; but it is not this which will *unite* the world. For, as some one has said, 'The essence of matter is that it separates; men can communicate with one another only in terms of the non-material.' The Americans seem to feel that this is true, and it worries them more than it worries others, because in their case the need for communication between races is especially pressing.

THE political institutions of a nation play a far smaller part in shaping its destiny than the actual qualities and faults of its people. An example of this is the contrast between the United States, inhabited by Anglo-Saxons, and the nations of South America, peopled with native Indians and a scattering of Spanish and Portuguese. In spite of the fact that these South American nations have the same political institutions as the United States (congresses, cabinets, separation of powers), they have never gained the political stability that the United States enjoys, and dictatorship is the rule among them.

Spirit and tradition may prove not only obstacles to the development of a race, but also causes of actual decadence, if a race refuses to adapt itself to the necessities of the times. A race draws its strength from the past. The longer it has existed, the more closely its spirit depends upon the past and the more difficulty it finds in adapting itself to the conditions of the modern world. In countries which may be said to have no past, the spirit of the race is constantly being modified by the progress of events, and adapts itself with no difficulty whatsoever. This explains the difference between the United States and the republics of South America. It explains also the fact that these latter nations, together with Mexico, do not exclude the yellow peoples, but welcome them and sometimes even take measures to persuade them to come. They are not afraid that their national spirit will be deformed by immigration. They feel that assimilation will take place to a greater or less degree, and that in any case their traditions are strong enough not to be affected by newcomers.

On the other hand the United States, which is seeking to become something more than a mass of individuals thrown together willy-nilly, dreads immigration. As American political stability and economic development increase, the United States closes its doors more and more completely to foreigners.

Outside the English-speaking countries, therefore, exclusionism does not hold sway in the Pacific area. Among the many nations on the shores of the Pacific, what I have called *racialism*, the bond of racial solidarity which tends to grow up between peoples, applies only to the United States and the British dominions.

Now mutual affection plays no part in their rapprochement. It is partly to be accounted for by the feeling of the necessity of defending themselves against an eventual Asiatic aggressor; and furthermore the United States and the British dominions are so closely united by business relations that they are naturally tempted to coöperate politically. American exported products are enormously popular in Canada and in Australia; the value of the goods sold by Canada and by British Oceania to the United States has increased more than 200 per cent. in the last fifteen years. Neither statesmanship nor economic interest, however, are by themselves sufficient to explain a rapprochement which forces the peoples who are a party to it to ignore natural prejudice. The defense of the white race is the only sufficiently strong motive.

IN SPITE of the fact that nations like Great Britain and France once had a certain part in maintaining the supremacy of the white race, it seems that in the Pacific area at present it is to the United States that the task of representing the interests of that race falls. One gets the impression that the British Government is willing to abandon this rôle to the United States, provided that the British dominions continue to give political allegiance to the mother country. We must allow, of course, for British opportunism and the incomparable grace

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with which London changes her policies to suit her needs. But in any case the dominions, which have no desire to be the cause of strained relations between the United States and England, are quite willing to render this allegiance. The charter of November 19, 1926, marks an evolution rather than a break in the relations between Great Britain and her dominions. Anything which might indicate that the dominions are dependent upon the government of Great Britain is eliminated, but the rôle of the Crown as the centre of the Empire is carefully preserved.

However this may be, there seems no doubt that the white powers in the Pacific area are beginning to group themselves according to a principle no longer based primarily upon political interests, but rather upon racial interests. Indeed it does not seem that American public opinion fully realizes the primary rôle that the United States is called upon to play in this association of powers. It is only in the western states, where the opposition between the yellow and white races becomes obvious, that a feeling of the need for solidarity and defense has arisen, because in San Francisco or Los Angeles not a day passes when one does not meet a Japanese in the streets. But the United States Government has already begun to assume this new rôle; and the Washington Naval Conference, where the Americans boasted of having broken the Anglo-Japanese alliance, came as a rude awakening to Europeans. It was a move of doubtful wisdom, but it nevertheless indicated an American desire for moral supremacy in the Pacific area.

WHEN one realizes what tremendous obstacles are placed in the way of the immigration of the yellow race into the United States, and how the Americans seek to hold down the negroes who are already there, one can understand how disturbed the Americans are over the nearness of a country like Mexico. Mexico has about 15,000,000 inhabitants of whom only 2,000,000 are whites. The rest are Indians or half-breeds. By a law passed October 31, 1925, Mexico opened wide her doors to immigration; and the worst is that the half-breeds, because they hate the whites, and the Indians, because they hate the whites and the half-breeds, both favor Japanese immigration. The Japanese, after their exclusion from the United States, were glad enough to send a part of their steadily growing population to Mexico. Not only do Japanese farmers come to work there, but Mexico sells Japan large quantities of raw materials. Commercial relations between the two countries are controlled by a treaty signed on October 8, 1924.

Perhaps Mexico has not been prudent in offering unrestricted entrance to Japanese immigrants. The Asiatic flood, once it reaches its height, is not easily stemmed. I have already pointed out that this proved true in the case of the Hawaiian Islands, and it is to precisely this possibility that California hesitated to expose herself. In any case, Brazil, where the Japanese have been well received, has shown more foresight. Commenting upon the arrival of a Japanese commission in Rio de Janeiro, the *Jornal do Brazil* says: 'We dare not open our doors wide to the Japanese. On the other hand, it would not be wise for us to close them completely. The best course is to set a definite limit on the number of these foreigners allowed to enter the country, in order that we may have nothing to fear from them in case they prove unassimilable. This problem should be settled by foresighted legislation, aimed to spare future generations a terrible racial problem.'

This indicates a prudent doubt on the part of the Brazilians concerning the assimilability of Asiatics, in spite of the fact that the long-established traditions of the country offer a strong guaranty against deformation of the national spirit by foreigners. It should be pointed out, however, that the Japanese have already acquired considerable territory in Brazil and that they are always ready to take more, with the intention, already partly realized in the South, of laying out great cotton plantations. In Peru also, Japanese business men plan to acquire vast areas for raising cotton.

In summary, it may be said that Japanese emigrants are regularly finding their way to Latin America. For the moment, they are going principally to Brazil and Peru, because the Mexican situation is so troubled; but Japanese relations with all three of these countries have increased a hundred fold in the last twenty years. It should be remarked that the same thing cannot be said of Chile, where fear of Japanese immigration is even more marked than it is in Brazil.

IT IS dissimilarity of mental temperament which is the principal cause of discord and of hatred between races. Men who feel differently, who gain different impressions from the same events, can understand each other only with difficulty. Races are separated also by conflicting interests, by differences of religion, and by divergent political theories. But religious hatreds, although they are no less strong, are not so conspicuous as they were in earlier days. The World War showed just how far hatreds arising from a clash of interests or from opposing political policies can go.

Among people who have come from the four corners of the earth to live together in the United States, seeds of discord are so numerous that, unless serious disturbances are to break out, the government must find a solution for the race problem. It is not easy to deal with; in attempting to solve it, unless one proceeds with the greatest tact, one risks adding a fresh cause of discord to those which one is attempting to eliminate. The race problem in the United States has already succeeded in irritating Europeans, in arousing the suspicions of South Americans, and in humiliating Asiatics.

Although the means adopted so far by the United States in solving its race problem are hardly designed to please others, the ideal sought is admittedly difficult of attainment. I say ideal advisedly, for the Anglo-Saxons in the United States, in seeking racial unity, are actuated by something more than mere ambition, or desire to form a homogeneous nation. They also feel a need for moral unity which explains, if it does not justify, their bluntness and the tactlessness. To attain this ideal the Puritan must needs exalt himself and develop a certain mystical spirit. It must not be forgotten that although out of 120,000,000 inhabitants of the United States, 50,000,000 declare that they have no religious affiliations, many among the remaining 70,000,000 believe in a 'modernism' which is at once mystical and practical, and according to which assistance rendered by Providence is to be gauged by the profits one makes each year. Finally, since it is true that 'men may communicate with one another only in terms of the non-material,' perhaps the need for moral unity among the Anglo-Saxons of the United States, through whatever of the spiritual and the noble it implies, will suggest better methods of procedure, and, thanks to them, be some day satisfied.

The reader may draw his own conclusion and may judge whether the obvious lack of equilibrium among the races of the Pacific area does or does not compromise peace. He may judge whether the conflict, feared by so many, is to be merely a conflict of interests, or is perhaps also to be a conflict of races.

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As Others See Us

American Policies, Politics, and People in the Searchlight of Foreign Criticism

If Edison Were German — !

A Munich daily newspaper, the *Allgemeine Zeitung am Abend*, amuses its readers by explaining satirically why Thomas A. Edison's career would have been impossible if the great inventor had chanced to be born in Munich. Unlike most European satire on American subjects, this is all directed at Old World conservatism and betrays a note of distinct admiration for the New World.

'Edison began his career as a self-made man by becoming a newsboy, when he was twelve years old,' says the '*A. Z.*,' as the *Allgemeine Zeitung* is familiarly called. 'He couldn't have done that in Munich. It is true that we allow a twenty-one-year-old boy to direct a gigantic trust, over here, but you have to be twenty-five before you are allowed to sell newspapers.

'Edison improved his trade in newspapers by crying his wares. The Munich police would have put a stop to that pretty quickly!

'Edison began his career without a penny. That would never do in Munich. For if he had stood on a street corner to sell his papers he would have had to pay from a hundred to a hundred and fifty marks for the privilege.

'Edison would have had no use for his inventive gift in Munich. He would not even have been allowed to arrange a camp stool to lay his newspapers on.

'Edison is lucky because his fortune lay elsewhere. In Munich Edison could never have become Edison.'

To which it may be as well for an American magazine to add the fact that Mr. Edison has never visited Munich at all!

Britain Ponders Our Election Methods

BRITAIN is impressed by the scientific efficiency with which American election campaigns are conducted. Discussing Governor Smith's tour through the West, the *New Statesman* (London independent weekly), writes: —

'The train carries some four tons of election literature, and three large filing-cases full of stuff not printed but typewritten, together with a complete reference library, which has been selected by political and economic experts of the Democratic Party. All this, in policy and in method, belongs to the American party system, to that regular mechanism of presidential elections which is carried nowadays to the utmost extreme of precision and ruthlessness. The mechanism alone can be relied upon to make a president out of a lay figure. That has been done many a time; but the whole business was created and has been developed for the special purpose of "selling" the man of the moment to the American democracy, and, obviously, the game cannot be played to the full unless the man is there.'

From Mucha, Warsaw

A Polish View of the United States

'Looking the "Prospects" over before making a budget.'

In spite of the slightly superior tone of this comment, it is said that British politicians are seriously contemplating the introduction of American methods in next year's General Election.

Art — 'Made in the U. S. A.'

'WILL the United States produce a Lorenzo the Magnificent?' asks Armando Zegri in *Reportorio Americano*, a literary weekly published at San José, Costa Rica. He answers his own question thus: 'Probably, though under quite different circumstances and in quite different surroundings from those the famous Italian knew.

'Those who, from a distance, watch the political activities of the Yankees must not forget that the cannibal spirit of imperialism is offset by the fact that Yankeeland is destined to have a great artistic future. I know that *art* and *Gringoland* seem like contradictory terms to those who dislike the Yankees, or who have not lived in Yankeeland long enough to understand the idiosyncrasies, the past, the present, and the future of the people. But as a matter of fact, at this very moment the United States is contributing to the artistic life of the world three highly important qualities: order, organization, and economy of detail.

'Day by day the atmosphere becomes more and more favorable to the development of art. American art is beginning to be democratic: that is to say, within reach of the majority of purses and the majority of intellects. The rich men of Wall Street have begun to take a direct interest in the development of a native American art.'

Señor Zegri points to Mr. Otto Kahn as the finest example of these new 'Mæcenases of Wall Street,' and credits him with having 'lent direct financial support to every important theatrical movement in the United States during the past twenty years.' He points to increasing American importations of art and artists from abroad and points to the even more rapidly increasing exportation of American artistic efforts — the plays and novels of Theodore Dreiser, Eugene O'Neill, and Sherwood Anderson, for example.

What does the future hold? 'The possibilities,' says Señor Zegri, 'are unlimited. The "self-made man" will be followed by the "self-made artist"; and the Latin nations who have sneered at the Yankee Colossus's infatuation with business will very probably see their intellectual market places invaded, before this century is over, by art *Made in the U. S. A.*'

Yankee Machiavellis in the Far East

A GESTURE more generous in appearance than in reality,' is what Jacques Chastenet, in the French conservative *Revue Politique et Parlementaire*, calls the commercial treaty between the United States and the Chinese Nationalists which recognizes China's right to fix her own import duties. 'This move,' he continues, 'is well within the tradition of American diplomacy in China: directly, or through the charitable works they subsidize, such as religious missions, the Y. M. C. A., etc., the Americans, disguising their actions as

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generosity and philanthropy, have never ceased trying to carve out for themselves a position of privilege in the ancient Middle Empire.'

More 'Flowers of American Speech'

IN THE October Living Age, under the caption 'Flowers of American Speech,' we reprinted from *Punch* some brief drawing-room colloquies between 'fair New Yorkers' and mystified British admirers. One New York girl after a 'delightful dance' observed to her male partner, 'Gosh! That was great. Now we'd best park our frames a spell after that.' Another young woman from the States, bored by an Englishman's taciturnity, chaffed him on being a 'rather dim bulb to-night.'

A more elaborate satire upon colloquialism in America is found in a recent number of the *Sunday Dispatch* (London). For this purpose 'Mr. Silas H. Plonk, the well known chewing-gum magnate of West Sixty-Seventh Street, New York, who is doing "Yurrop,"' is made to write a letter to an acquaintance in London as follows: —

'Say, siree, why don't you can all those jokes about Prohibition? All you book lice over here in lil ol' London who are handing out wisecracks about our national institution Prohibition are going too far, and so I'm just going to give you the air of the gate, and say right here that half you ginks who slobber the stickfuls in the Press about our Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution ain't got no more idea about it than a snake's got hips. Nope. I'll say nart. Mister Hoover stands solid for Prohibition, and he gets my vote ker-plonk because he ain't solid ivory from the neck up.

'You seem to have the idea that Prohibition — that heaven-sent boon to a great free country — has failed to register. Waal, that's what it ain't done nothing else but. And, what is more, Prohibition has pulled a fast one.

'Not that we wanted it or that it was necessary, for we're not a nation of wet smacks or snuggle puppies who wanna live in speak-easies. Boy. When I was a youth at home and they used to carry my father home on Saturday nights we never used to think he was intoxicated. We sure thought he was dead. And that's the goat's bleat all right, all right.'

Perhaps the editors of The Living Age are not very sophisticated in such matters, but for a complete understanding of Mr. Plonk's slang we are sure we should have to apply to some better posted friend across the sea.

Prohibition: a Painful Scandal

THE veteran British journalist, H. N. Brailsford, just returned from his recent American trip, reports to the readers of the *New Leader*, London weekly paper with Labor sympathies, a complete break-down of the American prohibition law. It is, he says, 'one of the most painful scandals of American public life.' For, he explains, 'The machinery of the law has proved itself utterly unable to enforce prohibition. One sees alcohol on middle-class tables almost as often as one sees it in England, and a very superficial acquaintance with New York reveals the clubs and even the restaurants where cocktails or wine (from a coffee-pot) can be obtained. Deaths from alcoholism are more numerous than they were before the States went "dry." Drinking has become a romantic adventure, and nowhere on this side of the Atlantic have I seen after dark so many young people of both sexes drunk beyond all self-control as in New York. The smuggled stuff is dangerous poison, and the trade in it encourages every form of dishonesty, corruption, and violence. The poor, it is true, are compulsorily sober (for the smuggled stuff is costly) and the flaunting "saloon" has disappeared.

'The law cannot be enforced because, in the Eastern States at least, it is in advance of public opinion. Hitherto, however, neither party has ventured to face the facts.'

'Better than No Liquor at All' — a New Version from Prague

A RATHER amusing companion piece to the item above is provided by the Czechoslovak newspaper, *Prager Tageblatt*, which attempts to explain the exact meaning of prohibition.

'If a European employs the word *prohibition*, he means simply the American law which completely forbids the use of alcohol.' The American, on the other hand, means 'the whole complex set of conditions that has been created by the prohibition law, which is far from implying the entire loss of the joys of alcohol. There is a current saying which makes this clear: "Prohibition is better than no liquor at all."' In German: '*Prohibition ist besser als gar kein Schnaps.*'

'America' or 'The United States'

IN VIEW of certain Latin American objections to the exclusive assumption of the name 'American' by citizens of the United States, some of which have been published from time to time in The Living Age, the following letter to the *Times* (London) will be of interest: —

'Sir: —

'I fear your correspondent is under a misapprehension with regard to the national designation of the United States of America. There are other United States, as, for example, Brazil and Colombia, but there is only one America, which is the name applied by the best writers and speakers for a century and a half to the great English-speaking republic on the North American Continent, and a quarter of a century ago was officially prescribed by the State Department for all Embassies, Legations, and Consulates abroad. "United States" is, in general, a Federal designation, for domestic use, similar to "United Kingdom" in Great Britain.

'The circular instruction about the use of the title, issued from Washington under date of August 3, 1904, directed that thereafter in correspondence and in printing official stationery and cutting new seals the adjective used shall be "American" instead of "United States." It may be added that the word "American" has become "the fixed and approved practice of the Department of State in its correspondence." Nearly twenty years ago the American Ambassador in London, the late Whitelaw Reid, was moved to write: "Why anyone of any nationality should wish to dispute our title to 'America,' when each country of the Western Hemisphere has a title of its own, passes my comprehension." He was so anxious to remove all possible misconception that he even reprinted and distributed the address he delivered on the subject, which was cordially approved by his diplomatic colleagues, the Brazilian, Argentinian, and Chilean Ministers of that day.

'It is, as I have suggested elsewhere, a great pity that the leading geographical societies of the world could not get together and, if a separate designation for one-half the planet be really necessary, rename one of the continents Columbia and the other Isabella. As an American poet and scholar, the late George Cram Cook, once wrote: "We misnamed the land. If our half-sphere of this star-speck, the earth, was to be named for any one of the microscopic specks that crawl upon it, it should have been for that brave, believing gentleman, Columbus, whose name is the name of a dove." But America, as the name of the nation, is surely now too universally acknowledged ever to be displaced.

'Your obedient servant,

Beckles Willson.'

The author of this letter is connected with the Canadian Legation in Paris, and should therefore be unprejudiced.

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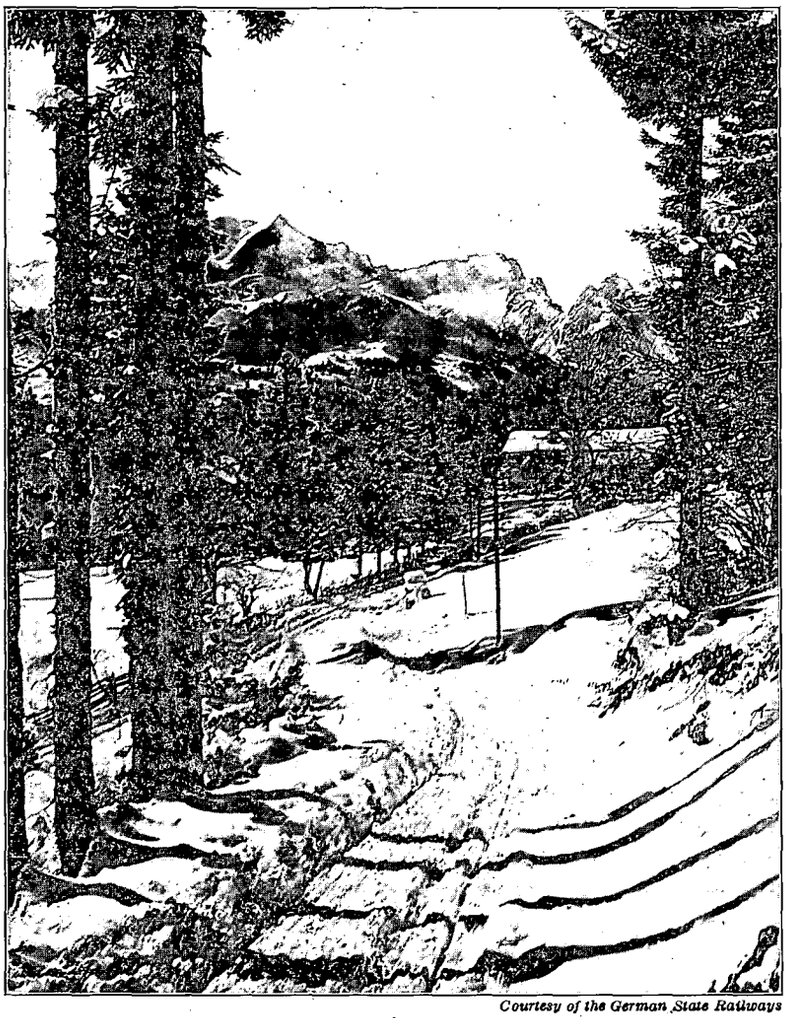


Courtesy of the German State Railways

A Winter Scene

Which combines the charm of our own New England with the rugged beauty of high mountains.

The German Alps

In the little known Algauer district, between the Lake of Constance and the ancient city of Munich.

World Travel Notes

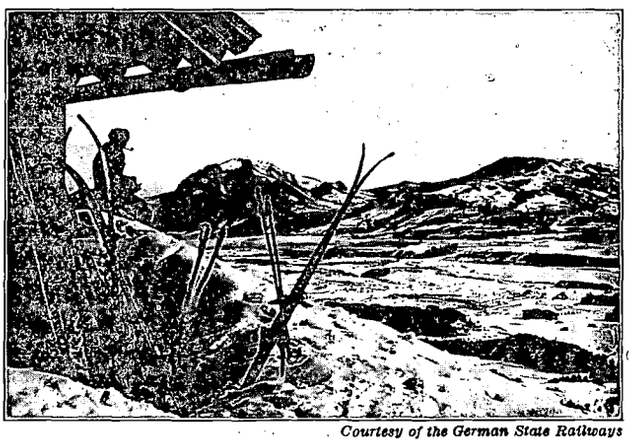
Alps for Amateurs

Visitors to Germany in the past have been too prone to be satisfied with seeing only the northern sections of the country. The result is that many come away with the impression that Germany is a flat country, inhabited by Prussians. This is true, but it is not the whole truth. Some of the finest Alpine country in central Europe lies in Bavaria, and the Bavarians are a people with a jollity all their own. Yet even those travelers who penetrate as far south as Munich neglect such attractive spots as the neighboring Garmisch-Partenkirchen for the more usual pleasures of the city.

Garmisch is typical of a dozen mountain towns scattered through the Bavarian Alps all the way from Lindau on Lake Constance to Salzburg in Austria. It is unnecessary to recommend one rather than another; half the pleasure of visiting them lies in the possibility of discovering a new town, unmentioned in the guidebooks.

This is mountain country whose essence is hospitality, mountain country which is at once impressive and easily negotiable by the amateur sportsman. As in the Austrian Tyrol just beyond its southernmost borders, the villages are neat, clean, and friendly. In winter, this neatness and cleanliness becomes positively glistening; snow, lying thick on hillsides and on the peaked roofs of houses, lends a purity to the scene which makes one catch one's breath. And life in these mountains has remained simple enough so that one may enjoy winter sports without the often overpowering gaiety of the larger, better known resorts, and with the feeling that one is, in a sense, exploring.

The German Alps are best reached by going straight to Munich, where every experienced traveler can always find something of interest with which to fill a few days, and proceeding thence to Lake Constance. From here one can work gradually eastward until the whole country has been traversed, to one's amusement and profit.



Courtesy of the German State Railways

A Hill Two Miles Long

Near Immenstadt in the Algauer Alps is this exciting yet easy descent into the valley of the Iller.

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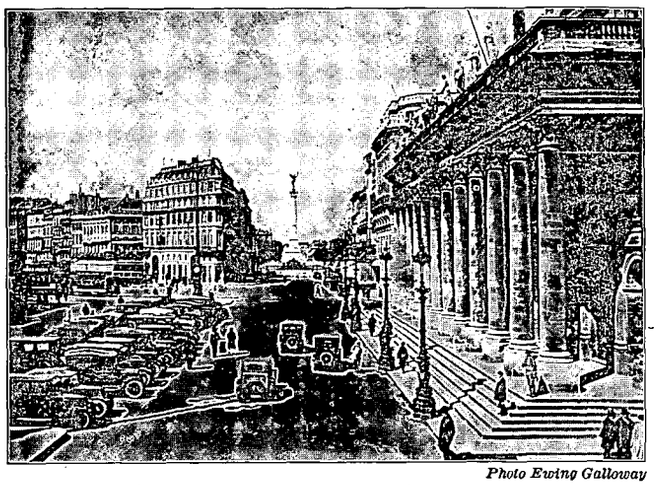

Photo Ewing Galloway

BORDEAUX: LE GRAND THÉÂTRE

WITH ITS SQUARE which serves as focal point for the city.

FRANCE BY THE BORDEAUX GATE

TOO few travelers are familiar with the service maintained by the French Line steamers between New York and the attractive, little-visited city of Bordeaux. It is customary to enter France through the Norman ports of Le Havre or Cherbourg — which are only three hours and six hours respectively from Paris — and to rush immediately to the capital. But the visitor who enters the country from the south, by a port like Bordeaux, is more likely to learn his France 'right-end to,' and to realize that real Frenchmen can live quite happily twelve hours from the Eiffel Tower.

Bordeaux, summer or winter, holds something for everyone; and when you ask how to satisfy your particular desire, you will be answered by a bluff, cheerful, ruddy-faced people who speak in a singing accent that is surprisingly similar in tone and charm to an Irish brogue. In summer, the city is a trifle warm for anyone but a native. The comfortable coolness of winter, however, makes it ideal for the traveler who wants to avoid the crowd.

For the gourmet, there are all the delights of the *cuisine bordelaise*, from truffles brought down the Dordogne from Bergerac, to the famous stuffed tomatoes that are only to be eaten at their best in Bordeaux. These are to be found in numberless restaurants. Let us name only a few: Chapon Fin, Dubern, Hôtel de Bordeaux (where you may eat in the same edifice that housed the Government of France when it retired from Paris in 1914), all close to the centre of the city; and a smaller, too little known restaurant, back of the Marché des Capucins, called Jeanne et Madeleine.

For amusement, one may wander up the crowded rue St. Catherine and watch the city shopping: attractive store fronts; push-carts with patient dogs curled up beneath them; pretty, black-haired, bright-eyed women; flower-vendors with insistent voices — '*Des mimosas, des jolis mimosas, à vingt sous la botte!*' One may go out toward the Parc Bordelais to see the *vaches landaises*: a kind of bloodless bull-fight in which sleek black cows, from the pine forests of the *landes* south of Bordeaux, chase vaulting 'cowfighters' about a sanded arena to no one's great harm and everyone's amusement. Or, in the winter season, one may hear excellent opera in the Grand Théâtre, which the *Bordelais* insist served as Charles Garnier's model for the Opera in Paris. Seated in the fresh evening air in the brightly-lighted Café de Bordeaux just across the square from the impressive building, watching well-dressed couples stroll by, listening to the chatter at one's elbow and to the faint chords of the auto horns from the *Cours de L'Intendance*, one feels that he has been made welcome to a cheerful, comfortable city; and one wonders why Henry IV, when he held Bordeaux, offered to give anything at all for Paris.

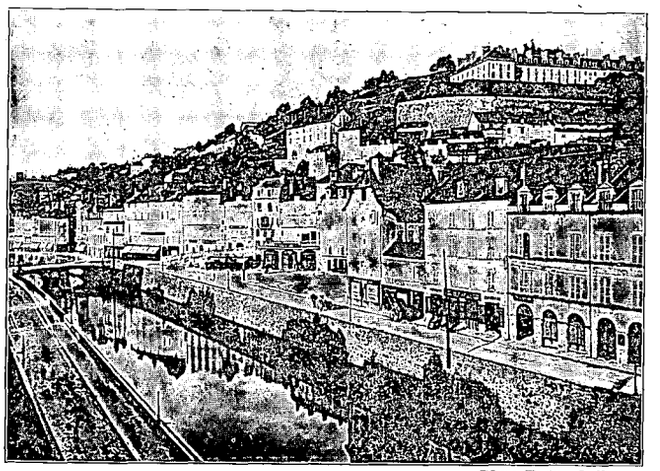

Photo Ewing Galloway

TULLE: THE CORRÈZE RIVER IN THE FOREGROUND

THE BANKS of the Corrèze have been confined between quays so that it resembles a canal.

BORDEAUX, interesting enough in itself, is also an excellent headquarters from which one may reach a dozen untouched regions. If one must choose, one may well strike eastward toward the Auvergne, across that prosperous land between the rivers Dordogne and Garonne for which men have fought since the days of the Romans — the *Entre-deux-mers*, rich in all that makes travel interesting, but thus far neglected by travelers. Here are wide green valleys, bordered by low ridges which carry farmhouses of gray stone upon their crests. Here people roll their *r*'s delightfully. Across the meadows run stiff rows of poplars bordering a straight canal, and towns are built beside still mill-ponds by the river.

One passes first through the village of La Réole; then across rolling wine country to Bergerac where, if one goes to the proper café, and stays there long enough, one is almost certain to see people with noses just as long as Cyrano's. The 'white road of France' leads on through vineyards clustering about their châteaux, past Roman villas, along aisles of giant chestnuts that are just beginning to flower in February. One stops at Périgueux, to see the Byzantine splendor of the cathedral of St. Front. From Périgueux one proceeds to the lively little town of Brive — '*Brive la Gaillarde*,' the bold, whose defenders fought well in the Religious Wars. Then to Tulle, with its picturesque quays along the Corrèze, and finally Argentat. One must certainly go as far as Argentat, if only to buy very early spring peaches from two very solemn old ladies in black who keep the general store, and to see, stretched along

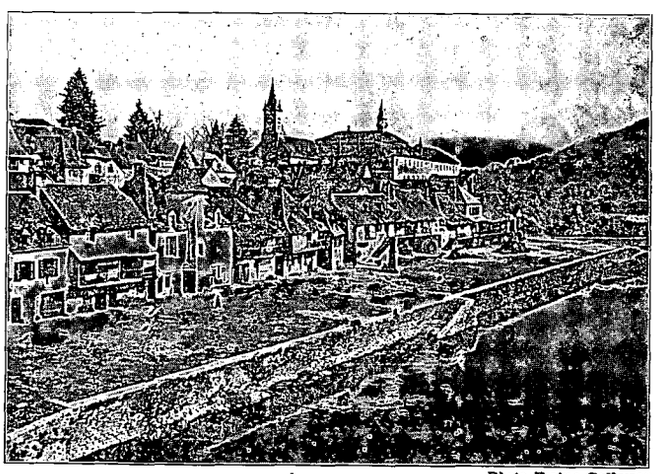

Photo Ewing Galloway

ARGENTAT: GATEWAY TO THE AUVERGNE

ONE OF THOUSANDS of French provincial villages which are the real soul of France.

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both sides of the Dordogne, the long rows of old houses with steep, slate-shingled roofs and natty *pignons*. Each house has a wooden balcony facing the water, and upon these balconies, on warm winter afternoons, the whole female population of the village seems to sit and sew and take the air. Argentat, if you wish, may make the end of your journey. Beyond it lies new country, the knobbled hillocks of the Auvergne. Back of it, along the way you came, is the road to Bordeaux and the sea.

By Sea to Bremen

ONE of the joys of entering Germany by ship rather than overland is that, in most cases, the traveler's first halt is Bremen. Even those who have sailed many times to British and French channel ports begin to take a new interest in the seascape when their ship swings past the Straits of Dover and begins to forge into the North Sea. Once the chalk cliffs of England have been left to port, there may be no land in sight for a few hours; but then, if the visibility is good, one picks up the low, sandy shores of northern Holland off the starboard beam, and spies a tiny windmill, black against the horizon. Shortly, scarred lumber ships, with great piles of Scandinavian pine upon their decks, begin to pass. Once more one sees the low-lying coastline, this time of Germany; and then, before one has recovered from one's pleasantly melancholy dream of the days when richly laden ships of the Hanseatic League hugged these same shores on their way to southern ports, a sudden shout is heard. More shouts; a harbor with splendid concrete wharves; black figures, hundreds of them, scurrying out of the dockhouses toward the ship's side as she is warped toward the pier; and one is in Bremerhaven. Here is the new sea-going Germany. Here is the home of one of the great pioneer steamship companies of pre-War days, the North German Lloyd, which, in spite of the fact that the Versailles Treaty deprived Germany of the larger part of her overseas merchant fleet, is very nearly back on a pre-War footing. Here, for travelers who plan a trip this winter, are new docks and passenger conveniences just installed by the Lloyd. Here, a few weeks ago, was launched one of the finest, biggest, fastest ships afloat — the *Bremen*, which, together with her sister ship the *Europa*, goes into passenger service next May. And, only twenty minutes up the River Weser, is Bremen itself: as picturesque, as clean and comfortable a mediæval city as Europe has to show.

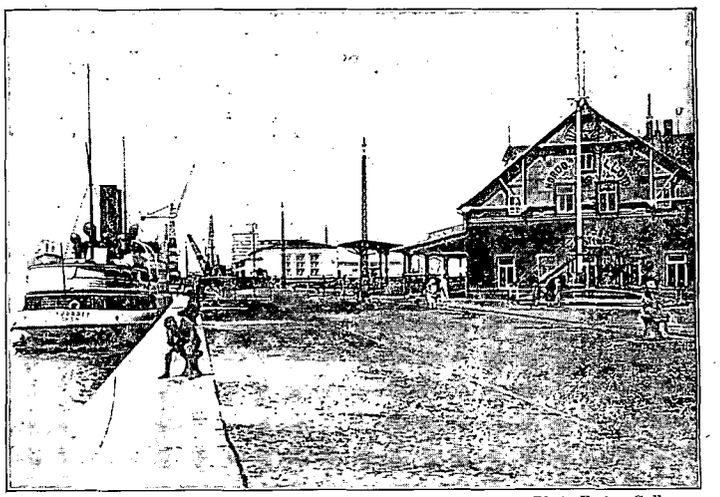

Photo Ewing Galloway

THE NEW NORTH GERMAN LLOYD TERMINAL AT BREMERHAVEN

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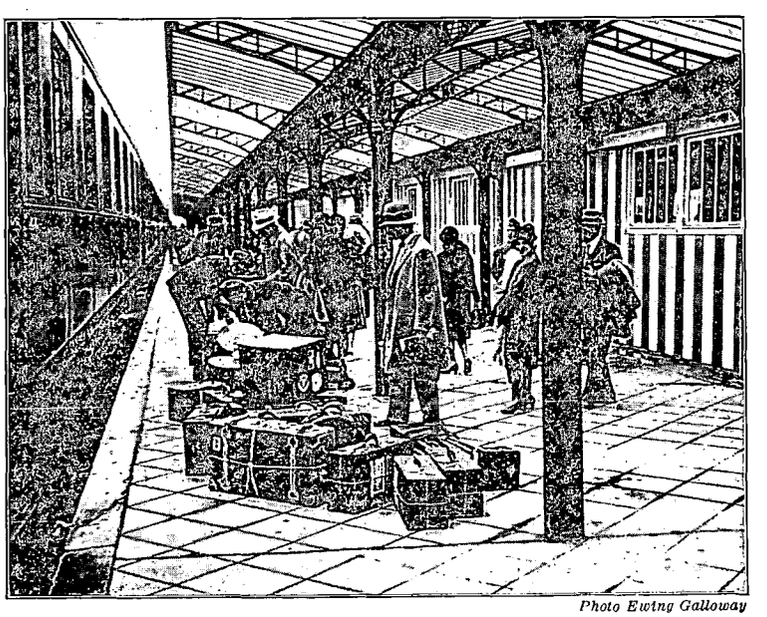

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World Business

The Economics of Peace Disturb the Nations

By Charles Hodges

Associate Professor of Politics at New York University

BENEATH the surface of world business run three strong undercurrents. In the long run, the most significant will doubtless prove to be the international financial readjustment which centres about Germany, as that nation begins to feel the full pressure of her Dawes Plan obligations. Next comes the redistribution of the world's gold stocks, which, coupled with the course of American speculation, constitutes another essential element of the international economic situation. Possibly no less important is the international duel between the world's producer and consumer interests — the economics of international monopoly.

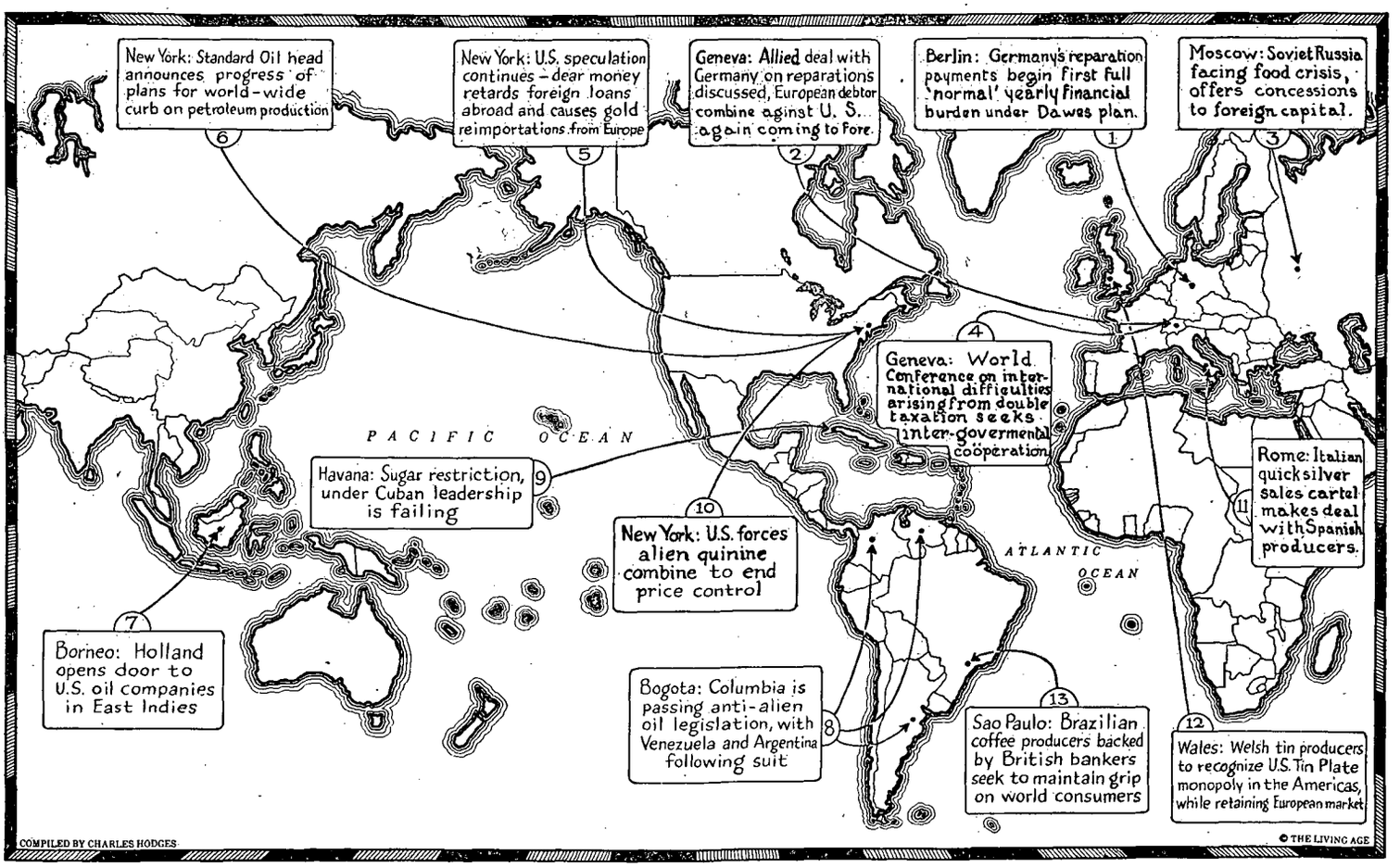
The fundamental trend, nevertheless, appears to be toward stabilization. The phrase, 'economics of peace,' describes not alone the efforts that are being made to effect a final liquidation of post-War financial problems; in a larger sense it applies also to the groping of business groups toward a world that is economically more secure. This basic problem of stabilizing business relations shows varied aspects: the international coöperation of oil producers to restrict wasteful over-production; the extension of equality of opportunity in the world-wide exploitation of natural resources; and inter-governmental collaboration in such fiscal difficulties as the equitable treatment of business concerns whose international activities bring them under the taxing power of several nations.

Emphasis should also be laid upon the universal character of industrial progress in the sphere of technical development — another aspect of the economics of peace that challenges attention. Particularly widespread is the restless search for substitutes for natural products by the aid of synthetic chemistry. The manufacture of 'artificial' gasoline, reported elsewhere in this issue, is only one example. The signs of the time all point to the amelioration of the position of peoples little favored by nature, provided that they equip themselves to capitalize the advances of material civilization, symbolized by the array of test tubes in industrial laboratories.

1. Germany Under Dawes Plan 'Normalcy'

Under the Dawes Plan revision of the reparation clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, the 'transition period' of German payments is over; the economic world is face to face with Dawes Plan 'normalcy' and its attendant difficulties. These are the problem of the capacity of the German economic structure to meet the full burden of reparations; the problem of the transfer of the proceeds to Germany's creditors; and the question of the total amount that the German people must ultimately pay the victors in the War.

Why should the business world to-day be so interested in an arrangement completed in 1923? In the main, because the raising of the annual payments is one


New York: Standard Oil head announces progress of plans for world-wide curb on petroleum production
6
New York: U.S. speculation continues – dear money retards foreign loans abroad and causes gold reimportations from Europe
5
Geneva: Allied deal with Germany on reparations discussed, European debtor combine against U. S. again coming to fore.
2
Berlin: Germany's reparation payments begin first full 'normal' yearly financial burden under Dawes plan.
1
Moscow: Soviet Russia facing food crisis, offers concessions to foreign capital.
3
4
Geneva: World Conference on international difficulties arising from double taxation seeks inter-governmental coöperation
PACIFIC OCEAN
Havana: Sugar restriction, under Cuban leadership is failing
9
10
New York: U.S. forces alien quinine combine to end price control
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Rome: Italian quicksilver sales cartel makes deal with Spanish producers.
11
7
Borneo: Holland opens door to U.S. oil companies in East Indies
Bogota: Columbia is passing anti-alien oil legislation, with Venezuela and Argentina following suit
8
13
Sao Paulo: Brazilian coffee producers backed by British bankers seek to maintain grip on world consumers
12
Wales: Welsh tin producers to recognize U.S. Tin Plate monopoly in the Americas, while retaining European market
COMPILED BY CHARLES HODGES
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thing; their transfer to creditor nations quite another.

Why the outcry of the politicians over the Dawes Plan? There is a world-wide suspicion that Germany has been living off the proceeds of her loans floated abroad; that there has been no real test of the Reich's capacity to accumulate credits; that nobody knows whether Germany can carry the full burden of payment, or whether the Allied creditors can safely receive this payment in goods and cash.

2. Up to Uncle Shylock?

There is no mistaking that British, French, and German diplomats are feeling around for a more stable financial footing upon which to build new buttresses of peace in Europe. Under cover of the Ninth Assembly of the League, the French have made clear that complete Allied withdrawal from the Rhineland cannot be expected unless assurance is given that the Dawes Plan will be carried out; the Germans stressed equally clearly the need of fixing the total amount of reparations to be paid through the international collection agency. As a result, the Old World as a whole has turned its eyes across the Atlantic; for the United States is humanity's bond master, the ultimate creditor of the nations who fought the Great War. The financial world is being led by the diplomats toward a final settlement of the bill for the costs of the World War through an international loan which will simplify the relations between debtors and creditors. The interests of France and Germany, once opposed in war, become identical in peace when the two nations face the United States, debtors united against their ultimate creditor. How soon and by what method the final settlement will be brought about are questions which wait upon Washington's answer.

3. A Red SOS?

Moscow is developing a renewed interest in the collaboration of communism and capitalistic enterprise. The Soviet Government's decision to 'popularize foreign concessions and attract foreign capital' comes at a critical period in communist economic life. Government monopolization of Russia's international trade has placed many barriers in the way of foreign interests who desired to operate concessions under the conditions that prevailed during the old régime. The importation of raw materials duty free when used in the establishment of new enterprises; the relaxation of restrictions on capital; the facilitation of the export of foreign currency; the simplification of taxation — these are changes designed to bring about a closer understanding between Moscow and the West. Approved by the Council of People's Commissars, these privileges open Russia's doors wider to alien business, since they affect directly such industries as the manufacture of machinery, automobiles, paper, artificial silk, and tanned leather.

The explanation of this return toward Trotsky's abandoned economic principles is, of course, Soviet Russia's obvious need to bid for commercial capital. Supporters of Moscow declare that this is caused by the development of Soviet industry to a point where the limit of domestic resources has been reached; those hostile to the communist economic system regard this change of policy as a step backward toward orthodox business relations. A drive for American money is clearly under way, and the Soviet trade organization in the United States, as in other parts of the industrial world, is being strengthened.

As Soviet policies change, the attitude of the Russian peasant remains highly significant. Though harvest estimates are contradictory, all reports agree in stressing the grain-producers' hostility to the town-dwelling proletarian dictatorship. Moscow's greatest battle is still being fought with the muzhik, who makes up nine-tenths of Russia's population.

4. International Tax Chasing

The reaching out of domestic business enterprise toward foreign fields, which means vast agglomerations of corporate stakes under the sovereignty of half-a-dozen nations, has led to a costly conflict of international interests.

Business at home, though it may pay high war taxes, pays only once and on a definite basis. Abroad, however, no such simplicity prevails. Many governments follow their national enterprises everywhere under the sun to tax them; and the foreign nations to which these enterprises have extended their interests tax them too. On the other hand, great businesses, seeking to lighten the post-War burdens of taxation, are sometimes able to use their international activities to evade taxes at home.

Obviously, no country can by itself dispose of this problem. The conflict of jurisdictions and interests requires an equitable definition of rights through international agreement. The League of Nations is serving world business through its Economic Organization. The work of its experts has progressed so far that in October Geneva played host to an International Conference on Double Taxation and Evasion which prepared the draft of a projected convention which is to be submitted to interested states for signature.

5. Europe Fears Wall Street 'Bubble'

The persistent wave of speculation on the New York Stock Exchange continues to engage the attention of Europe's financial centres. London has actually shipped gold to Wall Street, and the Old World has been obliged to organize defensive measures in anticipation of possible gold drainage.

6. Curbing the Oil Deluge

Widespread rumors of a world combine in the petroleum industry have as their only real basis the fact that over-production is making the great producers feel the necessity of common restrictive action. The prediction of a curb on production is made on the authority of Walter C. Teagle, President of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, who this summer conferred with the Anglo-Dutch interests in Scotland. The consensus of opinion, he states, is that more or less concerted effort on the part of great and small producers throughout the world is necessary. Only voluntary action, however, can be expected. The Venezuela oil fields, because they are under the control of the Anglo-American interests which were parties to the Scotland conference, will be the scene of the initial effort toward restriction of production.

7. Opening Eastern Oil Fields

As plans for restriction of oil production are being made, Washington reports a tactical victory for the American petroleum interests abroad. After a diplomatic controversy between the United States and Holland which dates from the close of the World War, the State Department announces that it has secured an open door for American drillers in the Dutch East Indian fields.

8. Closing Latin-American Oil Fields

On the other hand, oil companies, though willing to limit their production voluntarily, do not face with equanimity the curtailment of alien petroleum rights by Latin American governments. Hostile legislation, for example, has been pushed in Colombia. A formal inquiry from Washington as to the fate of one American concession-holder has been presented by our diplomatic representatives. In Argentina, the new oil bill has for the moment run into difficulties which postpone trouble.

(*Continued on page 239*)

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Views & Reviews

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST. VOL. II: PERSPECTIVES OF WORLD HISTORY. *By Oswald Spengler. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $7.50.*

IT IS altogether to be expected that an author like Count Herman Keyserling should be widely known in the United States, while Oswald Spengler remains in comparative obscurity, because Keyserling deals with the problems of the individual in society, while Spengler confines his attention to the more profound phases of the philosophy of history. Spengler is dealing with abstract matters of little interest to the person who is not a specialist or is not interested in pure philosophical thought. In one of the many brilliant passages of this second volume of his master work, Spengler points out that the man of action rarely considers the import of what he does. He does it and that is all. It is for the man of thought to seek out its significance. The accomplished act makes the world we know, contemporary and historical. The significance interests us very little unless we happen to have a turn for reflection.

Volume II of *The Decline of the West* is essentially an expansion of certain aspects of the first volume. It adds nothing to the central ideas propounded in the earlier volume, but it must be read if one is clearly to understand the whole import of Spengler's thought. It is well enough, I suppose, to take the ideas of a book and apply them in one's own thinking, but it would be a careless sort of thinker indeed that did not wish to examine the evidence upon which the ideas were founded. Volume II assembles vast mountains of concrete data. It overwhelms one. It is a colossal achievement in scholarship. Though it is idle to accept an idea just because it is supported by vast scholarship, I am disposed to accept Spengler's theses until someone of equal scholarship disposes of them. Most of the criticisms I have seen have been based on obvious misinterpretations of his ideas. No one with any capacity for apprehending ideas can possibly read volumes I *and* II and remain in ignorance of what Spengler means. The case he makes is carried through to the bitter end. It now remains for someone to go over the ground and expose the flaws.

One of the most interesting characteristics of present-day intellectual life is the interest taken in the cultural dilemmas of mankind. Within recent years the linear, as Spengler calls them, or popular historians have become aware of the fact that the expansion of Europe is one of the most significant happenings of the last four hundred years. They have recognized that the expansion was first based upon commerce and was then sustained and extended on the basis of industrialism. Though the technique of industrialism is obviously supernational, the political systems have been, and still are, for all practical purposes, national, although there are tentative thrusts in the direction of internationalism. The confusion between the economic and the political spheres has brought on wars that have been not so much conflicts of civilizations, as civil wars within civilization as a whole. Since the World War, we have become more and more aware of the essential unity of the world, based on the fact that the fundamental unifying force is industrialism. We in this country are especially aware of the fact because the movement in the direction of an even more intense uniformity of the whole world is dubbed Americanization.

Once we rid our minds of the false division of the world based on the old and outworn concept of separate and distinct nations each of which possesses a distinct civilization, we are prepared for an entirely new interpretation of international politics. (Spengler of course maintains that we are not in a culture period at all, but in a civilization period the essence of which is aimless expansion and sterile reproduction of culture forms.) We see that international struggle is idle and aimless as struggle would be between the component parts of our bodies.

Furthermore we are prepared for an entirely new view of the general drift of civilization. We are no longer perturbed about Americanization. We see that Americanization is in essence simply the carrying to a logical conclusion of the civilization that was developed in Europe and spread through the world by the so-called expansion of Europe. We are in a position to understand, but not to deplore, the increasing mechanization of life, the decline of the significance of the individual, the prospective disappearance of the old values, of individualism and personal freedom (although we may, as a despairing gesture, reaffirm our allegiance to these ideals), and we are given the insight necessary to realize that the culmination of the civilization in which we live is so inevitable a matter that understanding is preferable to opposition.

'Faustian' civilization is the first civilization that has conquered the whole world. Previous civilizations have run their courses in a small part of the earth. Though the course of 'Faustian' civilization may be temporarily deflected from its course by pseudo-morphological situations like that in Russia, its eventual triumph over the whole globe is inevitable. The prospect worries social reformers like Bertrand Russell (e.g. in *Sceptical Essays*), for the reason that gives us all pause: it means the destruction of so many values that we have come to regard as essential to the good life. If it is any consolation to realize it, we of the United States are destined to witness the most astounding developments of Faustian civilization. We, in the last analysis, are the protagonists of it, and we will be the first to suffer from it, if suffering there is to be.

It is in considering such problems as these that Spengler's ideas are supremely useful. It is *one* way to utilize his ideas. Space limitations forbid me to give an exposition of the ideas themselves, which have an infinitely wider significance. Spengler is one of the few writers whose ideas are genuinely illumining, to use an abused word. He sees all around our problems. Most writers — even the best — see the problems, discuss them, take a glance at the past, and stop. Spengler helps us get a glimpse of the future.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

THAT UNTRAVELL'D WORLD, AN ELEMENTARY INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF CHINA. *Groton, Massachusetts: The Groton School. 1928.*

EXPERIMENTS in pedagogy are not new. It is seldom, however, that instructors in history have either the vision, foresight, ambition, or initiative to attempt radical experiments in the teaching of history such as that by T. J. E. Pulling of the History Department of the Groton School. When his class of sixth-formers convened a year or more ago, instead of the customary, dry preamble to school history, Mr. Pulling asked his students if they would not prefer to study the history of the country that they knew least about, rather than to put many weary hours into the usual 'required' history. A secret ballot was held, and China was discovered to be by unanimous consent the 'chosen land.'

Each member of the class was assigned that topic which interested him most. Their papers, which formed the basis of study, have been incorporated into the present volume and include geography, political history, language, literature, drama, art and religion — or a biographical sketch of the 'Old Buddha' — and three chapters on the republican administration.

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The volume is quite delightful, although the authors confess in the foreword that 'none has ever set foot in China,' and that their studies have been confined solely to published works. There is a freshness of viewpoint and a simplicity of portrayal that is truly interesting. The naïveté with which the author of the chapter devoted to Chinese art attacks his subject is quite charming. He says, 'Chinese art is an obscure and complicated business, but its comprehension is something to work for.' How many struggling artists have thought exactly the same thing and endeavored to express themselves so succinctly!

One of the most interesting chapters undoubtedly is that entitled 'The Old Buddha.' So complicated is the drama of this scene that the author has very wisely included at the outset a *dramatis personae*, with a biographical note on each of the nineteen main characters.

Needless to say, each member of the class who contributed toward the compilation of this book will never forget at least the outlines of Chinese history, and, since all are members of the most representative families in America, the work is a hopeful sign for the greater dissemination of knowledge on the Far East.

PHILIP KERBY.

THE OPEN CONSPIRACY: BLUEPRINTS FOR A WORLD REVOLUTION. *By H. G. Wells. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.50.*

MR. WELLS has delivered himself of another book. It is really puzzling how he manages to do it, for his books are of a sort which seem to require a little more time to produce than those, say, of Mr. Edgar Wallace. This new book of Mr. Wells's is a summary of what he believes, of his religion. Like all religions to date, it is irrational, and one hesitates to apply to it any standards of critical judgment. Who could write a five-hundred-word review of the Bible, or the Koran, or even the Bhagavad-Gita?

For Mr. Wells, it seems, has been devoting the past twelve years of his life to the composition of a New Message. Those historians who cruelly found fault with the accuracy of *The Outline of History* are now properly put in their places by the announcement that that work was meant to correspond in a general way to the historical books of the Old Testament: 'This furnishes a framework of fact within which the general political [Mr. Wells really means 'religious'] ideas of the reader can be put in order.' To that initial work are to be added two others. There will be 'a summary of what is known of the nature and possibilities of life,' biologically conceived. (Mr. Belloc! Beware!) There will also be a formative treatise, which 'will treat of economic and social organization considered as man's exploitation of extraneous energy for the service of the species.' When these three works are completed and published, Mr. Wells will be ready to die, for his work will have been done. One rather hopes that he may occasionally return to pure fiction as recreation from the serious business of founding a religion.

From The New Statesman, London

H. G. WELLS

AS DEPICTED by Low, the well known British caricaturist.

The reader wonders perhaps what this New Revelation is. It would be pleasant to be able to give a direct and detailed answer, but that is, unfortunately, impossible, for Mr. Wells does not make the matter altogether clear. Perhaps, when his whole Bible is published, more certain information will be available. Meanwhile, one can give only a general outline.

Mr. Wells is a moralist of much the same breed as John Bunyan, John Milton, Edmund Spenser, Samuel Johnson, and the rest of the 'great tradition' of English literature. He is distressed because things are not as they should be, and he is tremendously impressed by the constant necessity in a healthy state for 'the salt of the earth.' — '*How well I could have spared for thee, young swain, Anow of such as for their bellies' sake, Creep and intrude and climb into the fold?*' — It is the moral, religious 'saving remnant' which keeps civilization going and the earth a moderately 'sweet place to dwell in.' So far one can enthusiastically support Mr. Wells. One can also support his first definition of religion. It is a subordination of the self to a higher reality, a labored withdrawing of the self from the world. This is all very sound. But then comes a strange confusion. This religious subordination, which, in historical religions, is supposed to make possible either a greater self, or a complete annihilation of self, becomes, with Mr. Wells, an escape from self to society.

It is clear enough what Mr. Wells is driving at. He wishes to attach to an optimistic, progressive religion of social service the rewards and sanctions inherent in the old religion of personal perfection. He remarks, with a pretty niceness of phrase, that 'man is an imperfect animal and never quite trustworthy in the dark.' To overcome this natural laziness, or untrustworthiness, he wishes the aid of religious sanctions. It is here that he goes astray.

As hinted above, Mr. Wells's theology is really political science. He sets up as the goal of human effort and the salvation of civilization the formation of a great super-state and the destruction of all the conceptions inherent in modern nationalism. He urges that practitioners of the new religion openly plot against their countries, despise their governments, and free themselves of all feelings of patriotism. Thus, when the time comes and the movement has grown large enough, national boundaries will disappear in the twinkling of an eye, for their main guardians, the politicians, the tax collectors, the army and navy officers, the 'professional patriots,' will cease to have the support of mankind, without which they are nothing. The whole of *The Open Conspiracy* is a guidebook for the consummation of this great Plan.

Mr. Wells has abandoned the old battle cries; he scorns socialism and the class struggle almost as much as he scorns peace pacts; he now wishes to have mankind lose its local loyalties in a

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greater world-patriotism. It is, in many ways, a noble conception, but one fears that it will never be possible. There are certain great spirits, as Rousseau long ago pointed out in the *Social Contract*, who are able to transcend national patriotism and to approach a patriotism to mankind as a whole. But this attitude seems possible only in rare and great men. Mr. Wells has failed to make it popular by attempting to call it a religion. For this attitude is not a religion, and, by its nature, cannot be; although it is perhaps possible of achievement only by something very similar to what has been known for twenty centuries as Christian charity.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE

Books Abroad

MY DIARY. *By General Max Hoffmann. Berlin: Verlag für Kulturpolitik Karl Friedrich Nowak. 1928. Marks 15.*

(Advance Notice Translated from *Le Matin*, Paris Conservative Daily.)

THESE recollections of the immediate associate of Generals Hindenburg and Ludendorff will shortly appear under the form of a day-to-day record. The *Tagebuch*, which has secured a selection of the most interesting entries in this journal of the former German Chief of Staff, has just published a few of them; they cast great light on the quarrels between the 'demi-gods of the Imperial Army' and General Head Quarters.

If one wishes to understand the revelations which General Hoffmann makes in his diaries, one must recall the situation in 1915, the date of the extracts published. After the physical and moral breakdown of Von Moltke, general Chief of Staff, just after the first battle of the Marne, the Emperor William insisted that the Minister of War take part in the conferences of the High Command in the Field. This Minister was none other than Von Falkenhayn, who, among the officers of the old Prussian aristocracy, was generally called either the 'cat-eyed *parvenu*' or, simply, the 'adventurer.' Von Falkenhayn, who was beyond all measure ambitious, immediately took charge of all operations. There were in the field, however, two men who took very ill any interference of General Von Falkenhayn in their affairs, namely, Hindenburg and Ludendorff. General Hoffmann was the witness of the bitter quarrels which resulted. He recorded these side-lights of history; his note-book diaries are full of them. Here are a few samples: —

Loetzen, 7-9-1915.

There is much annoyance with General Head Quarters. The man (Von Falkenhayn) doesn't feel happy unless he can find some way of insulting us. Perhaps he thinks that we shall always be patient and take the blame for everything. Well! I suppose that we shall have to grin and bear it!

8-9-1915.

The quarrel between Falkenhayn and Hindenburg continues; at last the Field Marshal (Von Hindenburg) has told him the truth to his face. All this will probably lead to nothing, and it is probably we who, in the long run, will be blamed. Yet the Field Marshal could no longer endure either the petty or the important annoyances of it.

8-14-1915.

Every day there is a copious exchange of dispatches, followed by stormy explanations, between us and General Head Quarters (at Pless). The form of these dispatches is polite enough, but the substance, curt. It seems to me that all politeness is fruitless, but Hindenburg and Ludendorff insist on it for the sake of 'history.' For the first time I have been a witness of 'historical' events in wartime; now I know that everything happens differently from what is taught to posterity.

8-20-1915.

Ever since last night, one could foretell the débâcle of Novogeorgievsk. At eight o'clock a dispatch arrived from Pless stating that His Majesty would arrive today. There was no mention of Hindenburg in this telegram. At once Ludendorff and I realized that things should not happen this way. Surely if the Emperor pays a visit to a unit of Hindenburg's army, the latter should be present, unless the sovereign officially disapproves it. We therefore immediately secured a special train, and at eleven o'clock that night Hindenburg, Ludendorff, and Bockelberg were all rushing at full speed to Novogeorgievsk.

8-21-1915.

They have just come back from Novogeorgievsk. The meeting was courteous, but frigid. Falkenhayn asked Ludendorff, 'Are you at last convinced of the propriety of my actions?' Answer: 'I am completely convinced of the contrary!' The Emperor conversed, but committed himself to nothing. Then decorations were distributed, — naturally enough, to those who least deserved them, — troops were reviewed, and speeches made. Well! I suppose that it will have to go on forever thus. One could not imagine, short of seeing it, the small-mindedness of our Great General Staff!

In another place, General Hoffmann deplores the shilly-shallying and the lack of initiative of the High Command, and he adds, 'It's enough to drive one to socialism!'

Then, again, he consoles himself by reflecting, 'As one considers from close range the deplorable state of affairs, the reciprocal jealousies, the slander, and the hate which influential persons bear one another, one is obliged to keep telling oneself that it is worse with the English, the French, and the Russians. Otherwise, one would be afraid.'

The diary of General Max Hoffmann will form a contribution, of sure human interest, to the minor history of the World War.

THE MEMOIRS OF RAYMOND POINCARÉ. VOL. II. (JANUARY, 1913 — AUGUST, 1914.) *Translated and adapted by Sir George Arthur. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $5.00.*

(Wickham Steed in the *Observer*, London)

EVEN to-day this second volume of M. Poincaré's *Memoirs* cannot be read without emotion. Despite the Soviet *Black Book*, the many tomes of German Diplomatic Documents, the British official publication on the outbreak of the War, and the innumerable books of more or less private reminiscences, the testimony of the former President of the French Republic comes with a convincing freshness that stirs the blood. He is supposed to be cold and precise of temperament, without passion, insistent upon detail and devoid of the larger vision. He and Isvolsky have been accused of plotting to make the War inevitable. He may fairly ask that his accusers should read his own record. If they are in good faith he has nothing to fear. If they are not, he can afford to ignore them — just as impartial history will ignore them.

What Isvolsky may or may not have done is another matter. His wounded vanity and rancorous ambition certainly helped to poison the atmosphere of Europe between 1909 and 1914. But some acquaintance with him and with Sazonov, who succeeded him at the Russian Foreign Office, has always made me think it incredible that Isvolsky could have exerted any decisive influence. M. Poincaré says comparatively little of him, though he gives the following picture: —

> Night of August 1–2 (1914). A little before midnight, Isvolsky comes to the Elysée and begs to see me at once. I rise from my bed, on which I have thrown myself for a few hours' sleep, and find the Ambassador terribly agitated and terribly depressed. 'Germany has declared war on Russia. It is my duty, *M. le Président*, to ask you one simple question: What is France going to do?' As he stood there, nothing could be less like the legendary picture which has so often been drawn of him since his death; far from congratulating himself on what

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has been called 'his' war, he is aghast; Germany has suddenly taken a step from which there can be no going back.

This picture seems lifelike. Isvolsky was no hero. Besides, whatever his personal intrigues may have been, he knew quite well that as the German Ambassador in Paris, Baron von Schoen, said emphatically to the Norwegian Minister after presenting the German ultimatum to France, 'France has done everything she could to avoid war.'

To the goodwill and personal uprightness of the German Ambassador, M. Poincaré repeatedly bears witness. The force of his book lies in its freedom from any studied attempt at self-justification and in its quiet statements of fact. How far Russia had been from desiring war appears from the following entry in M. Poincaré's diary during his visit to St. Petersburg in the second half of July: —

Tuesday, July 21. — When the Tsar took me back to my rooms last night, he asked if I would receive him this morning, and at 10 o'clock he was with me. He began by thanking me for my visit and told me how pleased he and the Empress would be to return it next summer. He promised this unconditionally for himself and only hoped that the Empress's health would enable her to accompany him.

There was the less reason to anticipate war because the Austro-Hungarian ultimatum had not then been presented to Serbia, and no clear hint of Austro-Hungarian designs, or of German complicity in them, had been received at St. Petersburg. True, the Italian Ambassador had warned Sazonov a few days earlier not to allow the Austrians to take some irrevocable decision; and, on the evening of July 21, Sazonov acted upon the suggestion. But neither the French nor the Russian Governments then knew that the ultimatum had been timed for presentation at Belgrade on the afternoon of M. Poincaré's departure from St. Petersburg, so that France and Russia could not easily concert their policy in regard to it; or that, as the German diplomatic documents show, Herr von Jagow, the German Foreign Minister, was so interested in this scheme as to work out the exact time it would take for Serbia to inform Russia. Jagow actually advised Austria-Hungary to avoid the danger by presenting the ultimatum at 6 P.M. instead of between 4 and 5 P.M., on July 23, as had been intended. His advice was taken.

M. Poincaré does not allude to this significant detail, of which he may, indeed, be unaware. When the forthcoming publication of the French diplomatic archives is completed, it will probably be seen that he has in no wise overstated his case. Even as it stands, his book is one of the most valuable contributions yet made to the inner history of the pre-War crisis. It should be read by all who wish to form, or to preserve, a balanced judgment upon the outbreak of the war.

Travel Books

IN these columns appears a list of the most important newly published travel books. Each title is accompanied by a brief critical note. It will be observed that the volumes listed include not only guide books and narratives of travels or adventures in foreign lands, but discussions of current politics, economics, and social conditions of international significance; in short, any book is included which the editors deem of especial interest to intelligent travelers.

Readers desiring information concerning books in, or bibliographies of, the indicated fields will find it a convenience to address the Book Review Editor, THE LIVING AGE, 280 Broadway, New York City. Correspondents should state fully their needs and the subjects in which they are interested, to the end that the proffered service may be efficiently rendered.

Suggestions concerning the conduct of this department, which is somewhat of a novelty, are cordially invited.

GLEANINGS IN EUROPE (FRANCE). *By James Fenimore Cooper. Edited by Robert E. Spiller. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch. 1928. $3.50.*

In reprinting Cooper's travel books, Dr. Spiller does considerable service to students of American literature and of American history. These are obviously works which no large library should be without, though few readers might ever ask for them. Yet the original issues are not easy to find; and the present volume, the first of a series which will also include *Switzerland* and *Italy*, is the only publication since Cooper's own. These volumes belong to a special class, those descriptions of America and Europe prepared during the Nineteenth Century by travelers alien to the countries they described, which proved sources of bad will rather than of brotherly love between nations. To judge from the book under consideration, which neither began nor ended the wordy war, a certain intense feeling, an almost incomprehensible touchiness on the glories of one's native land afflicted Cooper and many of the persons with whom he came in contact. An English coach driver scorned an American method of curbing a restive horse, and Cooper, hearing of a waiter who remained in one situation twenty-eight years, exclaimed disapprovingly, 'Truly this was not America!' It must not be supposed that the novelist was always so prejudiced as this. To be fair, he gives at one place as nice a discussion of the sources of dissatisfaction men feel in foreign lands as could a modern lecturer for the League of Nations; it is constant comparison with what they are used to, and the wrong assumption that the known is best that lead them astray. Yet somehow one feels that Cooper was querulous, at home or abroad, ever ready to give instruction, and to marvel at Sir Walter Scott's inquiring what form of address to use in a letter to a Princess. He is indeed the same Cooper who wrote the *Leatherstocking Tales*, but the travel book is like the *Last of the Mohicans* without any adventure, without any Indians, without Natty Bumppo. What remains includes the faults of Cooper's novels, which most adults prefer to read on a sea voyage or with judicious skipping. Yet he has a talent for minute description, an eye for the picturesque, and handles skillfully certain brief narratives. While the *Gleanings* are by no means guide books, even for a century ago — the Elgin marbles are unmentioned in them — yet a modern traveler might amuse himself contrasting our day with Cooper's, though Cooper will seem unsentimental indeed after Dickens or Irving or Longfellow!

The editor annotates unobtrusively but sufficiently, and, in his introduction, seems to have gathered much of the necessary information about the publication of the original editions, and the reasons for changing titles, a complex matter. However, there is a delightful absurdity in the statement that 'continental editions and *translations* into French and German were *set* from advance sheets of the English editions.' And if Mr. Spiller originally wrote a somewhat academic jargon, one would have expected the Oxford Press to have polished off some of the ragged edges. The volume is a handsome one typographically.

THOMAS O. MABBOTT

CHÂTEAUX EN SUEDE. *By Henri Bordeaux. Paris: Librairie Hachette. 1928. 12 fr.*

A gracious traveler finds graciousness in the lands he visits. As guest of honor at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the *Alliance Française* of Stockholm, M. Bordeaux arrived in Sweden prepared to please and to be pleased. At an age when others were building castles in Spain or in the Orient, he confesses that he was building castles in Sweden, a new world of history having been opened to him by Voltaire's classic biography of Charles XII. Like a gleam of rose or silver, that memory lingered. It pervades this slender volume, and the reader cannot forget that dominating, silent figure of the king who conquered self before he conquered others, whose life was all unrest, and whose bones have not been left in peace even after death.

Someone in Stockholm commented on the fact that M. Bordeaux knew the history of Sweden so well. '*Elle est si belle*,' he answered. And he convinces us of the truth of his answer as he dwells on selected periods — the life of Charles XII; of Queen Christina, the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, the great king who died on the battlefield of Lützen and so did not live to see her renounce everything for which he had fought; of Gustavus III, the

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'enchanter monarch' of Sweden, who left the impress of French architectural beauty on châteaux and palaces; of Count Axel von Fersen and his love for Marie Antoinette, and their hauntingly tragic fates; of Colonel Charles Lindbergh, *le Guynemer blond,* American with *un nom du Nord.*

Just a fascinating little glimpse, illuminated by a penetratingly succinct and pleasing style, into a history that to many is largely unknown. This is an ideal book for a cultivated yet not too serious traveler into the North.

Alma Luise Olson

Persian Pictures. *By Gertrude Bell. New York: Horace Liveright. 1928. $2.00.*

This is an attractive reprint of a rare travel book by the Englishwoman whose association with Arabia and Persia has made her famous. Her *Letters,* which were recently published, have established her reputation in literature as her *Desert and the Sown* established it in archæological scholarship. *Persian Pictures* is one of those short books which somehow succeed in doing what many a longer work would fail completely to achieve. It is an amazingly subtle and fine interpretation of a non-European culture in the tradition of Curzon's *Monasteries in the Levant,* Kinglake's *Eöthen,* and Doughty's *Arabia Deserta.*

To either a practical or a fireside traveler such books are indispensable; they are not always easy reading; they cannot serve in lieu of a guidebook. But they teach one what to expect from natives of the countries with which they are concerned; they are the best spiritual introduction to the lands they describe; and, finally, they are great literature, in that they go deep into the mystery of the human heart.

One cannot merely recommend such books; one can only say to those who live chiefly that they may run as they read, 'These books exist; you may take them or leave them, but if you leave them, you must abide the consequence.'

Our Prehistoric Ancestors. *By Herdman Fitzgerald Cleland. Illustrated. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1928. $5.00.*

Professor Cleland is a member of the Geology Department of Williams College, and is well known for his volume, *Physical and Historical Geology,* a standard textbook on that subject.

His new work is a sort of 'World's Fair of Primitive Man' from the gibbering dawn to the noontide of written chronicles. The learned author has assembled with utmost systematic tabulation a grand exposition of all the essential facts and opinions concerning those low-comedy characters, the 'missing link' (*Pithecanthropus Erectus*) and the 'caveman' (*Homo Neanderthalensis*).

The volume seems a little arid and bristly at first contact. One has the feeling that one is going to be quizzed about these matters in two hours and that one had better make an effort to memorize some of the facts. The work is not for the casual reader who likes to strum his way through books. Nor is it for the tourist who goes to Europe to escape Prohibition and to embrace the night-life of Budapest. It is a guide for purposeful travelers of a scholarly, questioning turn of mind, who are fascinated by questions of origins and who wish to visit those intensely interesting places in Europe, particularly in Southern France, where the chief evidences for answers to their inquiries have been brought to light.

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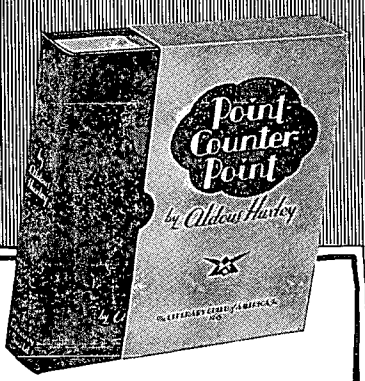

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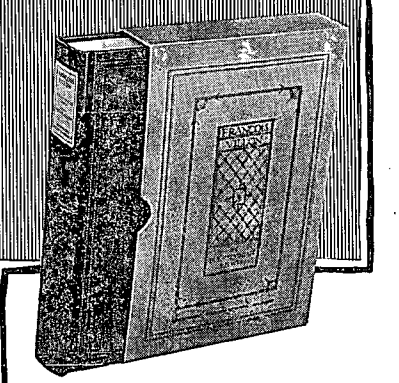

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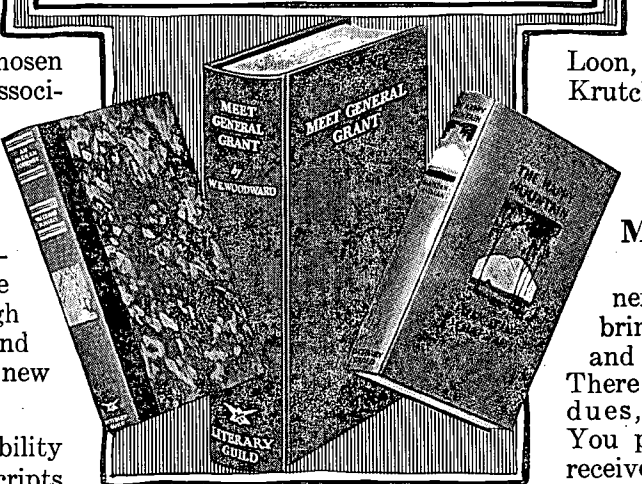

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OLD IRELAND: REMINISCENCES OF AN IRISH K. C. *By A. M. Sullivan. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $5.00.*

The full-length frontispiece portrait of Sergeant Sullivan, K. C., in gown and wig, shows him to be a serious Irishman. His book of reminiscences may be delightful to one intimate with Irish politics and Dublin personalities, but, for most readers, it will be heavy plowing through ponderous anecdote.

IN THE LAND OF ART. *By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. New York: E. P. Dutton. 1928. $2.50.*

In political exile from Spain some thirty years ago, Ibañez, at twenty-eight, saw Italy. He was not a travel philosopher, and his overwhelming knowledge of history and biography makes his sketches excessively dull reading.

THE FLAVOR OF HOLLAND. *By Adèle de Leeuw. New York: The Century Co. 1928. Thirty-two illustrations. $4.00.*

THE writer has not missed a touch of the flavor — or the color, or the charm, or the historic significance — which she encountered in her painstaking tour of Holland. If you feel an irresistible attraction to the Low Countries, or if you love the description of mildly exciting travel adventures, you will find the book readable.

Can We Limit Armaments?

(Continued from page 216)

not declare the amount which they actually have on hand? Attractive though it is, this proposal is no more practical or acceptable than the others. Any statement of the matériel on hand would be dangerously deceptive. For no nation can provide a reliable statement of all the matériel of the sort listed above, which is available within its territory. Neither can it take account of its financial capacity which, without any relation to its reserves, enables it to buy supplies from its neighbors in time of need, or of the friendship and interest which permits it to find credits where other states are unable to do so.

But then, someone will say, what becomes of the last part of Article VIII of the Covenant according to which members of the League of Nations 'undertake to interchange full and frank information as to the scale of their armaments, their military, naval and air programmes, and the condition of such of their industries as are adaptable to warlike purposes'? This argument cannot be neglected, but it is clear that Article VIII, however frank and correct it expected the exchange of information to be, made no allusion to a detailed discussion of the state of the countries' armaments. The word *scale* (*échelle*) is not synonymous with the word *state* (*état*). The French and English text of Article VIII shed light on one another. The article refers to the level, the size of armaments, not to the state in which they happen to be at a certain time. The members of the League of Nations, under the present state of security, could no more describe their armaments or their mobilization plans than they could publish their plans of operation.

Direct limitation of matériel, which is almost invisible and scattered here and there about a country, is possible only if we have some guaranty of an international control so strong that there is no chance of fraud. But this idea of international control is distinctly out of favor. It is worth noting that most of the delegations, even those that pronounced at Geneva in favor of direct limitation of matériel, refused to permit control. Is it, therefore, necessary to abandon all hope of direct limitation of matériel? As we shall see later on, there is a highly effective method: the limitation of expenses.

IF, IN the present state of affairs, it is not possible to limit matériel directly, it is at least possible to limit the expenses which it involves. Where man power is expressed in terms of men as well as expense, matériel can be expressed in terms of cash alone. Any limitation of expenditure would affect matériel directly. We should thus attain the double goal which we seek: to check the race in armaments, which produce wars; and to reduce the expenditure which constitutes a burden in time of peace. The method of limiting expenditures has been envisaged by its promoters as a maximum budget of expenditures for defense. The contracting states would agree not to exceed it (within certain limits) during the duration of the convention. They would not in all cases, however, be forbidden to increase the expenditure allocated to a given year. Certain privileges for temporary increase, if genuinely justified and carefully determined, would be permitted. The reasons justifying such action would include the necessity of replacing matériel exhausted by police operations in colonies, replacement of obsolete matériel, previously impossible for financial reasons, readjustment of supply costs or the general upkeep of armies to a changing price level.

Thus understood, the simple act of limiting expenditure would reduce not only the cost of matériel, but also the cost of personnel. It would affect the whole expenditure for national defense, even though some of its items were not carried in military and naval budgets.

To make things clearer — the maximum budget to which states would limit themselves would be established on the one hand by fixing the total expenditures for national defense; and there would also be maximums for certain definite kinds of expenditures, such as purchase, new construction, the upkeep of matériel, and the support of manpower.

Finally, to permit the execution of delayed programmes of purchase or manufacture, each state would be allowed — under certain conditions and after justifying its action — sums which it planned to spend though it had not yet been able to do so.

Because the form of the budgets would be so variable as to make them hard to understand, all governments would communicate to the League of Nations that part of their budgets subject to limitation in a uniform way covering the most characteristic entries.

It must be admitted, however, that the proposal for limiting expenditures which was proposed by France, has been rejected by all the great powers and that the solution to which we are now tending is not the limitation of expenditures for national defense, but merely their publication in a uniform way similar to that already proposed. At least public opinion, thus informed, will be able to realize the fact, if expenses are being increased without justification.

THE general limitation of armaments ought to succeed if we confine our attention to the elements which really constitute the burden of armaments, dealing only with relatively simple matters which are easily verified and can be understood by everyone. But it is a condition of success that we shall do things simply, be content to progress by degrees, adhere to the principles of the Pact, sternly avoid extreme proposals such as those of the Germans and the Soviets. The effect of such proposals — whatever may be their purpose — would be to make any agreement forever impossible.

Admitting that we cannot yet obtain perfect security, all that we can hope for in the way of international action is limitation which will at least prevent us from returning to a race in armaments such as preceded 1914. Later, as we gain more experience in the pacific adjustment of international differences and as we develop treaties of guaranty based upon mutual assistance, we may be able to take a new step forward.

Such a solution will not satisfy the impatient advocates of a large, general, and immediate reduction of armaments; but between the things that may be desired and those which are possible at any given moment there is a gulf which we can cross only in our dreams. The responsible heads of governments have no right to build on anything except reality.

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World Travel Calendar

(*Continued from page 162*)

EPSOM. *November* 16th, Derby Cup Race.

LONDON. *November*, entire month, International Cycle and Motorcycle Exhibition; 9th, Lord Mayor's show and procession. *December* 26th, Boxing Day Holiday.

MANCHESTER. *November* 24th, November Handicap.

NEWMARKET. *November* 1st, Dewhurst Stakes.

HUNGARY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *November* 3rd, St. Emeric's Day.

ITALY

BOLOGNA. *December* 3rd, Fête of St. Francis Xavier in the Santa Lucia Church.

LORETO. *December* 10th, Festival of Santa Casa.

MILAN. *November* 4th, Fête of San Carlo Borromeo.

MONTEDORO (SICILY). *December* 13th, Santa Lucia procession.

ROME. *November*, General Assembly of the International Institute of Agriculture (delegations from 73 countries); 22nd, Fête of St. Cecilia, celebration in St. Cecilia Church, illumination of Catacombs of St. Calixtus; 23rd, Festival of St. Clement, celebration in San Clemente Church, illumination of subterranean chapels. *December* 3rd, Fête of St. Francis Xavier at the Gesu; 26th, Fête of St. Stephen in the San Stefano Rotondo.

TURIN. *November* 1st through 4th, Fair at Moncalieri.

VENICE. *November* 21st, Fête of the Madonna della Salute, commemorating the end of the plague in 1630.

JAPAN

KYÓTO. *November* 10th, Coronation of the present Emperor Hirohito, with festivals lasting two weeks.

TŌKIŌ. *November* 10th, Coronation festival and parades.

JUGOSLAVIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *December* 2nd, Independence Day.

LATVIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *November* 18th, Tenth Jubilee of the Lettish Republic.

PORTUGAL

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *December* 1st, Flag Day (anniversary of independence).

RUSSIA

MOSCOW. *November* 7th through 14th, celebration of anniversary of Russian Revolution.

SPAIN

SEVILLA. *December* 8th, Baile de los Seises (10th Century Arabic ritual performed by choir boys in the cathedral.)

SWEDEN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *November* 6th, Gustavus Adolphus Day.

STOCKHOLM. *December* 13th, Lucia Festival (Skansen Open Air Museum).

SWITZERLAND

GENEVA. *December* 11th, Esclade Thanksgiving Day.

World Business

(*Continued from page 231*)

9. Sugar Restriction

Over-production afflicts other world industries. The Cuban cane sugar interests have attempted an international restriction programme, supplementing earlier governmental intervention designed to control exports. But with no immediate prospect of limiting the sugar crop itself, world efforts to control its distribution do not promise success.

10. The Quinine Monopoly

The United States has been using legal weapons to contest the quinine monopoly's control of American markets. The invoking of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act against what is really a Dutch governmental sales agency has resulted in a compromise embodied in a consent decree by which monopolistic price control has been abandoned.

11. Mercury

Another type of international business coöperation is represented by the negotiations between the recently formed Italian quicksilver sales cartel and the Spanish producers. By unifying Italian buying power, a close working agreement with the Spanish mine operators has been made possible. Both nations are expected to gain from this association of producer and consumer.

12. The Tin Can Problem

History has recorded more than one division of the world. But it has been left to Welsh and American tin plate manufacturers to divide the tin can markets of the earth between them. The scheme protects the American industry in the New World markets. The Welsh hold the European market.

13. Good to the Last Drop

One of the greatest of monopolies, the Brazilian coffee pool, has been withstanding heavy pressure from the world's consumers — meaning chiefly American buyers. In order to maintain prices at a high level, the coffee producers have been holding back a large part of their crop, but the existence of this surplus, now mountainous, has jeopardized the government-supported sales control system. Both Brazilian and British bankers are reported to be behind the principal coffee-financing institution in São Paulo. The consensus of opinion in South America is that the coffee control will weather the adverse conditions, however, and withstand sporadic American efforts to break prices.

War and Peace

Conflicting Views on the One Great Question that Vexes All the World

¶ This I know for certain, that the Germans will not declare war against us. They are no idiots. They reason, and they are not crazy. I tell you that they will not go to war. — *Aristide Briand, present French Foreign Minister, on July 31, 1914, four days before German troops entered Belgium.*

¶ A nation which dared to face the reprobation of all the signatories [of the Anti-War Pact] would expose itself to the positive risk of seeing public opinion gradually build up against it, and before long would be seriously affected by this opinion. Where is the signatory nation whose leaders would take the responsibility of exposing it to such danger? — *Aristide Briand, at the signing of the Paris Anti-War Pact, August 27, 1928.*

¶ The time has not yet come to give up armaments. All excess of confidence and generosity appears to be dangerous. — *M. Painlevé, French Minister of War (who recently proposed to call himself Minister of Peace).*

¶ The world is in a dangerous condition. There are some who think declarations of policy and good-will are enough, but it is impossible to overlook the acts of foreign countries. One of the best ways to gauge the state of mind and intentions of the nations of Europe is to observe the strength of their military equipment. Most of them today are maintaining large standing armies and navies. — *Professor Edwin M. Borchard of Yale.*

¶ Experts will not and cannot disarm. Statesmen alone can disarm, and they must take the initiative and the final responsibility. Treaties signed by hands encased in steel gloves will never ensure a permanent peace. — *David Lloyd George.*

¶ No one thinks of Mr. Lloyd George now. — *Ramsay MacDonald.*

¶ As the World War becomes a dim memory in the minds of the citizen, and as in the barracks a generation develops which hardly knows of it save through hearsay, propaganda for the war-spirit seems to become correspondingly more active. Hardly a day passes during which the people are not inoculated with the particular serum which is able to make innocuous the microbes of pacifism. — *Prager Tageblatt, Prague German-language daily.*

¶ In order to achieve spiritual disarmament it is above all else important to guide each people to the conviction that it will henceforth be sheltered from every attack and intervention from outside in the exercising of its inviolable sovereign rights. — *M. Wang-King-ky, first delegate of China at the Ninth Assembly of the League of Nations.*

¶ When you have fifty-five powers in the League of Nations it is quite likely that two or three will get behind closed doors and think up things to do to the United States. — *Major General Hanson E. Ely, U. S. A., Commander of the Second Army Corps, before the New York Rotary Club.*

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World Records

— As recognized and recorded monthly by the editors of THE LIVING AGE.

— Readers are invited to call the attention of the editors to items appropriate for this department.

¶ ALIENS. U. S. Secretary of Labor Davis announced 12,098 smuggled aliens caught near the United States borders within the past year — the record number since the existence of the Immigration Service.

¶ OLDEST BUSINESS. The claim of the record for the oldest London business is ardently allowed to Messrs. Mears and Stainbank, of Whitechapel Road, the bell founders, in whose establishment, uninterruptedly conducted with but one change of location since the year 1570, was cast America's 'Liberty Bell,' which proclaimed colonial freedom from the dominion of Mother England in the year 1776. Incidentally it may be said that 'Big Ben,' the huge bell that tolls the hours in the clock tower surmounting the British Houses of Parliament, came from this foundry, as did also York Minster's 'Great Peter' and Lincoln Cathedral's 'Great Tom.'

¶ WHALES. Five hundred whales were recently killed in a single day off Westmann Haven, in the Faroe Islands of the North Sea. As a result, Westmann Haven will soon see good times, better relatively than Coolidge prosperity for the States.

¶ WILLS. The month's strangest will was tattooed upon the back of a British sailor who walked into a tattooing establishment in Waterloo Road. The will had been written out on paper, and the man asked that it be endorsed upon his person. The document contained 200 words, disposed of a rather substantial estate, and the tattooing took five hours. When the time came for the testator to sign, extreme difficulty was encountered, and at last accounts the testator was still hopeful but execution was incomplete.

¶ SPEEDING UP JUSTICE. All past records for speed in the administration of criminal justice in Italy are being now broken, and hundreds of sentences weekly are being imposed. Strangely, the criminals themselves and their lawyers are coöperating in the fast workings of the courts. Why the hurry? Because it is believed that the prospective marriage of Prince Humbert, heir apparent to the Italian throne, to Princess Maria José of Belgium, at an early date, soon to be announced, will serve as occasion for the release from confinement, not only of political prisoners, but of most other incarcerated criminals as well. Those convicted before the marriage will benefit by the amnesty. Later convicts, not so.

¶ BURGLARS. The world's best-dressed burglar was recently caught in Paris. Never seen twice in the same place in the same suit of clothes, the debonair Auguste Moessner, twenty-nine, known at all fashionable tea rooms and bars, recently went to prison for five years. There he will be seen in the same suit many times. Ordinarily a culprit with Auguste's record would have got ten years, but he so dazzled the authorities with his haberdashery and amazed them with confessions of such numerous robberies of which he was not even suspected, that his punishment was cut in half. 'My elegant appearance was my best protection,' Auguste affably explained.

¶ GLIDING. The duration record for gliding in a motorless plane was recently made near Cassel, Germany, when Herr Kornfeld, of Vienna, remained in the air seven hours and fifty-four minutes, exceeding the world's best previous record by two hours and thirty minutes. The magnificent destructive possibilities of gliders as bombers, hovering over an unsuspecting metropolis absolutely without noise, will soon be engaging the eager attention of military experts of the nations that have recently renounced war.

¶ STUNT FLYING. As stunt flying continues to claim its toll of lives of army and navy fliers in Britain and the United States, and the military authorities of both nations point out the importance of freak air performances in combat work in war, Robert Clardon, a young Swiss pilot, flying in Berlin, flew his plane upside down for eighteen minutes and fifty-six seconds, exceeding by more than four minutes the previous world record of Gerhard Tiesler, the German stunt flyer. Clardon was almost unconscious when he landed his plane.

¶ ANIMALS. The Associated Press, usually dependable, tells the *World* (New York) of an animal migration in Africa, the like of which, for variety and numbers, has not been known since Noah's Ark came to rest upon the mountains of Armenia. The report is said to have come from Carveth Wells, the scientific explorer in charge of the Milwaukee Museum — Chicago Geographic Society expedition, and Martin Johnson, the noted animal photographer. Both are in the Tanganyika Territory, East Africa. These travelers estimate that about 10,000,000 head of game are now migrating across the country in a vast mass as solid as human beings on a New York subway platform. Through the Associated Press, Mr. Johnson reports the animal procession, in rectangular formation, to be 10 miles wide and 30 miles long, making 300 square miles of animals in all. Zebras are said to be leading the way, in a mass 10 miles wide and 5 miles deep, which allows 50 square miles of this fleet and picturesque quadruped. Allowed, as the month's record for something.

¶ PALEONTOLOGY. The fossil remains of the largest animal ever known were recently unearthed by Roy Chapman Andrews while digging for the American Museum of Natural History, at the southern edge of the Gobi Desert in Mongolia. Dr. Andrews enables us to understand the importance of the discovery by the statement that the remains indicate an animal 'as large as the Woolworth Building, New York, if the building were in a horizontal position' — as though this famous structure of steel and stone would not be as large lying down as standing up. But if Dr. Andrews merely wishes us to visualize the Woolworth Building, prostrate, sprawling four city blocks, and crawling ponderously and irresistibly up Broadway, emitting fire and brimstone from every window, and roaring louder than any thunder ever did, we will do so, and award him the month's record in paleontological research.

¶ CIGARETTES. America is said to hold the world's international record for cigarette smoking, with the incredible and unenviable average of over 800 per year for each man, woman, and child of the population — or nearly three per day per head. Statisticians declare that in Germany the average is 600 per year per head, while in France the more creditable figure is 270 cigarettes annually, per head of population. At that, it is estimated that 1,000,000,000 cigarettes are being puffed in France during this year of grace, 1928. This includes the smokes of tourists and visitors, many of them readers of THE LIVING AGE, as well as those of the native French.

America From a Pullman Car

(*Continued from page 201*)

selected — a piece of paper, a hat, a handkerchief, or a garter. Sometimes the victim receives a football, a table leaf, or a gramophone horn for his signature, with return charges paid. This is very important. The idol must never be subjected to extra expense.

Once it was a young college girl who came up in her slicker; it was cluttered, helter-skelter, with signatures and more or less open-hearted outpourings: 'From Jack with warm regards.' . . . 'Bob will never forget you.' . . . 'Heigho! and good luck from Pat.' . . . It would be possible to gather material for several little romances from such a garment! Its owner wanders around like an open book. Since she needs must have something in Swedish, she got a '*Kör i vind, sa Blomster*,' and now she probably goes about wondering what grains of wisdom lie buried in this profundity!

STATEMENT

of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of

THE LIVING AGE

Published monthly at Concord, New Hampshire, for October 1, 1928. State of New Hampshire, County of Merrimack, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harry Lorin Binsse, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of THE LIVING AGE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, World Topics Corporation (*ad interim*), 280 Broadway, New York City; Editor, John Bakeless; Managing Editors, Marvin McCord Lowes, Harry Lorin Binsse; Business Managers, None. 2. That the owner is: Archibald R. Watson. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Business Manager*. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1928. FRANK J. SULLOWAY, *Notary Public*. (My commission expires August 25, 1931.) [SEAL.]

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